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THE  
HAILEYBURY OBSERVER.

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BY THE  
STUDENTS OF THE EAST INDIA COLLEGE.

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VOL. VI.

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PRINTED BY STEPHEN AUSTIN, FORE STREET,  
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No. 1.

*March, 1849.*

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*January—June, 1850.*

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# CONTENTS.

## No. I.

	PAGE
Introduction	<i>B. W. Colvin</i> 1
Translation from the Italian of Chiabrera. By "C."	<i>J. H. B. Colvin</i> 4
The Nation's Glory and the Nation's Shame	<i>White</i> 6
An Indian Prospect	<i>Wylie</i> 9
Letter to the Editor. By "Quidnam igitur faciam"	<i>Carmichael-Smyth</i> 12
The Freshman's Warning	<i>J. M. Lewis</i> 13
Stanzas to Flora. By "E. L. T."	<i>Sullivan</i> 15
Translation into Greek from Mason's "Caractacus"	<i>B. W. Colvin</i> 16
The Human Nose. By "H. E."	<i>Morris</i> 18
Translation from the Italian of Chiabrera. By "C."	<i>J. H. B. Colvin</i> 22
Musical Bores. By "H."	<i>Freeling</i> 24
A Translation. By "C."	<i>Crawford</i> 26
Commentators. By "X. Y. Z."	<i>White</i> 27
A Translation. By "C."	<i>J. H. B. Colvin</i> 31

## No. II.

Editorial Address	<i>Currie</i> 33
Translation from Sakuntalā. By "C."	<i>J. H. B. Colvin</i> 37
College Reading. By "Lector"	<i>Freeling</i> 39
Posers. By "M. B."	<i>L. Forbes</i> 41
Montezuma—Lines written on reading Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico"	<i>Carmichael-Smyth</i> 42
Fragment—not from Quintus Curtius	<i>J. H. B. Colvin</i> 47
"Neglectum Genus"	<i>Chapman</i> 48
Translation from Sakuntalā. By "C."	<i>J. H. B. Colvin</i> 54
Chess. By "F."	<i>L. Forbes</i> 55
A Lay of Battle Vale. By "Θ."	<i>Wigram</i> 58
Confessions of a Day-Dreamer. By "Wide-awake"	<i>J. M. Lewis</i> 63
The Model Tutor. By "Discipulus"	<i>Wake</i> 63

## No. III.

	PAGE
Red Radulph: a Legend of Lincolnshire. By "W. S." ... ..	<i>Wigram</i> 65
The Sailor's Grave. By "A." ... ..	<i>E. N. Lewis</i> 69
Classical Literature. By "H." ... ..	<i>E. F. Saunders</i> 71
Cabana. By "Mústros" ... ..	<i>Capper</i> 73
Divorum Dies. By "S. H." ... ..	<i>Grenfell</i> 74
Supernatural Appearances. By "S. E." ... ..	<i>Currie</i> 79
Morning Hymn. (Latinè redditum) By "A. R. T." ... ..	<i>Thompson</i> 84
Vacation Rambles. By "S. R. D." ... ..	<i>Crawford</i> 87
The Diver. Translation from Schiller. By "C." ... ..	<i>J. H. B. Colvin</i> 91
Recollections of a Veteran, No. I. ... ..	<i>Carmichael-Smyth</i> 93

## No. IV.

On Ambition ... ..	<i>Freeling</i> 99
The Freshman, a Ballad of the 19th Century. By "D." ... ..	<i>E. N. Lewis</i> 104
Story without a Name. Chap. I. ... ..	<i>Sullivan</i> 107
The Diver (continued) ... ..	<i>J. H. B. Colvin</i> 112
The Autumn Assizes. By "Recens Vir" ... ..	<i>H. C. Saunders</i> 114
Translation from Sophocles. By "Chorus" ... ..	<i>E. N. Lewis</i> 120
Poets <i>versus</i> Novelists ... ..	<i>Block</i> 120
"Rugged Thoughts" in "Rugged Rhyme." By "S. R. D." ... ..	<i>Crawford</i> 124
Translation into Greek from Fletcher's "Elder Brother" ... ..	<i>Thompson</i> 126
Lines to Edith. By "T. Δ. Θ." ... ..	<i>Sullivan</i> 125
Report of the Commission appointed to Enquire into the Condition—Social, Moral, and Physical—of various parts of Her Majesty's Dominions.—	
§ "Haileybury" ... ..	<i>J. J. Grey</i> 128
The Ideal—Translation from Schiller. By "C." ... ..	<i>J. H. B. Colvin</i> 131
"Desperatns" in Search of a Subject ... ..	<i>Currie</i> 134
The County Ball ... ..	<i>B. W. Colvin</i> 137
The last of his Term ... ..	<i>Thompson</i> 142
Letter to the Editors. By "B." ... ..	<i>G. S. Forbes</i> 143
Farewell Address ... ..	<i>J. M. Lewis</i> 144

## No. V.

Tale of a Convent. By "Y. L." ... ..	<i>Lindsay</i> 147
The Civilian's Dream; a Parody ... ..	<i>E. F. Saunders</i> 151
Vacation Rambles (continued). By "A. L. R." ... ..	<i>Crawford</i> 152
Love's Labour's Lost. ... ..	<i>Batten</i> 157
A Visit to Mount St. Bernard. By "Viator" ... ..	<i>Bosanquet</i> 159
Scenes in Sark. By "Br-s" ... ..	<i>Ames</i> 161
King Frost. By "B." ... ..	<i>T. Blomesfield Lane</i> 163
The Pluckt Student. By "A." ... ..	<i>Lewis</i> 164
From our Correspondent in <i>Skye</i> . ... ..	<i>Currie</i> 165
Free Trade Made Free With. By "Lunaticus" ... ..	<i>Capper</i> 168
The Model Bod-maker. By "A Victim" ... ..	<i>Ames</i> 170

	PAGE
Reflections of a Veteran, No. II...	<i>Carmichael-Smyth</i> 170
Valentines for the Million. By "Bacchante" ...	<i>Copper</i> 175
The Pirate's Wife. By "Λ" ...	<i>Lewis</i> 176
Translation of Nursery Ballad ...	<i>Batten</i> 177

## No. VI.

Arncliffe Castle. ...	<i>H. C. Saunders</i> 179
Pallida Mors. ...	<i>Thompson</i> 186
A Story without a Name ( <i>continued</i> ) ...	<i>Sullivan</i> 187
The Powers of the Mind. Chap. I. By "A. T. E. D." ...	<i>Brandreth</i> 192
Fragment of Simonides. By "A." ...	<i>T. Blomfield Lane</i> 196
Sketches in Wales. By "B. E. A. R." ...	<i>E. S. L. S. Pasley</i> 194
The Model Haileybury Man. By "Br—s." ...	<i>Ames</i> 197
The Unstrung Bow. By "Λ." ...	<i>Lewis</i> 198
A Tale of the Cholera. By "A Well-wisher to Ireland." ...	<i>C. J. Jenkins</i> 200
Taciturnity. By "L. R." ...	<i>Malcolm</i> 204
The Old Voyage. By "An Old Civilian." ...	<i>Bosquet</i> 206
Togæ v. Arma ...	<i>H. C. Saunders</i> 209
Tale of Rookvale. Part I. By "Crow's-foot." ...	<i>Copper</i> 210
A Tour in the Highlands. Part I. By "G. H. L." ...	<i>Lowe</i> 213
Lines suggested by the Return of Lord Gough to England. By "Io Triumphe!"	<i>R. F. Saunders</i> 215
The Derby Day. By "H. U." ...	<i>Currie</i> 218
Lines to the Nightingale. By "Cantor." ...	<i>Batten</i> 223
Manhood's Tears. By "Λ." ...	<i>Lewis</i> 224
Reflections of a Veteran. No. III. ...	<i>Carmichael-Smyth</i> 225

## No. VII.

The Balsam Brasses. By "Br—s." ...	<i>Ames</i> 231
An Hour's Contemplation. By "C." ...	<i>Lushington</i> 234
Lines suggested by the Battle of Jhelum. By "I. E." ...	<i>Currie</i> 238
Vacation Rambles ( <i>continued</i> ). By "A. L. R." ...	<i>Cranford</i> 239
The Whisker. By "Whiskerando." ...	<i>Malcolm</i> 243
Novel Reading. By "H. R." ...	<i>Malcolm</i> 244
Reminiscences of a Bachelor. By "Coelebs." ...	<i>Lindsay</i> 247
A Song. By "Smike." ...	<i>T. Bruce Lane</i> 251
The Powers of the Mind. Chap. II. By "A. T. E. D." ...	<i>Brandreth</i> 252
All's Well that Ends Well. By "Embryo." ...	<i>Batten</i> 253
Lucerne and its Vicinity ...	<i>Bosquet</i> 255
Story without a Name ( <i>continued</i> ) ...	<i>Sullivan</i> 258
Santiago ...	<i>T. Blomfield Lane</i> 262
Retribution. By "Scotus." ...	<i>Lindsay</i> 264
A Tour in the Highlands ( <i>continued</i> ) By "G. H. L." ...	<i>Lowe</i> 269
Reflections of a Veteran. No. IV. ...	<i>Carmichael-Smyth</i> 273
A Dream. By "C. A." ...	<i>Lowe</i> 277
Historical Anecdotes. By "L." ...	<i>T. Bruce Lane</i> 278

## No. VIII.

	PAGE
Scenes from the Life of Adolphus Plantagenet Charles (more commonly known as Joe) Jones, Esq. Part I. ... ..	Anderson 279
A Request. By "C." ... ..	Mangles 288
The Sources from which the Ancients drew their conceptions of a Deity. By "Antiquus" ... ..	Lowe 290
Translation from the Shah Namah of Firdausi. By "Sultan" ... ..	Brandreth 293
A Tale of Haileybury. By "Tristis Amator" ... ..	Bosanquet 294
On Dreams. By "Somniosus" ... ..	Bosanquet 297
The College Clock. By "C. C." ... ..	Lowe 298
Vacation Rambles ( <i>continued</i> ). By "A. L. R." ... ..	Crauford 300
Mary, Queen of Scots. By "Scotus" ... ..	Lindsay 313
Auto-biography of a Grinder. By "Br-s" ... ..	Ames 315
Ode on the Death of Wordsworth ... ..	E. F. Saunders 317
Story without a Name ( <i>continued</i> ). By "H. E. S." ... ..	Sullivan 318
Farewell! Farewell! By "C. M." ... ..	Lawrence 333
The Examination. By "Non sum piger," ... ..	Batten 332
Reflections of a Veteran, No. V. ... ..	Carmichael-Smyth 333
Farewell Hints, by an Editor ... ..	Currie 336
Appendix ... ..	Currie 339

# A LIST

OF THE

CONTRIBUTIONS, WITH THE NAMES OF THE AUTHORS.

## CHARLES HERBERT AMES.

*Entered College, September, 1849.*

	PAGE
Scenes in Sark. By "Br-s" ... ..	161
The Model Bedmaker. By "A Victim" ... ..	170
The Model Haileybury Man. By "Br-s" ... ..	197
The Balsham Brasses. By "Br-s" ... ..	231
Auto-biography of a Grinder. By "Br-s" ... ..	315

## STUART MURRAY ANDERSON.

*Entered College, September, 1847.*

Scenes from the Life of Adolphus Plantagenet Charles (more commonly known as Joe) Jones, Esq. Part I. ... ..	279
--	-----

## GEORGE HENRY MAXWELL BATTEN.

*Entered College, January, 1850.*

Love's Labour's Lost ... ..	157
Translation of a Nursery Ballad ... ..	177
To the Nightingale. By "Cantor" ... ..	223
"All's Well that Ends Well." By "Embryo" ... ..	253
The Examination. By "Non Sum Piger" ... ..	332

## ADAM HENRY GEORGE BLOCK.

*Entered College, January, 1849.*

Poets <i>versus</i> Novelists ... ..	120
--------------------------------------	-----

b

**ARTHUR BOSANQUET.**

*Entered College, January, 1849.*

	PAGE
Visit to Mount St. Bernard. By "Viator" . . . . .	159
The Old Voyage. By "An Old Civilian" . . . . .	206
Lucerne and its Vicinity . . . . .	255
A Tale of Halleybury. By "Tristis Amator" . . . . .	294
On Dreams. By "Somniosus" . . . . .	297

**ARTHUR BRANDRETH.**

*Entered College, September, 1849.*

Powers of the Mind, No. I. By "A. T. E. D."	...	...	...	192
_____, No. II. By "A. T. E. D."	...	...	...	252
Translation from the Shah Namah of Firdausi. By "Sultan."	...	...	...	293

**WILLIAM COPELAND CAPPER.**

*Entered College, September, 1849.*

Cabana. By "μύστος."	...	...	...
Free Trade Made Free With. By "Lunaticus"	...	...	168
Valentines for the Million. By "Bacchante"	...	...	175
A Tale of Rooksvale. Part I. By "Crow's-foot"	...	...	210

**ROBERT BARCLAY CHAPMAN.**

**BENGAL C. S.**

*Entered College, January, 1848. Left, December, 1849.*

"Neglectum Genus." By "Naturalist." ... .. 48

**JAMES H. B. COLVIN.**

**BENGAL C. S.**

*Entered College, January, 1848. Left, December, 1849.*

Translation from the Italian of Chiabrera. By "C."	...	...	...	4
A Translation. By "C."	...	...	...	22
Translation from Sakuntalâ. By "C."	...	...	...	31
A Fragment, <i>not</i> from Quintus Curtius	...	...	...	37
Translation from Sakuntalâ. By "C."	...	...	...	47
The Diver—a Translation from Schiller. By "C."	...	...	...	54
			(continued)	91
The Ideal—a Translation from Schiller. By "C."	...	...	...	112
				131



## BAZETT WETENHALL COLVIN.

BENGAL C. S.

*Entered College, January, 1848. Left, December, 1849.*

	PAGE
Introduction ... ..	1
Translation into Greek, from Mason's "Caractacus," ... ..	16
The County Ball. ( <i>Vide Appendix, p. 339.</i> ) ... ..	137

## JAMES ALEXANDER CRAWFORD.

*Entered College, September, 1848.*

Translation from the "Medea" of Euripides. By "C." ... ..	26
Vacation Rambles. No. I. By "S. R. D." ... ..	36
"Rugged Thoughts" in "Rugged Rhyme." By "S. R. D." ... ..	124
Vacation Rambles ( <i>continued</i> ). By "A. L. R." ... ..	152
————— ( <i>continued</i> ). By "A. L. R." ... ..	239
————— ( <i>concluded</i> ). By "A. L. R." ... ..	300

## CHARLES CURRIE.

*Entered College, September, 1848.*

Editorial Address ... ..	33
Supernatural Appearances. By "S. R." ... ..	79
"Desperatus" in Search of a Subject ... ..	134
From our Correspondent in <i>Skye</i> ... ..	165
The Derby Day. By "H. U." ... ..	218
Lines suggested by the Battle of Jhelum. By "I. E." ... ..	238
Farewell Hints by an Editor ... ..	336
Appendix ... ..	339

## GORDON STEWART FORBES.

BOMBAY C. S.

*Entered College, January, 1848. Left, December, 1849.*

Letters to the Editors. By "B." ( <i>Vide Appendix, p. 339.</i> ) ... ..	143
--	-----

## LOUIS FORBES.

*Entered College, September, 1848.*

Poems. By "M. B." ... ..	41
Chess. By "F." ... ..	55

## GEORGE HAMILTON FREELING.

*Entered College, September, 1848.*

Musical Bores. By "H." ... ..	24
College Reading. By "Lector." ... ..	39
On Ambition ... ..	90

## ST. LEGER MURRAY GRENFELL.

*Entered College, September, 1848.*

Divorum Dies. By "S. H." ... ..	PAGE
	74

## JERVOISE JOHN GREY.

BENGAL C. S.

*Entered College, September, 1847. Left, December, 1849.*

Report of the Commission appointed to Enquire into the Condition—Social, Moral, and Physical—of various parts of Her Majesty's Dominions.— § "Haileybury." ... ..	128
---	-----

## CHARLES JOHN JENKINS.

*Entered College, September, 1849.*

A Tale of the Cholera. By "A Well-wisher to Ireland" ... ..	200
---	-----

## THOMAS BLOMEFIELD LANE.

*Entered College, September, 1849.*

Fragment of Simonides. By "A." ... ..	193
Santiago ... ..	262

## THOMAS BRUCE LANE.

*Entered College, January, 1850.*

A Song. By "Smike" ... ..	251
Historical Anecdotes. By "L." ... ..	278

## GEORGE HENRY LAWRENCE.

*Entered College, September, 1849.*

Farewell! Farewell! By "C. M." ... ..	332
---------------------------------------	-----

## HUGH BARLOW LINDSAY.

*Entered College, January, 1850.*

Tale of a Convent. By "Y. L." ... ..	147
Reminiscences of a Bachelor. By "Coelebs" ... ..	247
Retribution. By "Scotus" ... ..	264
Mary, Queen of Scots. By "Scotus." ... ..	313

## WILLIAM HENRY LOWE.

*Entered College, January, 1849.*

	PAGE
A Tour in the Highlands. Part I. By "G. H. L." ... ..	213
(continued). ... ..	269
A Dream. By "C. N." ... ..	277
The College Clock ... ..	298

## JOHN MANGLES LOWIS.

BENGAL C. S.

*Entered College, January, 1848. Left, December, 1849.*

The Freshman's Warning ... ..	13
Confessions of a Day-Dreamer. By "Wide-awake." ... ..	60
Farewell Address ... ..	144

## ROBERT NESBITT LOWIS.

*Entered College, September, 1849.*

The Sailor's Grave. By "λ." ... ..	69
The Freshman. By "D." ... ..	104
Translation from Sophocles. By "Chorus." ... ..	120
The Pirate's Wife. By "λ" ... ..	179
The Unstrung Bow. By "λ" ... ..	198
Manhood's Tears. By "λ" ... ..	224
The Sources whence the Ancients drew their Conceptions of a Dæty. By "Antiquus" ... ..	290

## STEPHEN LUSHINGTON.

*Entered College, January, 1849.*

An Hour's Contemplation. By "C." ... ..	234
---	-----

## PULTENEY MALCOLM.

*Entered College, January, 1849.*

The Whisker. By "Whiskerando" ... ..	243
Novel Reading. By "H. R." ... ..	244

## JAMES HENRY MANGLES.

*Entered College, September, 1849.*

A Request. By "C." ... ..	288
---------------------------	-----

## GEORGE GORDON MORRIS.

BENGAL C. S.

*Entered College, September, 1847. Left, June, 1849.*

	PAGE
The Human Nose. By "H. E." ... ..	18

## RODNEY STEWART LYONS SABINE PASLEY.

*Entered College, September, 1849.*

Sketches in Wales. By "B. E. A. R." ... ..	194
--	-----

## HARRY CECIL SAUNDERS.

*Entered College, January, 1848.*

The Autumn Assizes. By "Recens Vir." ... ..	114
Arnsfelt Castle ... ..	179
Togæ v. Arma ... ..	209

## REGINALD FLOYER SAUNDERS.

*Entered College, September, 1849.*

Classical Literature. By "H." ... ..	71
The Civilian's Dream; a Parody ... ..	151
Lines suggested by the Return of Lord Gough to England. By "Io Triumphe!"	215
Ode on the Death of Wordsworth ... ..	317

## DAVID CARMICHAEL-SMYTH.

*Entered College, January, 1849.*

Letter to the Editors. By "Quidnam igitur faciam." ... ..	12
Montezuma. ... ..	42
Reflections of a Veteran, No. I. ... ..	93
_____ II. ... ..	170
_____ III. ... ..	225
_____ IV. ... ..	273
_____ V. ... ..	333

## HENRY EDWARD SULLIVAN.

*Entered College, January, 1848.*

Stanzas—To Flora. By "E. L. T." ... ..	15
A Story without a Name. Chap. I. ... ..	107
Lines to Edith. By "T. A. O." ... ..	125
A Story without a Name ( <i>continued</i> ) ... ..	187
_____ ( <i>continued</i> ) ... ..	258
_____ ( <i>concluded</i> ) ... ..	318

## ARTHUR RIVERS THOMPSON.

*Entered College, September, 1848.*

	PAGE
Morning Hymn (Latinæ redditum). By "A. R. T." ...	84
Translation into Greek, from Fletcher's "Elder Brother." ...	126
The Last of his Term. A Parody. ...	142
Pallida Mors ...	186

## HERWALD CRAWFORD WAKE.

*Entered College, January, 1849.*

The Model Tutor. By "Discipulus." ...	62
---------------------------------------	----

## RICHARD WHITE.

BOMBAY C. S.

*Entered College, September, 1847. Left, June, 1849.*

The Nation's Glory and the Nation's Shame. ...	6
Commentators. By "X. Y. Z." ...	27

## FRANCIS SPENCER WIGRAM.

*Entered College, September, 1848.*

A Lay of Battle Vale. By "Θ." ...	58
Red Radulph,—a Legend of Lincolnshire. By "W. S." ...	65

## GEORGE WYLIE.

MADEAS C. S.

*Entered College, September, 1847. Left, June, 1849.*

An Indian Prospect ...	9
------------------------	---



THE

# HAILEYBURY OBSERVER.

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READING MAKETH A FULL MAN, CONFERENCE A READY MAN, WRITING AN  
ACCURATE MAN.—BACON.

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MARCH 21, 1849.

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DEAR READER,—

WE do not know what to do. We have a great deal to say to you, and do not know very well where to begin. And yet we have no time to lose. First, because we are aware that the *Observer* should have made his bow to you some time ago; secondly, because we are naturally of a procrastinating turn of mind; and, thirdly (and I am sure every one will own—conclusively) because, even now, the thought of the approaching Examination is standing as a spectre at the door, forbidding sternly all egress, and motioning us imperiously back to seek the only means of exorcism in the grave and reverent Oriental tomes which are sleeping tranquilly on their shelves.

But, before we finally quit the light of upper day to bury ourselves in the dark mines of our hitherto untouched tests—we must say a word about the legacy which we are leaving behind in the shape of the present Number.

Now, to begin, despite of Horace, *ab ovo*. It does not require

VOL. VI.—NO. I.

B

our aid to point out that our *protégé* makes his appearance this time dressed in a new cover and in a different type. That some such change was necessary, we believe was very clear, and so we will not detain you, my dear Reader, with a long detail of reasons, which, we believe, you know already. Although, if any gentleman still doubts the propriety of it, let him call upon us personally, and, if our powerful reasons and lucid arguments fail to convince him, we shall, at least, have the satisfaction of admiring our own able rhetoric, and pitying his impenetrable density. But there is another and a much greater doubt which besets us, viz.—That though all may be willing to admit the advisability of introducing a new fashion for the *Observer's* garb, yet they may object to the present mode, on the ground of its being like bag-wigs and *gigot* sleeves—neither an advantageous nor an ornamental innovation. In that case, all that we can do is, to implore you, my dear Reader, to remember, in passing your criticism upon us, that after all we are but Editors, and, unfortunately, not possessed of that exquisite good taste and refined judgment for which you are so justly conspicuous, and that allowances must be made for us accordingly. If, however, after this has been done it should happen that the general voice is still against us in this respect, we promise very humbly to kiss the rod of public opinion, and try to do better for the future.

And now, having thrown ourselves upon the mercy of your good taste, we will touch upon another point—a point still more delicate and tender of approach, viz.—your purse. Do not start, dear Reader, or frown, or be angry, or draw invidious comparisons between our innocent pages and the quire of blank paper which your bookseller has just left on your table. We are not going to diminish your ample wealth by a single extra sixpence. On the contrary, we are endeavouring to abolish the sliding scale which has hitherto been in use, and to give our Periodical a fixed standard value. For this purpose, albeit, we are not skilful in the fields of business; we girded on the armour of expostulation and persuasion, and did battle with our worthy Publisher, the issue of which was, that for the future the



*Observer* will never expect a greater fee than half-a-crown for the benefit of his lucubrations.

By this time, doubtless, my dear Reader, you have pronounced us very silly, and very talkative, and very tiresome, and are wondering at our detaining you so long with this endless prologue, instead of holding our tongue and drawing up the curtain at once. But we cannot yet do so; our duty, our conscience, our interest, compel us once more to catch hold of you by the button-hole and say one little thing more, so it were useless trying to escape; you had better hear us out.

Unless we have been great bunglers, or you have entirely misunderstood us, you cannot help perceiving, by this time, that we have a great respect for you, and a very great respect for your criticisms, and a very great respect for your purses; but there is yet something for which we have a still greater respect, or rather, for which we should have such a respect if you would give us an opportunity—and that is—for your contributions. Now you are getting bored: "It is always the same thing" you say, "always pestering me for contributions; I give you my half-crown, is not that enough? but you must always be boring me to write; Why don't you Editors write yourselves? you do nothing." Oh! misguided mortal; now could we paint in glowing colours the miseries of an Editor's life; now could we point reprovingly to bundles of soiled paper, to heaps of worn-out pens; now could we unroll triumphantly the long bill for midnight candles, or the still heavier accounts of the visits which our exhausted frames have demanded from the sons of Esculapius! But we abhor digressions and digressive authors, so we will return to our subject; and yet we know not how to illustrate the advantages of contributing more clearly than we have done before, or to impress upon you the good, the honour, the necessity, of writing more forcibly than our predecessors have; so we fear, after all, that we shall have to abandon the cogent arguments, the affecting appeals, and the brilliant illustrations which we had prepared, and to leave them to your own good sense to supply; while, at the same time, we cannot

help being sincerely sorry to see you, my dear Reader—a man of such splendid abilities and such an undeniable turn for authorship—gloating over your talents in solitude; enjoying them yourself, and refusing to allow your neighbours to share in the rich intellectual feast which they are so well calculated to afford.

But, in sober seriousness, at the same time that we lay our hand upon our heart and make a very low bow, thanking sincerely all who, by contributing, have lightened our labours and improved our Magazine, we must beg leave, once for all, earnestly to advise, to exhort, and implore any of our fellow-students who may have, at any time, a leisure hour to spare, to offer it up on the shrine of public feeling by devoting it to the interests of the *Observer*.

And now, before we let you go, we must wish you a sincere good-bye for the present, and congratulate you heartily on the flourishing state of affairs this term. The Easter vacation is near (never mind though there is a lion in the way); and you have had a good Assize, and you have had excellent debates, and boating has begun, and cricketing will soon begin, and here is No. I. of the *Observer*, for 1849. How happy you must be! May you also be fortunate in your Examinations, and—indulgent in your criticism.

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## TRANSLATION

FROM THE ITALIAN OF CHIABRERA.

When in orient skies the dawn  
Heralds the approach of morn,  
From the waves we see her spring  
Clad in robes so purely white,  
That—diffusing thence—the light  
Ends the stars' faint glittering.

Roses with lilies blended fair,  
Blush amid her golden hair,  
Locks of gold, whose glistening  
Turns the night into the day—  
While fresh breezes round her play,  
Weary spirits comforting.

In her bright chariot we admire  
Rubies that tinge the clouds with fire,  
Nor less adorned, her coursers fly  
With golden bit and golden rein  
And neighing joyous, as amain  
They beat the pavement of the sky.

The loosened reins provoke to speed  
The mettle of each generous steed,  
Or should they loiter on their way,  
If she but lift the painted scourge,  
They need no more their flight to urge,  
And hurry on the march of day.

Proud in her pomp and beauty's power,  
Through paths where blooms each heavenly flower,  
Through clouds that ope their gilded arms  
I welcome her—she hurries by—  
Other Goddesses but sigh  
In envy at superior charms.

Yes ! their fairest form or face,  
Rivals not Aurora's grace,  
But (own it ye whose hearts are burn'd  
With all the pangs of passion spurn'd)  
E'en celestial charms above,  
Is the lady of my love.

C.

## THE NATION'S GLORY AND THE NATION'S SHAME.

## A GLANCE AT THE LATE ACTION ON THE JHELUM.

EVENTS have so crowded upon each other during the past year, and up to the present time, that there are now few things which can surprise; and even the most extraordinary circumstances, or the most tragical occurrences, fail to excite that degree of wonder or interest which most assuredly they would have done in more tranquil times. The past year is one which will ever be looked upon as the most eventful period in the history of nations. The flames of revolution, which had long before been sullenly burning, then burst forth with all their fury, and with a fearful rapidity spread from land to land. No sooner had one nation dethroned its monarch, than another followed its example. Infected with the universal spirit of 'change, a frantic population has trodden nearly every European government to the dust. Charmed with novelty, allured by a shadow—too eager to reflect, and forgetful of the truths which History has taught—men have joined in the fruitless search after an ideal liberty. Amid the fall of monarchies and the wreck of empires, our own country has stood unscathed and erect on the solid basis of progressive reform and constitutional liberty. Internal disorders have been checked. The insane notions and lawless measures of the rash supporters of the (so-called) Charter, has been opposed by the loyalty and good sense of every class in England; while the abettors of physical-force demonstrations have been shewn that it is in Parliament, and in Parliament alone, that laws can be passed which shall be binding on the whole community. In Ireland, Rebellion, which but lately stalked abroad with impunity, now crouches beneath the strengthened arm of the law. We have, indeed, reason to congratulate ourselves when we contrast our own tranquillity with

the state of convulsion into which the whole political world is thrown. But is there nothing in our hitherto calm horizon to cause us any uneasiness at the present time, or apprehensions as to the future? Alas! we must awhile stay our congratulations. The last few weeks have told us that, like the rest of the world, we have not been destined to be exempt from misfortune. Our Eastern Empire is threatened—our forces are encamped close to those of the enemy—twice have they encountered each other—and what has been the result? This only: on the first of these occasions a useless sacrifice of men and officers has been made; on the second, the same thing has been done, only on a far larger scale. The accounts of both these actions will make us wonder at the rash hardihood—the total want of common prudence—displayed in the person of our Commander-in-Chief—but the latter of these will cause, not only us, but future generations, to blush with shame when the banks of the Jhelum are mentioned. Is it to be credited that men of the same race as those who bled at Cressy and Agincourt, Salamanca and Waterloo, could turn and fly before enemies whose power their fellow-soldiers had crushed at Sobraon and Ferozepore? With what a degree of incredulity and unfeigned astonishment will every Englishman read what will be the talk of all Europe. He will blame, and rightly too, the evident absence of all foresight and arrangement, and the hot-headed valour which consigned to death so many of the brave. But he will doubt the truth—scorn the idea of a British regiment flying in confusion before a foe. “Impossible—this can never be,” he will say as he hastily throws down his newspaper. But, alas! there the words are—there the fatal words; and they require contradiction, ere they be rejected as false.

“The cavalry on the extreme right, consisting of Brigadier Pope’s force, with the 14th Light Dragoons, temporarily attached, having been taken in advance of their Horse Artillery, were directed to charge a body of the enemy’s cavalry. Instead of obeying the orders given them, they faced about, and, in spite of the energetic endeavours of their own and other officers, left the field and made direct for the artillery;

“on coming up to which, instead of pulling up, they dashed through Huish’s and Christie’s troops, upsetting a wagon and some horses, and directing their course to the field-hospital.”

Some may think this fact an unimportant one, and argue that to one only of our own regiments the disgrace attaches, and *that* disgrace may be retrieved. Assuming that it may, and assuming also that no immediate absolute loss and misfortune be the result of the conduct above described,—yet its moral injury cannot be estimated. *That* is lost which a series of victories never can bring back;—the confidence of the Sepoy is lost, inasmuch as he can now no longer think that an English regiment is, under any circumstances, incapable of swerving from the path of duty. He can never now be thoroughly assured that our troops will stand firmly, advance bravely and retreat nobly, he will doubtless imagine (and we fear with but too much reason) that our armies can be moved, as the armies of the East ever were, by the influences of panic and dismay. Bad generalship will not excuse the flinching to encounter an enemy;—nothing can excuse the precipitate flight of a body of Englishmen when ordered to oppose a foe. It is true that our commander-in-chief has shown none of the qualities requisite to good generalship, and that for the consequent difficulties which our soldiers had to encounter allowances should be made; but we cannot, nevertheless, for one moment, extend our sympathy to those who have fixed an indelible stain on the fair annals of the British army—one which can never be thoroughly effaced, and but partially atoned for, by ceasing to reckon as British soldiers those who have proved themselves no longer worthy the appellation. The disgraceful flight of an English regiment of dragoons is certainly the worst feature in the whole of the disastrous action on the Jhelum. Let us, for the present, hope that there are mitigating circumstances yet to be unfolded, though there can be none which can justify.

The mischievous, the dangerous effects of such an evidence of pusillanimity are indeed too evident. Our enemies in the

East will no longer consider us as almost invincible, and as those whom, in their certain progress to victory, impossibilities may, but fear cannot arrest. What will Europe say of our army, but that it is composed of men who have degenerated from their sires who conquered at Waterloo? And, lastly, What will be the immediate effects of this unfortunate disgrace? It is painful to anticipate a result to which we are not unnaturally led; but we must hope for the best. We can only now say, that another such a disastrous flight as that of our dragoons—another such a victory as that we have just achieved on the banks of the Jhelum, and we may well tremble for the fate of our Indian Empire.

## AN INDIAN PROSPECT; OR, THE DARK SIDE OF A WRITERSHIP,

SET FORTH IN A SERIES OF METRICAL GROANS, BY ONE WHOSE  
MOTTO IS

*"Il n'y a point de roses sans épines."*

### GROAN I.

'Tis hard to give up every joy,  
The festive board that crowns,  
As it groans beneath Old England's beef,  
And mutton from her Downs.  
This fare, for what do we exchange?  
(Oh! tell it not to Soyer.)  
A yellow mass of burning heat,  
Unwholesome, rich, and cloyey.  
Such is the dish that they extol,  
Whose livers are its martyrs,  
But pitiable the wight, say we,  
Who beef for curry barbers.

## GROAN II.

'Tis hard to give up every joy  
That English thirst induces ;  
The cup that not inebriates,  
Except by slight abuses.  
No more for us shall Henry Meux  
His vats with porter fill ;  
Or jolly Bass and Company,  
Their Bitter Ale distil.  
'Tis true, 'tis called " East India "—  
Oh ! mockery most cruel ;  
Indulge you may—to bile, alas !  
Indulgence addeth fuel.

## GROAN III.

'Tis hard to give up every joy  
That frost and cold create ;  
The comforts of a snug fireside ;  
The ardors of a skate.  
And they, who Scotchmen are, I ween,  
Most bitterly lament  
Those days to be remembered long,  
Which a-curling they have spent.  
Oh ! curling 'tis a noble game—  
But curling there is none ;  
Or skating in those regions—  
Those regions of the sun.

## GROAN IV.

'Tis hard to give up every joy,  
That attends the bold aquatic,  
As " hard all ! " down the stream he shoots,  
Free, glorious, and ecstatic.  
The Ganges and Godavery,  
No doubt, are noble rivers ;  
But as with ale, so with the oar,  
Remember you have livers.



Suppose you hire a budgerow,  
 The expense is but a trifle ;  
 And as the " dandies " \* row, you may  
 Take potshots with your rifle.  
 Pray, do not call this boating,  
 But rather call it slow ;  
 Thrice happy are the galley swains  
 Who their own blessings know.

## GROAN V.

'Tis hard to give up every joy,  
 That Rowland Hill bestowed,  
 By his splendid penny postage :  
 Oh ! 'Tis sweet to see a load  
 Of the blithesome little billets  
 As they speed to home and hearth,  
 Uniting absent children  
 With the loved spot of their birth ;  
 But we, who far away must roam,  
 The fates of life fulfilling,  
 We most need many links to home,  
 And each link costs a shilling.

## GROAN VI.

'Tis hard to give up every joy  
 To steam that owes existence,  
 The joys of railway travelling,  
 Defying time and distance.  
 This boon to India is denied  
 By some confounded croakers,  
 Whose hearts have failed before monsoon,  
 White ants, and roasted stokers.  
 And so the Anglo-Indian  
 Forsooth must ride or walk,  
 He who was wont to fly by rail  
 Must creep along by *dak*.

\* Dandy. Waterman of the Ganges.

"Soleâ, Cox, objurgabere rubrâ."—*Pers. Sat.* V. 169.

MR. OBSERVER,—Every one of your readers will know the trouble all Freshmen have to endure till they have appointed a regular staff of tradesmen. In my own case, to save trouble, those employed by a cousin of mine some years since, were by me duly installed. Of course they all declared that they had never had a better customer than the young man in question; Sherrard in particular exclaiming, with pious and uplifted eye, "*Never was there sich a gent for Hoder Clone.*"

There remains, however, among the disappointed candidates, one Cox, a citizen of Hertford and a follower of St. Crispin. He must indeed, Sir, have a heart cased "in bars of brass and triple steel;" for, not satisfied with several distinct refusals, every morning that he visits the College, he honours your humble servant with a visit.

Now, Sir, I am one of those happy students who enjoy *chapel dormiats*; but what's that to Cox? *He* cares not. That ruthless invader, with a premonitory tap, rushes in with his war-cry—*Cox! Shoes!* thereby intimating that he, Cox, is then and there on a predatory excursion for any boots or shoes requiring his art. For myself, Sir, I am of weak body and retiring disposition (indeed, I was educated entirely under the eye of my maiden aunt Barbara), and yet, to be awaked out of a *dormiat* by that infernal Cox, does, I confess, excite me to make a rush and —; well, well, away with angry menace.

But, Sir, 'tis too much—often and often does the beak, by my express orders over night, as he says,—(I suppose some foe personates me), lug me out of bed and douse me with water as early as five o'clock: still, Is it necessary that we should awake at *cock-crowing*?—for so a facetious friend calls Cox's assaults.

I do not want to be hard on the man, he may be a good shoemaker, indeed Wiggle—whose taste is acknowledged by the bucks of the College, and whose resplendent boots you must

frequently have noticed—always employs him. I see Cox's object, Sir: it is that, in a moment of utter despair, we may order a pair of shoes of him. This is, undoubtedly, his *dodge*. I think, Sir, his name might, with great truth, be changed to *Fox*; and you may depend upon it—for I am not the only sufferer by a score—that either *Fox* himself will be a *martyr* to our wrath, or else our persecutions will soon furnish ample materials for a new edition of '*Fox's Martyrs*.' Hoping, Sir, you will excuse the little pleasantry with which I conclude my lugubrious epistle,

I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

"QUIDNAM IGITUR FACIAM."

### THE FRESHMAN'S WARNING.

SENIOR STUDENT.

OH FRESHMAN, oh Freshman, beware of the day  
 When you rig yourself out in your boating array,  
 For, from your appearance, I clearly can see  
 You'll soon be submerged in the waves of the Lea;  
 I see you e'en now in her waters so brown  
 With your oars all adrift and your boat upside down,  
 Your immaculate flannels—now spotless no more—  
 In woe-begone plight striking out for the shore,  
 Like puppies half-drowned, sneaking into the Rye,  
 While your faithless outrigger floats helplessly by.

FRESHMAN.

Go preach to the coward, old fiddle-de-dee,  
 You may make him afraid—but you cannot make me;  
 These dreams which before you thus ghastly appear  
 Will soon be dispelled by a pewter of beer;  
 Drink deep, and such visions no longer shall trouble—  
 Although what you see will most likely be double.

## SENIOR.

Ha ! laugh'st thou, proud freshman, my vision to scorn,  
You'll be ducked, my old boy, just as sure as you're born ;  
Oh, straw-hatted Freshman, 'tis truly no go  
Outriggers to enter before you can row ;  
Though the flame of ambition within you may burn,  
Return to the ' randan,' in safety return,  
Or else be content to remain on dry ground—  
Where I'm pretty well certain you cannot be drowned.

## FRESHMAN.

False prophet, avaunt ! I have muster'd my crew,  
To dismiss them's a thing which I never can do ;  
And I feel quite assured you will soon cease to joke,  
When you once see the style, Sir, in which we keep stroke :  
To beat us in racing 'tis needless to try,  
Terms fourth, third and second I boldly defy.  
Here's a welcome to all who to bumping aspire,  
They'll yield to our ardour as fuel to fire.  
Hark, hark to the plaudits' loud echo through air  
As we reach the Rye-bridge with a minute to spare,  
Our crew thus unrivalled—so neat and so spruce—  
Will go——

## SENIOR.

My dear Freshman—will go to the deuce.  
A Haileyb'ry life gives me nautical lore  
(And in College my terms even now number four) ;  
I tell thee, the Rye-house with laughter shall ring  
Whilst, frightened and scared, to the bridge-piles you cling  
And all the spectators will join in the mirth  
At the sight of five students by Mrs. T——'s hearth,  
Who, huddled together, cold, dripping and blue,  
Form the wretched remains of your fool-hardy crew.

## TO FLORA.

SWEET smiling goddess, deck'd with many a wreath,  
How bright thy mien, how sweet thy passing breath,  
How light thy tread, how soft thy silvery voice,  
Whose gentle tones bid all the world rejoice.

Lo ! the glad seasons, hastening to obey  
Their lovely mistress, joyful homage pay ;  
The birds their welcome tell from tree to tree ;  
All nature mingles in soft melody.

The maiden Spring, obedient to command,  
Raises aloft her odour-breathing wand ;  
The fragrant primrose and the snowdrop rise,  
And perfumed breezes flutter through the skies.

Maturer Summer lends her brightness now,  
And decks with gayer plumes thy smiling brow ;  
Thine offspring now burst forth in beauty rare,  
Diffusing sweetness o'er the balmy air.

The sun of Autumn, brightly though it shine,  
Forewarns us daily of thy near decline ;  
The drooping leaves will soon be seen no more—  
Stern Winter tells us that thy reign is o'er.

But soon again the sun's all-potent beam  
Shall melt the frosts, that bind the babbling stream ;  
Then, then, sweet Flora, quit thy skyey bowers,  
And shed thy gladness o'er this world of ours.

E. L. T.

## TRANSLATION.

FROM THE OPENING SCENE OF MASON'S "CARACTACUS."

## CARACTACUS.

THIS holy place, methinks, does this night wear  
 More than its wonted gloom ; Druid, these groves  
 Have caught the dismal colouring of my soul,  
 Changing their dark dun garbs to very sable,  
 In pity to their guest. Hail, hallowed oaks !  
 Hail, British born ! who, last of British race,  
 Hold your primeval rights by Nature's charter ;  
 Not at the nod of Cæsar. Happy foresters,  
 Ye wave your bold heads in the liberal air ;  
 Nor ask, for privilege, a prætor's edict.  
 Ye, with your rough and interwisted roots,  
 Grasp the firm rocks ye sprung from ; and, erect  
 In knotty hardihood, still proudly spread  
 Your leafy banners 'gainst the tyrannous North,  
 Who, Roman-like, assails you. Tell me, Druid,  
 Is it not better to be such as these,  
 Than be the thing I am ?

\* \* \* \* \*

But I am lost to that predestined use  
 Eternal wisdom willed, and fitly therefore  
 May wish a change of being. I was born  
 A king ; and heaven, who bade these warrior oaks  
 Lift their green shields against the fiery sun,  
 To fence their subject plain, did mean that I  
 Should, with as firm an arm, protect my people  
 Against the pestilent glare of Rome's ambition.  
 I failed ; and how I failed, thou know'st too well :  
 So does the babbling world : and therefore, Druid,  
 I would be anything save what I am.

## IDEM GRÆCE REDDITUM.

Καράκτακος.

Ὅρφον τίν', ὥς ἔοικεν, οὐκ ἐθισμένην  
 ἱέρον τὸδ' ἄλσος νύκτι τῇδ' ἀμπίσχεται·  
 ἢ μὴ σκοτεῖνον λῆμ' ἐπεικάσον φρένος  
 ξένον τε τὸνδ' οἴκτιζον, ὀρφναίαν στόλην  
 ᾧδ' ἡμφίεστο· χαίρετ', ὦ σέμναι δρύες,  
 δρύες πάτρωαι, πατρίδος πανύσταται,  
 αἱ τῶν θένων βούλευματ', οὐδε Καίσαρος  
 ἀιδεῖσθε νεῦμα μῶνον· οὐδ' ἐξουσίας  
 πάρα στρατήγων ἐνδεεῖς, ἐλευθέρους  
 ἐλευθέρῳ κράδαινετ' ἐν φάει λόφους.  
 ὁμῆς γε ρίζας ξυμπεπλεγμένας χθονὶ  
 γνάμπτας, τόκασιν ἔστηκατ' ἐμφυῶσι πέτραις,  
 σκληῖραι, θράσειαι, πρὸς δ' ὑπερφνωὺς πύκνων  
 σήμεια φύλλων ἀντιτεινούσαι πνύη,  
 ἥτις δυσάης τῶνδ' ἐναντίων τρόπον  
 ὁμῖν πίκρα τίς δυσμένης λυμαίνεται.  
 ἄλλ' εἴφ', ὁμοῖον πότρε τοῖσδε δένδρεσιν,  
 ἱερεῦ, νομίζεις κρεῖσσον, ἢ πεφύκεναι  
 οἷος γε νῦν δδ' εἰμι; τῆς δ' ἐυμαρμένης  
 ἑσσης ἀμάρτων ἐνδίκως τε δύρομαι  
 μοιρᾶς τε τῆς νῦν μεμφόμεναι· κρείων ἔφην  
 θεός θ' ὅς εὔρυ τὰς δρύας σάκος  
 ὑπερσχεθεῖν ἔκωγε πρόστατας πέδου,  
 φοίβον τ' ἀμύνειν καὶ μεσημβρίον θέρος,  
 ἔκωγε κἄμε μηδαμῶς ἐλάσσονα  
 ξάπτραν ἀμύνειν δυσμενῶν ὕβριν πατρῆ.  
 ἡμαρτον· ὥς δ' ἡμαρτον, οὐ σ' ἔγω· λαθὼν  
 οὐδ' ἂν φλυάρους ἄνδρας· εἴεν· ἡδέως  
 πάντ' ἂν θέλοιμι πλὴν τὰ νῦν μοιρᾶς φέρειν.

## THE HUMAN NOSE.

CONCEIVING it to be the duty of each individual student to maintain the reputation of the College by keeping up the *Haileybury Observer*, I take up my pen to discharge this obligation. One important fact, however, forces itself upon my notice at the very outset, and that is, the difficulty of choosing a subject on which to exercise my powers of composition. This difficulty is the more absurd inasmuch as I feel that I am embarrassed by the very extent of my materials. Earth, ocean, and air, alike invite my notice, but their joint attraction only tends to produce that beautiful theoretical result, the practical application of which so signally failed in the case of the Prophet's coffin, viz., a state of exact suspension. As, however, this simile refuses to carry me any further, I am obliged to adopt another, which I believe true in every respect, that the action of two opposite forces directs a body in some line which is situate between them. Holding this, then, to be the case with me, I see no plan more convenient than to steer a middle course, and thus obey the oft-repeated exhortation, "Follow your nose." And my obedience has met with its due reward, for a new field of thought has been laid open before me. Those sayings or proverbs which are current amongst mankind, and whose origin is either buried in the darkness of antiquity or may be traced back a few antecedent generations, for the most part contain some general but apposite remark. It was, therefore, with a certain consciousness of the truth of this, that I minutely examined the above mentioned observation, in which the nose bears so prominent a part. Little are those who unthinkingly tell you to follow it as a leader, aware of the numerous properties which it possesses. We are seldom apt to consider that the various members of the body enjoy, so to speak, a separate individual existence as distinguished from that more general state which we hold to be the relation in which they stand to each other. Each limb and several part of the human frame is subject to its own peculiar influences. There



are dangers which threaten one which are not to be apprehended by another, and which may vary in degree according to the season, the place, or even the position ; while again there are pleasures and enjoyments which have their particular and distinct attachments. As the rose that blooms in the garden lends its fragrance to the breeze, delighting the senses of every beholder, and attesting the wisdom and goodness of the Creator, so at the same time may it be said to have a private history of its own, with which few but the minute observer becomes acquainted.

Thus it is in our own individual experience, though, perhaps, we may not have taken the pains to remark it. Who is there that has observed the countless variety of influences that affect different members of our body, and not been astonished at the comparative good fortune of some, and the never-ceasing misfortunes of others ? None, however, seems to be a greater recipient of evil than the particular member of which we are treating. The very seasons combine in their attacks upon it, and there is only one that permits it to exercise its powers in peace. Placed in a conspicuous position, and too proud to repose in the shade, the burning sun darts its rays upon it, inflicting the necessity of a change of dress ; while the showers of April course along its crested peak, beautifying with rivulets and cascades the acre of the human face. But none, is so ruthless as the winter—the long cold winter, that contracts its size and changes its hue, pinching and maltreating it by meteoric vicissitudes. How short-lived its pleasures !—it is only when the flowers are in bloom that it may call into action its natural functions, and though itself a flower on the waste of man's countenance, inhale, but not exhale, odours around. At every other period its joys may be said to be factitious, for though endowed with the most acute sensibility, and painfully alive to each passing change, no respect whatever is paid to its delicate susceptibility. At one moment it is plunged into a sea of *eau de Portugal*, or Jean Marie Farina, while at another it is forced to peer into liquids of a darker and more deadly nature, from which it shrinks with horror and disgust. Nor can it always be forewarned in time of the dangers

that approach it—or, rolling itself up, present an impenetrable front till they have passed, but must submit in silence or endure the pangs of an unnatural pressure. But again, though sensitive to a degree, and no more adapted than any other member to withstand the hard blows of fortune, the nose is continually liable to mishap. It seems to be made, by common consent, according to a principle of international law, a perfect scapegoat. Its bad neighbour, the tongue, evinces a peculiar spite against it, for it is always getting it into scrapes, while the fists never appear contented except when on the closest terms of intimacy with it. Guilty of no crime, and, doubtless, if listened to, an advocate for peace, it is made to atone for the faults of others by shedding copious tears of blood, till at last, unable to support the pressure of calamity, bereft of its original beauty, and dead to all kindly influences, it presents the wretched spectacle of a large mis-shapen mass, changed by rude contact with the world into a wondrous or unseemly object.

But, though thus singularly unfortunate, we may take a higher and more exalted view of the human nose. Who is there that has looked into history, or exercised the smallest degree of observation, but must have remarked the difference of feature and appearance in different nations, and traced a connection between these features and the various points of disposition and habit for which they have been distinguished. And what particular feature better aids in tracing this connection than the nose? Does it not clearly reveal the very nature and character of a people? It is impossible to behold the straight and beautiful Grecian nose without perceiving at once the charm and grace it must have thrown upon the countenance. It indicates a mind elegant and accomplished, delighting in every art which may exalt and ennoble the soul, roused to enthusiasm by the imagery of Poetry, and reaching beyond the confines of earth in its lofty aspirations. Was it not such that Phidias and Praxiteles contemplated? And they were men who carved perfection in the human form, striving to make it the idea of the Mind within, which, though fallen and shattered, still bears a faint resemblance to its Eternal likeness.

It is impossible to imagine these illustrious sculptors living amongst other than Greeks. They could not, with their ideal conception have dwelt amongst the ugliest of humanity,—not *e.g.* among the Hottentots, who possess but a slight elevation in the centre of the visage. The very idea naturally inspires us with horror, and we are led irresistibly to associate together refinement of intellect and the refinement of personal beauty. It is thus, then, that we see in these two cases, how a difference in that important member, the nose, marks the distinction between the highest degree of civilization on the one hand, and the lowest stage of barbarism in the other.

But, once more. Can you not read the history of the Roman in his nose? Mark his particular temperament from it. Does it not seem, from its curved and aquiline bend, to denote firmness and decision of purpose, and to be the natural concomitant of greatness and dominion? With that, and that alone, it is easy to fancy the Roman extending the terror of his name and compelling savage and distant tribes to bend submissively to his authority. Where would have been the august Senate without it? What better characterizes a stern and rigid virtue? Call up in imagination the form of Cato, and I defy you to picture him before you with a fearful pug. The thought is impossible. Can you believe that Julius Cæsar rejoiced in one, or that any of those heroes of ancient Rome, to whom almost from infancy we are taught to look up with a species of awe and reverence, could ever have been invested with a band-box, a sausage, or the ace of clubs? No; we may easily conjure them before us with a mouth not strictly proportioned, or an eye that has lost some of its native energy, or a brow too much contracted, but for them to possess a nose other than their own, is absurd. There may be, and no doubt there are, exceptions to this, but such, it should be remembered, is a consequence attaching to everything that exists on earth, and therefore these exceptions, few in number, only prove the rule. The nose is not to be despised. Did not one, who ranks high among the list of those who are distinguished in the fields of literature, and who is ever to be

remembered by the youthful aspirant after fame as the indirect cause of much bodily and mental pain, with all its Metamorphoses, spring from it? And in our own day what is there but this that distinguishes the General of the Age—the “Hero of a Hundred Fights”? What feature is it but the nose that undoubtedly separates the aristocracy from the *profanum vulgus*? And though our nation may be said to indulge for the most part in the *petit nez rétroussé*, yet who will deny that this has its particular charm, and that the fair daughters of our land, though highly gifted in every other respect, possess, in consequence of this, a piquancy and a *je ne sais quoi* wholly unrivalled. I trust that these few remarks may have the effect of producing a change in the general opinion regarding this useful but much abused member. I would not have it continually thrust into situations most repugnant to its better feelings, but would fain encourage a sentiment of respect towards it. If only those who hold it in light estimation, and consider this too trivial a subject to be brought before them, would prove as useful to the College by producing substantial contributions, as it is to society in general, I have no doubt that thought and invention would be much better employed, and that there might be some reason, in this case, *Naso suspendere adunco*.

H. E.

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## TRANSLATION

FROM THE ITALIAN OF CHIABRERA.

Roses, that on some leafy spray,  
Bloom not to greet the dawning day,  
But bestow your watchful care  
(Love's fit ministers ye are),  
That nought hurtful venture near  
The pearly treasures of the fair.

Tell me, I charge ye, tell me true,  
Priceless flowers of roseate hue,  
How is't, whene'er I gaze on you  
In ardent rapture, you the while,  
Op'ning, disclose a lovely smile?  
Is it that mercy prompts to stay  
The life that else must fade away?  
Youth, and health, and vigour gone,  
Unable to support your frown;  
Or is it, that you joy to see  
Your slave's expiring agony?

Lovely roses! whether 't be  
In pity or in cruelty,  
To mock or to encourage me,  
Fain would I, in novel strain,  
Bring new incense to your fane.  
Fain would I, but still the while  
Wreathe yourselves into a smile.

At morn, when gentle breezes wake,  
And rustle through the ferny brake,  
While wandering streams pursue their way  
Through meads with painted flow'rets gay,  
The earth is decked in smiles, we say.

And when, perchance, in summer seas,  
Scarce ruffled by the sighing breeze,  
Sportive Zephyr dips his wing,  
With the waters wantoning,  
The wave scarce ripples o'er the sand,  
As ocean, smiling, greets the land.

On wheels of sapphire proudly borne,  
Through smiling heaven, the ruddy morn,  
O'er flowers in richest crimson dight,  
And lilies in their virgin white,  
Throws his glad veil of golden light.

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The seas may smile, the earth be gay,  
The joyous heaven may hail the day ;  
But neither ocean, earth, nor air,  
Their choicest beauties can compare  
With the bright smile that mantles o'er  
The rosy lips that I adore.

C.

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MUSICAL BORES.

MR. EDITOR,—In former pages of your valuable periodical there have appeared, from time to time, papers relating to the habits and dispositions of a class to be met with in every grade of society in some one form or other, viz., “bores.” But there is one tribe of these gentry which has never yet been made the subject of any representation, as far at least as my knowledge extends, and who are, at present, a crying evil to our College. I allude to the Musical Bores, amongst whom I beg you will not think that I wish to include any gentlemen who having a piano in their rooms, are willing to let any real lover of music participate in their pleasures of such an instrument; or even such a one as likes to keep a musical snuff box to recreate himself with whilst reading, and which beyond any slight annoyance to the tenant over head, has no particular influence on society at large; but, Mr. Editor, I mean a set who, not content with blowing all the wind out of their own lungs, must needs blow it into the ears of every body within half a mile of their delightful performance, through a tube which—were it made of horn—instead of brass, I could sometimes believe to have the same origin as that one so celebrated in the verses of Thomas Hood, as belonging to an ancient lady, by name Dame Eleanor Spearing.

The habits of such men are eccentric in the extreme; indeed, there is one who seems to be continually blowing one note, and then putting his instrument by, evidently highly pleased with his own performance. Another gentleman of my acquaintance, being

fond of a little relaxation after the fatigues of the day, is accustomed to commence a solo every evening as the clock strikes twelve, or very near that hour, much to the pleasure and edification of his neighbours, who, at this time, are just dropping off into a dreamy forgetfulness of the troubles of every day life, and beginning to dream of worlds not seen by the waking eyes of men; and, when remonstrated with in the morning for his insane behaviour, he looks perfectly astonished at the bad taste of some, who, because they cannot play themselves (and may they long be equally ignorant!) cannot, in his idea, appreciate musical talent when truly developed!!! Other examples of persons afflicted with this terrible mania could be adduced, each possessing his own pleasing little peculiarities; but I hope that sufficient have been brought forward to prove that to the society of the college in general, and to the reading man in particular, this class of bores is perfectly intolerable; indeed, I verily believe that if you set twenty steam engines under high pressure in the middle of Quad., they would, when all puffing and blowing together, produce a sound at least as melodious as these said cornepeans, and would agree equally well with the nerves of any man deep in the mysteries of Sanscrit or Persian, or entangled in the difficulties of solving a problem in either law or astronomy. Trusting, Sir, that these few remarks may, if you insert them in the *Haileybury Observer*, be useful in undeceiving those gentlemen who, whilst thus annoying the College, think they are benefiting it,

I am,

Your obedient humble Servant,

H.

*'Ανε ποταμῶν ἱερῶν, &c.—MEDEA, 410.*

### A TRANSLATION.

Back to their fount the sacred streams  
 Their headlong waters send ;  
 While justice and all things alike  
 Their courses reflux bend.

Now men indulge in crafty wiles,  
 The trust in God is no more found ;  
 Rumours my life now glorious make,  
 My race in honours shall abound.

No longer shall hoarse sounding Fame  
 'Gainst women raise her note ;  
 The Muses from their songs shall cease  
 My faithlessness to quote :

For Phœbus, leader of the lays,  
 To us has never given  
 That lyric gift divine,—  
 That gift derived from heaven :

For long ere this we should have sung  
 Strains which had reponsive rung  
 To those from man's harsh lyre ;  
 For time could many examples bring  
 To quote, on both sides, and to sing,  
 When kindled with poetic fire.

With heart enraged, thyself now free,  
 Thy refuge thou hast left,  
 Coasting the torn rocks of the sea,  
 Of thy paternal home bereft ;



And in a foreign land art dwelling,  
Now must thy heart with grief be swelling,  
As fugitive from this land you know  
Dishonoured and disowned you go.

The power of oath is now no longer ;  
Shame in Greece is no more seen,  
But has heavenward winged her way,  
As if on earth she ne'er had been.

But thou hast no paternal home  
To shelter thee from griefs to come ;  
Another queen now in thy stead  
Rules o'er his palace, and shares his bed.

C.

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#### COMMENTATORS.

MR. EDITOR,—I was considering the other night, seated in my arm chair, what should be my contribution to the *Observer*, and, while so doing, I fell asleep. As my thoughts naturally took a literary turn, so did my dreams which followed. I imagined that I was living a thousand years hence, that the English language was no longer spoken; that to speak it in our own country would be like attempting to make oneself understood in the language of ancient Greece, in modern Athens. Before me was a small book containing some poems, &c., by (what was then) an ancient English author, whose style was apparently so difficult and concise that the notes of commentators formed the bulk of its volume. Feeling the same interest in its contents as I should in those of some

Greek or Latin author, I began to read it. The part which I happened to select was a poem, well known in the English language, the famous Elegy on, or rather Enquiry into, the Death of Cock Robin, the first two stanzas of which are transcribed below.

At the foot of each page were copious notes and dissertations by the first commentators of the age, to whom I shall give the well known names of Porson, Hermann, &c. Though written in Latin I shall give them in our own language, *pro bono publico*. These two stanzas occupied the first two pages with the numerous notes appended to them, as follow :—

**Who killed Cock Robin ?  
It, says the Sparrow,  
With my bow and arrow,  
And I killed Cock Robin.**

The author of this short but beautiful poem is unfortunately unknown. The subject of it is *The Death of Cock Robin*, into which an inquiry is instituted. Among the ancient English to kill a Robin was looked upon as a most hard-hearted, cruel deed; and the death of one was ever considered a most inauspicious event.—*Elmsl.*

“Short—but one of the most pithy poems in the language,” says

1.—*Cock*, used here in its ordinary sense, the male robin. The word is met with elsewhere. It occurs in some Fragments as the patronymic of an importunate

Johnson, and I agree with him. The melancholy circumstances attending the death of, and the last offices paid to, *Cock Robin*, are depicted most minutely and affectingly. It is not quite clear what kind of a bird the *Cock Robin* was. All we know of it is gathered from the brief notice of it in *White's Hist. Selb.*; where it is described as a very inoffensive bird, with a red breast.

shoemaker, who belonged to the Peripatetic school, in reference to which fact Horace says

“Sutor tamen est sapiens.”

Who saw him die?  
 I, says the Fly,  
 With my little eye,  
 And I saw him die.

2.—*I, says, &c.* Some read erroneously *saw*. The scholiast, followed by Porson and Hermann, reads "*says*." The Sparrow is evidently represented as answering to the touching enquiry, "*Who killed Cock Robin?*" To adopt the other reading then, would destroy the point of the passage.

*Sparrow.* Some have confounded this bird with the *Swallow*, which was perfectly yellow—whereas the Sparrow was of a chocolate colour. The Swallow was remarkable for the number of its eggs—thus "*And Swallows' eggs by dozens*."—*Tennyson*, line 263.—Porson thinks that '*Swallows*' is the verb, and that this alludes to the voraciousness of the ancient English.—Vide article on Sparrow, *Quarterly Review*, September, 2849.

3.—*But and arrow.* The mention of these clearly gives us the date of the Poem, which was most probably about A.D. 1400, for gunpowder was not invented till the great French Revolution in the 19th century. See, however, Hermann's ingenious argument on this

subject, in his "*Beauties of English Literature*," where he contends that there is no reason for imagining it to be of so ancient a date.—Vol. i.p. 60.

4.—*And I killed Cock Robin.* A repetition that gives great emphasis. Some omit the '*and*;' we have, however, followed Porson and Brunck, in inserting it.

5.—We are here transferred from the slaughter of the Robin, with all the dreadful paraphernalia of death, to the contemplation of his dying scene. Where he met with his death, cannot be satisfactorily ascertained. We find his son (who went by the name of Robinson), flying from his country, and eventually settling in a lone Island.—Vide *Robinson and Crusoe's Adventures by Sea and Land*, edited by Brunck.

6.—*I, says the Fly.* Fly—an insect—a caravan, so called, from the rumbling of its wheels, which resembled the loud noise made by the above insect's flight.

*Little.* This word has been the subject of endless controversy with commentators. It has been said

that the fly is known not to have had a small eye—and that under the name of *Wasp*, it is represented as having a large sting—a fact irreconcilable with that of its having a small eye. Some, and among them Porson, read, as an emendation, "*With my beetle eye*," an epithet which, applied to insects in general, is certainly not

an inappropriate one. But why not retain the common reading, which expresses a great deal of feeling on the part of the *Fly*, who cannot look with steady gaze on the tragical end of the *Robin*—but instinctively half closes its eye? There is no reason to suppose that the author is asserting an erroneous fact.

In another part of the volume was the following song:—  
 "She wore a wreath of *Roses*," the first stanza of which is—

**She wore a wreath of *Roses*,  
 The night when first we met,  
 Her lovely face was shining  
 Beneath those curls of jet.**

2.—*The night*. The ancient English preferred the night to the day, as it was during their festivities, then often protracted far beyond midnight, that their favourite teetotum dance, *La Polka*, was kept up with unwonted spirit. "On these occasions," says Valpy, "the women wore *Wreaths of roses*."

3.—*Was shining*. It was the custom in those days to smear the face with various kinds of liquid perfumes, and to anoint the head

with ointments and pommades. The far-famed *Oil of Macassar* is, no doubt, here alluded to—which, being carelessly spread over her black locks, would leave its trace on her fair countenance. This shining appearance of the face, thus produced by the use of oil, was reckoned a great beauty. The ancient English women among the *plebs* were remarkable for the glittering appearance of their faces, which arose from the daily use of soap.

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## With wreath of orange blossoms Upon her snowy brow.

5.—**Orange blossoms.** It is evident from this, as Valpy remarks, that the climate of England has undergone a material change. Instead of the beautiful blue sky which once ever greeted alike the inhabitant of the city and the hamlet, we are oppressed daily with a cloudy sky and moist atmosphere. Oranges grew in abundance in the Southern parts of England, and their plenty may be inferred from

their cheapness: ten of them went to the penny.

**Snowy**—"pallid"—the effect of the **Orange blossoms** would be to make her forehead appear white. Arnold thinks that it has reference to the then prevailing custom among the ladies of painting their faces to suit their fancy—either pale or pink.

I shall only be encroaching on your space, and on your reader's attention by adding any more of the contents of this volume. So my dream must end here. It struck me in writing the above that it might not be altogether unprofitable in the columns of the *Observer*. (1). Because your readers may learn that commentators are by no means the greatest benefactors of mankind. (2). Because they may be led to exert themselves and their energies in the service of your valuable publication, in the hope (destined perhaps not to be disappointed) that in centuries yet to come their own productions may be prized by posterity and commentators yet unborn, equally with the "*Elegy of Cock Robin*," in my dream.

X.Y.Z.

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### A TRANSLATION.

Say to the wretch o'erspent with woe,  
Affliction cannot last for aye,  
As joy its destined end must know,  
So sorrow's pangs will pass away.

C.

### NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*"Γράμμα τοκούφων" is thanked for his contribution, the only objection to which is its extreme brevity.*

*"Financial Reform." We are much indebted to its author. The objection above stated applies equally here.*

*"Fugit hora, hoc quod loquor, inde est." The subject is not exactly adapted to the pages of the Observer.*

*"Civis." Subsequent events have rendered the insertion of the article on Lord Gough impossible.*

*"The Crucifixion" is declined for obvious reasons.*

*"Socrates," by H. S., is respectfully declined.*

THE  
**HAILEYBURY OBSERVER.**

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READING MAKETH A FULL MAN, CONFERENCE A READY MAN, WRITING AN  
ACCURATE MAN.—BACON.

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OCTOBER 3, 1849.

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EDITORIAL ADDRESS.

WE do not propose on the present occasion to harass your feelings with a formal introduction, but we wish to season our address with the leaven of advice; and feeling assured that you have returned from your long vacation kindly disposed to your College associates and your College institutions, we shall venture to bring under your notice a sad custom at present prevalent among you, which seriously affects the members of this College by diminishing the quality, if not the quantity, of the contributors to the *Haileybury Observer*. And in making the few following observations, we desire it to be understood that we do not in any way wish to be personal, but, having had the matter brought under our notice by persons who have been sufferers from this custom, we, having a fatherly regard for the well-being of the *Observer*, have deemed it incumbent to bring the matter under

VOL. VI.—NO. II.

F

your august notice, trusting that our remarks will act as a caution to our readers to be more guarded than heretofore in their criticisms, and at the same time hoping that they will not be taken in ill part by those whom their consciences will accuse as the delinquents.

You are well aware that all contributions to the *Observer* are written *incog.*; how much caution, therefore, should you take in making remarks on the various articles, especially when such remarks are in disparagement rather than in praise of them. But some among you, who, either from incapacity, or from a want of interest in Haileybury institutions in general, and of the *Observer* in particular, never favor the public with the productions of their composing faculties, are in the habit of giving vent to their harsh opinions on the various compositions without the least consideration as to whether any of the persons present acting as audience to their learned remarks are not the authors of such ill-treated pieces. Now, we do not in any way mean to assert that those persons, whose astounding abilities have enabled them to pass the awful initiatory examination at the India House, are not competent to hold an opinion of their own on any piece of composition that may fall within reach of their perusal. Heaven forbid we should in any such way detract from the known powers of their surpassing genius! but we do think that they might have a little care for the feelings of those more liberal in the use of their talents than themselves, and be a little more cautious in giving utterance to their severe and often undeserved criticisms. These persons are but little aware of the injury they are doing the College by thus giving an unbridled freedom to their tongue. They little think that, disgusted with the unhandsome manner in which their efforts have been met, persons possessed of talents superior to those of their thoughtless criticisers, and endowed with far better talents for composing than their unjust reviewers, have withdrawn disheartened from any further participation in public compositions, firmly resolved never again to expose the productions of their quills to the unrelenting persecutions of these self-satisfied commentators.



Since, then, such serious effects—effects harassing to the feelings of individuals, and in direct opposition to the interests of the College in general, whom we take to be admirers of the *Observer*, are produced by these (to use a mild term) thoughtless expressions, would it not be better for every one to keep to himself his opinions on the different articles, or only express them when he is perfectly certain of the persons he is addressing, and thereby to permit any unapproved piece to sink into quiet oblivion? We see manifest advantages to be obtained by pursuing such a course; for thus generous contributors are encouraged in, or at any rate not disheartened from, again essaying to produce something worthy of insertion in the unrivalled *Observer*, and there is no knowing but that the second efforts will be far superior to the first; and therefore if a person is prevented from composing such better article, are not the members of the College universally losers by such prevention? and are they not universally injured by the conduct which acts as such prevention?

In conclusion, hypercritical friends, allow us to give you a little advice. Since the various numbers of the *Observer* hitherto published have been filled with articles of such inferior quality, pray let not the College be any longer deprived of the pleasure of learning what good composition is; let not the *Observer* be any longer enshrouded in the darkness, which the bad style of its contents at present throws around it: when, by the slightest exertion on the part of yourselves, it may burst forth into all the brightness and renown, produced by a brilliant and highly-finished method of composition. Let not the members of the College be withheld from imbibing with rapturous delight the impressive pith of some fresh ideas, transferred from the overstocked store-house of your brain into some poetic effusions. We beseech of you also not to withhold from the expectant crowd those patterns of excellence in the art of prose composition, with which we are confident you are so well fitted to supply them. We consider it selfish in the extreme to keep to yourselves that by which so many are anxious to be benefited; and we can assure you that we shall hail with delight that number of the *Observer* which

contains the first specimen of your excelling powers, as we shall behold in it the incipient decline of that bad feeling towards the *Observer* which, we are afraid, at present pervades many of our community, and tends to tarnish the hitherto bright course of its career.

And now, generous contributors, we wish to offer to *you* a word of encouragement. We would beg of you not to be disheartened by the severe criticisms of your thoughtless neighbours; but we would rather advise you to treat their remarks with that silent contempt they so justly deserve. For be assured that there are some among your fellow-students who are fully able to appreciate your laudable endeavours to please, and that whatever views the outward world may take of your efforts you will always experience

“The inward satisfaction

Which good men feel who’ve done a virtuous action.”

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## TRANSLATION FROM SAKUNTALA.

E'EN now the morning with her orient ray,  
Proclaims again the near approach of day.  
What evidence by yon bright orbs is given,  
That urge their flight alternate through the Heaven?  
In sun and moon's revolving course we see  
The changes that affect mortality.

Here, on one side, the ruler of the night,  
Who glads the lotus with her placid light,  
Hastens behind the mountains of the west,  
To veil in shade the radiance of her crest ;  
Led by Aruna, there the brilliant sun  
Bursts through the darkness and comes proudly on—  
And human pomp is transient—e'en as they  
Shine forth so brightly but to pass away ;  
And in like order on the varying scene,  
Success and failure, joy and woe are seen.

But see, the moon has sunk, and now no more  
The lotus woos us with expanded flower.  
Its lustre faded, and its head declined,  
Leave but its beauty's memory behind ;  
So the fond maid whom from her lover's side,  
Or chance has severed or the fates divide,  
In cheerless solitude sits silent there,  
Reft of her charms, a victim to despair.

Lo ! the Karkandhus their rich hues display,  
Their dew-drops spangled by the dawn of day,  
A thousand colours blended into one,  
Flash as the foliage sparkles in the sun ;

His sleep dispelled, the peacock quits his nest,  
And spreads the glittering honours of his crest :  
The timid fawn starts lightly from her lair,  
And casts around a hurried glance of fear ;  
And ere she leaves the consecrated place,  
Marked by her springing footsteps' frequent trace,  
Tries if in sleep her limbs have lost the force  
That wont to bear her on her rapid course.

E'en she who plants her foot on Meru's face,  
(The mighty monarch of the mountain race),  
Before whose advent clouds and darkness fly,  
Whose splendour reaches to the utmost sky,  
Behind the western hills at coming day,  
Shorn of her glories, sinks and fades away.  
And such, ye high ones of this earth, your fate ;  
Your flight as soaring, but your fall as great.

C.

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## COLLEGE READING.

It is an old and common saying, "That the pursuits of a man's youth influence his whole future career." Nor does there seem the least reason to doubt the truth of this adage, for we may see it fully traced out in the life of any of those about us who can carry back their memories to those days of youth which have long since passed away; and of no part of man's pursuits is this more strictly true than of his "reading;" which term I do not intend should signify any peculiar course of study—in which sense it is so often used—though there seems little doubt but that these also have great effect, namely, —Mathematics, to produce caution; Classics, refinement, etc. but rather, those books with which his leisure time is occupied, and which both direct the current of his thoughts, and form that distinct character, for good or evil, which he is destined to bear through his after life, in a far more extensive degree than that line of study which is common to all of any education whatever. It is not my wish, however, to draw pictures of, and deduce conclusions from, the world in general; but rather to direct attention to the state of literature amongst the students of our own College. In the first place, the munificence of the Honorable Company has furnished us with a splendid library, containing works of nearly every description, and kept up by means of an annual gift, or rather legacy, of at least 300*l.* from those students who leave for India, by which all current expenses are paid, and new and valuable works continually added to the collection; but, notwithstanding all these efforts, the library is but little used, save for the sake of reference, as may be seen by the lists which are kept of the books taken out by the students during the term, which show the names of but few works except those intimately connected with the studies in which they are severally engaged. In answer to

this, it may be alleged that the College routine allows little or no leisure for any thing but exercise, and, in some few cases, this may be true; but these are rare instances, mere exceptions to the general rule; for, go into what room you may, the chances are greatly in favour of finding some novel, or other light work lying about—a style of writing which pleases without edifying, and which too often takes up precious time which might be much better employed; driving away at the same time any inclination for more solid reading immediately afterwards.

The advocates, however, of the novel-reading system might with reason answer in some such way as this: “You surely do not expect us, in the only leisure time we may have, to pore over any of those ponderous tomes of the old fathers, or even to amuse ourselves with Hume, Miller, Thirlwall, or any of those historians, under the weight of whose works the very shelves in the library bend.” “No,” we reply, “such are not the books to which we would point the finger of our advice”; not but what, to some strong and erudite minds, these are exhaustless fields of pleasure and instruction; but we must confess our own weakness in a prejudice against anything so awful as an eight or ten volume book, even though it be a little more amusing than those above-mentioned. But, our noble library does not alone contain these, for it also abounds in poetry of every age, in biographies, and travels, and in many other books which can be classed under no particular head, but which unite in an eminent degree the instructive with a palatable seasoning of the amusing. It is to such books as these, therefore, that we would direct your attention, and beseech you to prove, by the use you make of the gift, the high reverence and honor in which you hold the giver. Not that we would entirely do away with novels, far from it, for we are compelled to allow that there is a corner to be found in our magnanimous heart even for such works as these; yes, kind readers, when afflicted with over-study, or depression of spirits, we have even been discovered laughing at Quilp, or

ready to shed tears for the untimely death of poor little Nell. All, therefore, that remains to be said is, that we advise you to follow our precept rather than our practice, and to remember that certainly for many years, and probably never again, will most of you have free and uncontrolled access to such a noble collection as the Library of the East India College.

LECTOR.

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POSERS.

1.—Did you ever see a Freshman go to Chapel without his College cap?

2.—Did you ever hear of a man being ill when he got an *Ægrotat*?

3.—Did you ever know a man give back a borrowed knife?

4.—Did you ever know a man who was not put on in the only part of his test he did not know?

5.—Did you ever hear of a man going into Exam. knowing all his Test?

6.—Did you ever know a man miss a ball at rackets without an excuse?

7.—Did you ever know a man who did not try to talk Politics?

8.—Did you ever know a man who did not laugh at the *Haileybury Observer*?

M. B.

## MONTEZUMA :

LINES WRITTEN ON READING PRESCOTT'S "CONQUEST OF MEXICO."

WAFt me, O waft me to that distant shore,  
Where erst the breeze Castilian galleys bore,  
Proud Montezuma's realm ! Yon land afar,  
Hark, issues forth the dying notes of war ;  
Tho' hushed the slogan's yell, tho' long since clang  
Of pealing trump through those bright valleys rang,  
Still, still, anon will wake some ancient throes  
Recalling thoughts of thrice accursed foes ;  
Still will some smould'ring wreck, some dying flame,  
To patriot hearts recall the burning shame ;  
Still, as past scenes to Fancy's eye seem clear,  
Wan grows the cheek ! and falls the hallowed tear.

Dread are the spells with which boon Nature's hand  
Hath girt the portals of her best-loved land,  
Proud man hath dared them all, 'gainst man in vain  
The wild tornados lash the foaming main,  
Stern sons of war advance, though Nature frown,  
And seize the gem of that fair western crown.

Wide o'er the winding mirror of yon flood,  
With giant arms the dusky forests brood,  
While beetling crags on crag their station take,  
'The grim tall warders of the peaceful lake.  
Was ever vale so fair ? can classic page,  
That paints us legends of a golden age,  
Surpass such scenes ? Scarce may the wand'ring gaze,  
Ye floating islands, pierce your flowery maze.



A richer orchard here, to poets' aid  
Unowed, bananas yield their spreading shade :  
Unknown to ancient verse, at close of day  
Through these soft isles the songstress trills her lay.

And lo ! where far yon city claims to be  
The jewelled empress of this inland sea,  
High reared in crests her mighty turrets rise,  
With gilded fronts to fringe the cloudless skies.  
Such was that scene ; and oh, what eye could gaze  
On this fair land of joy, and sing no praise ?  
Who through these realms could contemplative rove,  
Forgetful that the hand which fashioned them was *Love* ?

Ah, might such thoughts arise to lull to rest,  
The teeming visions of yon warrior's\* breast :  
It may not be. He comes with ready brand  
To mar the sunny beauties of that land :  
High swells his soul, as to his glowing eyes  
Already fields are won, e'en now is grasped the prize :  
Proud rolls his glance, as all his sunburnt horde  
In eager squadrons are around him poured :  
Heard ye their shout ? 'twas as the joyous cry  
Of mountain wolf, who scents the carnage nigh.

Had then thy court no warriors armed for strife ?  
No patriot swords that thirst for foeman's life ?  
Was then thy falchion sheathed at utmost need ?  
Could love of home no sterner duties plead ?  
Art *thou* the chief that veiled the Indian's brow ?  
Beneath thy spear did far Honduras bow ?  
Enough ! Enough ! 'twas Superstition's power  
That dimmed thy spirit in that darksome hour :

\* Cortez.

Else had thy tocsin pealed ! and yon blue wave,  
Full fathoms deep, had been the Spaniard's grave.

Ill-fated Prince ! a bitter hour descends,  
Thy glories bow, thy tottering sceptre bends ;  
In vain the altars pile—in vain the lore  
Of priests from victims throbbing entrails tore—  
No sign in these but woe. E'en legends say  
Thy doom is come, thy kingdom must decay ;  
They tell what time the White God ploughed the sea  
To seek far western shores, that now from thee  
He claims his own : for this that from the dead  
To warn her lord, comes forth a sister's shade ;  
For this that meteors haunt the stormy skies,  
For this that voices on the night wind rise.  
Ah, list ! dread sounds around thy turrets moan,  
And sing the dirge for yonder ancient throne.  
Such pregnant signs does pitying Heaven send  
Whene'er a nation falls, or kingdoms end.  
Such visions, Salem, filled the murky sky,  
As lower'd the cloud of thy destruction nigh.

They tell me—Goodness hath such mighty charm  
As can her fiercest, proudest, foes disarm :  
That, as fond ivy clings to ruined wall,  
So Gratitude with death may only fall :  
I deem not so. What, though with unarmed hand,  
To screen the cursed treachery he planned,  
That chief advanced ;—What though with plighted word,  
He swore to sheath the conqueror's hated sword ?  
He spake but hollow words ; nought recked he,  
Though burst the ties of Honour's chivalry.  
A soldier bred, to win one blast of fame,  
He gave his all, e'en Faith, that hallowed name,  
And shuddered not, if thus he grasped a throne,  
To mock, to scorn—upbraiding Mercy's tone ;

Nor wept while nations bowed beneath his yoke,  
Though at each step a kingly heart he broke.  
More would'st thou know? Go, seek that chamber's gloom,  
Where, 'reft of state, the monarch waits his doom;  
Ah, why will memory force with cruel care  
To that sad breast each thought erst harboured there?  
Oft comes the vision bright—oft torturing shame  
Shares the wan brow with anger's fiercer flame;  
Oft will he fruitless strive, with efforts strong,  
To check that rolling tide, that ceaseless throng.  
On, on they come; a grisly band I ween—  
From bygone years to call each varied scene.  
On all, on each, his thoughts quick kindling turn,  
Now glittering spears, now countless banners burn,  
Aye, thousands ready stand, ere iron woe  
Had pierced *his* soul, to give *their* life blood's flow.  
So passed that vision; then another came,  
A deadlier phantom-fiend scarce tongue may name;  
As near and nearer still that form is seen,  
'Tis shipwrecked Hope, 'tis Sorrow's faded mien.

Short is my tale. Hark! every dale and hill  
Through the wide land hath heard the bugle shrill,  
Fast flock the patriot souls; cursed be the hand  
Which, at that solemn call, draws not her brand.

Changed is the scene; in accents weak and slow  
Is this who fawns, thy sovereign, Mexico?  
Not such his wonted speech—the lion's heart  
Hath fled before deep suffering's painful dart.  
Hark to his craven words! that abject look,  
That sad despair, no true-born heart may brook.  
That hour his last; pierced by a kinsman's hand  
He falls, the last king of his native land.  
Few more the words he spake, enough to show  
He wept in bitterness his country's woe:

" I've lived too long, shall life now be an aim  
To him who 'th lived to be his subjects' shame?  
Begone the thought; but still shall cherished be  
In this sore heart my country's memory;  
For her I fain would live :—as darkening night  
Broods o'er my soul, the film falls from my sight;  
My crime I see, I loved my country's foes,  
Just Heaven ordains my fall to crown her woes:  
And I, who thought to be my kingdom's shield  
When foemen came, I was the first to yield:  
My mortal clay, O scatter to the wind,  
I would not willing leave one trace behind:  
O grant this dying boon, but one I claim,  
Utter no more my deep-degraded name!"

Then burst his heart: his spirit could not stay,  
As sinks the setting sun, it passed away.

" ipse semipaganus  
Ad sacra vatum carmen adfero nostrum."—*Pers. Prolog. v. 6.*

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## FRAGMENT—NOT FROM QUINTUS CURTIUS.

\* \* \* \* \*

Corpora usque suras togâ<sup>1</sup> velant, pileis capita; pedes calceis, nonnunquam etiam soleis rubro colore distinctis vinciunt. Capillum pectunt sæpe, tondentque; mentum plerumque tonsum est, reliquam oris cutem ad speciem hirsutiæ educant. \* \* \* \*

Ludus maximus labor est, defensos adversario palos inter strepitum clamoresque sociorum pilo petere—quincuncialia ferè pila sunt—quæ emittunt hand majore nixu, quam effectu—quippe telum, cujus in celeritate vis omnis est summâ vi projicitur. Coleman<sup>2</sup> epulas parant, ab iisdem cervisia<sup>3</sup> ministratur, cujus omnibus Haileyberienses largus est usus. \* \* \* \*

Quis credat hæc inter otia curam esse lectionis? Unum genus agreste et horridum est apud paucos occupare fati diem pulchrum—qui vivos se sepeliri gaudent, quibus aut perversum ingenium aut insana ambitio est. Expectatam vulsuram<sup>4</sup> pro dedecore vitæ habent; nec ulla mentibus, quas inertia solvit, præmia redduntur; inquinari putant scholas, nisi quæ legentes recipiunt.

1.—Togâ.—Hastogas apud Haileyberienenses communes fuisse monent varii.

2.—Colemanni.—Qui àint, incertum est.

3.—Cervisia.—Sunt qui nostri silentio decepti, vinum illig ignotum

fuisse putant. Ineptè quidem ut aliunde monemur.

4.—Vulsuram.—Immanè quoddam apud Haileyberienenses supplicium, quo Orientalium literarum expertes sæpe affligebantur.—*Cf. Observer, Vol. I., Part. V., p. 52.*

“Neglectum genus.”—*Hor. Carm. Lib. I., 2, 35.*

MR. OBSERVER,—I have just made a most important discovery, which I hasten to submit to the public through the medium of your widely circulating columns.

I was reading Mr. White’s “History of Selbourne,” when it suddenly struck me that that worthy gentleman, and all modern naturalists, have entirely omitted the description of a most important class of birds.

Now, Sir, in general I have the greatest objection to rushing into the press, nor, for mere reputation’s sake, would I ever so far run the risk of committing myself, but, on this occasion, the hope of being able to add to the stock of public information, induced me immediately to record on this sheet the result of my own observations on the subject in question.

I fear, Sir, they will not betray any great brilliancy, as that was never in my composition; but my trouble will be amply repaid if they only impel some person more skilled in research than myself to enquire more deeply into the matter.

The race of fowls alluded to are well known to the great body of your readers, many of whom, to my own knowledge, have frequently been engaged in combat with them. They are commonly known by the name of Beaks. Here is all that I can collect upon the subject.

Apologizing for occupying so much of your valuable space,

I remain, Sir, your humble Servant,

“NATURALIST.”

N.B.—Any one wishing to speak with the Author on this interesting subject may meet with him by leaving an epistle, directed to B. L., with Mrs. Burns, centre room C.; only he must endeavour to impress on that revered lady’s mind that his communication is not intended for Benjamin Logsdale, as keeps “the beer shop,” with whom she has a particular acquaintance.

•

THE BEAK TRIBE ("genus *Vigilarius*" of Linnæus.)

This tribe are very nearly allied to that of the Hawks, and have many qualities in common with them. Thus they are carnivorous, and have the same habits of hovering and pouncing. (They are, I believe, not oviparous; in this, as in other respects, they resemble the Bat tribe). Though to be seen in the day-time, like the owls, they prefer the night, and it is during this time that they principally hunt. They are extremely ferocious, and it is very dangerous to approach them whilst on the feed. Among the ancients they were held in great veneration, it being supposed that they were very useful, like the Vultures, in clearing off all nuisances from the public streets. This, perhaps, is the origin of a rule which holds both in English and Haileyberian law, whereby it is made a heinous offence, at any time, to assault a Beak, particularly whilst engaged with his quarry. The Haileyberian Code (IVth Batten, c. x, sec. 3), provides for such a crime a punishment "not less than Precincts, and not exceeding, Rustication," though it is on record that two unruly individuals once received expulsion for having seriously injured a Beak, by causing him to recline on the earth, whence he found great difficulty in rising. Another peculiarity of the tribe is a bright light which they emit from the centre of their bodies, and which they have the power of displaying or closing as they please. This is one of their means of attack, for by it they dazzle, or rather extinguish, the eyes of their prey, and then overcome him while in this helpless condition. Such is the brightness of this light that some have mistaken it for a lantern, but this is obviously an error, as it is fastened to the bird's body. Various derivations have been given for their name: some suppose it to be taken from the hard strokes they give when not rendered incapable by alarm;

others from "beacon," referring it to the bright light which they have the power of emitting; and others again derive it from two Hindústáni words بیک *ba ek*, because many of them are solitary birds. I do not pretend to be able to state which is right.\* I cannot help thinking that these birds are connected with the Simurgh of the Orientals. All we know about that fowl tallies exactly with their characteristics, for they are "ready for any Rustam," and have strange and mysterious habits. There are many varieties of this genus, among which are the following :

**BLUE BEAK ("Custos Cœruleus" of Linnæus).**

A very beautiful creature of a dark blue or azure colour, slightly spotted with white about the breast and neck, and two spots about the middle of the back. Head and claws black; height from  $5\frac{1}{2}$  feet to  $6\frac{1}{2}$  feet. This is the well-known common "British Beak," so called because to be found in all the towns of England, Wales, or Scotland. He is commonly seen hopping up and down some of the best streets of the town—whether from a liking for good society, or from fear of the inhabitants of low spots, does not appear. His most active time is when there is a row among the small boys of the place, when he may be seen hovering round the spot in great glee, and pouncing upon any unhappy stragglers that may come in his way. He generally, however, chases the smallest, doubtless he likes the tender morsels. When men are concerned, he is to be found lurking in some adjacent retreat, or looking round a corner ready to make use of his wings in case he be discovered. Those whom he recognizes on such an occasion he is at liberty to make his prey so soon as he may find them alone, it being a well-known fact that he will not seize any crea-

\* They are also known by the name of Charlies. Derivation equally uncertain. Perhaps because they don't "carol."—Cf. "Lucus a non lucendo."



ture that has not in some way put himself into his power. This "Beak," or "Blue-bottle," as he is sometimes called, is likewise to be observed in a quiescent state in and about certain large buildings in various parts of the town, within some of which, Beaks of a superior order dispose of the prey which has been caught by them; in others, the prey is kept in safety; and in others they dwell. But the time when this variety is in the fullest feather, is at certain curious meetings called *Assizes*, at which they may be seen either perched in quiet enjoyment of the scene, or flying about in a high state of activity and importance; for here their prey are finally disposed of, and they receive sundry morsels as a reward for their good conduct.

## II.—THE NOCTURNAL BEAK ("Custos Haileybericus" of Linnæus).

This is not such a handsome bird as the Blue-beak, his plumage being of a dusky white colour, tipped with black; his size varies, some being tall and broad, others thin, and others small. His habits being nocturnal, nature has provided him with a huge outer covering, to the great detriment of his personal appearance. His habits very much resemble those of the owl. Hunting during the night, and shunning the day as if hurtful to him. He flies but moderately well, it being on record that one of the species once broke his leg in attempting an aerial passage down stairs: "which sad accident," the *Chronicle* quaintly remarks, "he bore very patiently." Like the bat, he is attracted by any great light displayed; when he comes hopping gravely up to see if he can find any prey. Any loud noise, too, acts upon him in the same way, drawing him gradually to the spot. The breaking of glass affects him in a very peculiar manner, and experiments are often tried upon him by lovers of the curious. Immediately upon hearing the sound, he does not hop or fly to the spot, as we should expect, but he is to be found lurking in the dusky shade of the piece of glass that is likely to be next attacked, frequently catching prey thus that he could not otherwise obtain. Indeed,

on such occasions, he has been known to use his wings very rapidly in pursuit of the quarry.† The rattling of coals upon the staircase is likewise frequently resorted to by facetious individuals, who wish to elicit their peculiarities. It acts upon him much in the same way as the glass. If no further sport seems to be intended, he gradually and warily approaches the spot, and may be seen examining the ruins with anxiety to find some scent of his prey. Another peculiarity of this species are his habits before retiring for the day. He then hovers all round the College, hopping up one passage and down another, disturbing the peaceful slumbers of many an unlucky wight, who has put himself into his power, by harsh screams of "Five o'clock, Sir! Get up, Sir!" and so on; after this he disappears in a mysterious manner, and is not again seen till next night. This variety of the "Beak genus" is commonly to be found perched with wakeful eye among the bushes and evergreens that surround the Ionic gate, ready to pounce upon any prey that may fall in his way. At times, however, he is to be found elsewhere, but his haunts are for the most part very secret. I forgot to mention, that about nine o'clock in the evening he is to be seen making hieroglyphic characters on dirty scraps of paper. This would seem to connect him with the Australian "Secretary bird."

### III.—THE DARKER ("Vigilarius Indicus" of Linnæus).

A much less important variety than either of the others. Colour, white, with dusky brown head and claws. A weak

† I find the following passage in an old writer on this subject:—"Ye breakinge of glasse which doth mooste excite these fowles is that of certaine large bowles, like to cow cumbere pottes, which they do suspende for smalle boyes, or such as do wishe to observe the peculiarities of the byrdes, to breake. They do containe a smalle flame, which doth serve to show the boyes where the bowles may be found. One personne, whose name was "Greene," did mistake these bowles for lampes, but this cannot be, for they do give no lyghte."

bird, and not very ferocious. Remarkable chiefly for his cunning. He is a native of India, where he is honoured with the appellation of Chobdār, or stick-holder, from his habit of carrying a stick in one of his claws. What use he makes of this piece of wood I have been unable to discover, unless it be for the purpose of cutting upon the sight of an enemy. This operation, travellers say, he performs in an agitated manner, the instant that anybody with whom he does not wish to associate makes his appearance. We believe it to be an elegant metaphor by which he expresses to any intruder that he had rather be alone. He is likewise very fond of raising his claws for a similar purpose, performing an operation which the natives call "hooking it." His object is, here again, apparently, to point out to any person approaching him his thirst for solitude. These are the principal characteristics of the Asiatic variety. He has, however, been known to strike at a man—when he was running away.

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## TRANSLATION FROM SAKUNTALA.

ALL-POWERFUL Káma, can thy flowery dart  
Implant such anguish in a human heart ?  
Say, whence thy bitterness ? and whence the woe  
Loosed with the love-shaft from thy bee-strung bow ?

Ah ! sure the fire which blazed from Siva's eye,  
When thou profanedst erst his piety,  
Still, as in ocean some volcanic flame,  
Lurks in thy breast, and smoulders in thy frame.  
How couldst thou else thy victim's pangs deride,  
And fret the wounds that rankle in his side ?  
Or how such rigorous heat by thee be shown,  
Scorched to cold ashes by the Godhead's frown ?

Unhappy lovers ! we confide in thee,  
To feel too late thy faithless perfidy :  
Nor less yon star that rules the silent night,  
Whose rays delusive shine so coldly bright—  
Deceitful both, though fair to view ye seem,  
Thy flowery arrows and her cooling beam.  
We court thy seeming flowers—too late we know  
An adamantine weapon gives the blow.  
The moon's calm light we seek t' assuage our pains,  
And feel fresh fire careering through our veins.

Yet I'd endure this anguish, willingly  
I'd bare my breast to meet thy cruelty,  
Wouldst thou but deign my loved one to inspire,  
With one faint spark of sympathetic fire—  
So might I bound in flowery fetters lie,  
Drinking deep rapture from her lotus eye.

But thou, insatiate deity, my pain  
Dost still deride, and all my pangs disdain ;  
Is it for this thy towering temples rise,  
And altars smoke incessant to the skies ?  
This the reward of all my anxious care,  
That thou at last should'st doom me to despair,  
Repay each offering with a keener smart,  
And with fresh torture wring my bleeding heart ?

C.

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CHESS.

EVER since its origin, in the earliest ages, Chess has been held in the highest esteem, and deservedly so.

Its great beauty, as compared with other games, consists in its being altogether a game of skill, which fact alone would show its superiority ; but many other proofs there are, of which none can be more satisfactory than the extreme popularity it has ever enjoyed, and which well entitles it to the epithet, " The first and last of games."

From its study may be learned much that is useful, besides the practical applications of ingenuity and perseverance, it improves the intellectual powers, it chastens the temper, and gives self-command. Excelled by few even graver pursuits in teaching the arts of arrangement and clearness in calculation, and uniting at the same time the instructive with the amusing, is it to be wondered at that a game combining such qualities as these should have been so popular ? that, amidst universal change, while others rose, flourished, and, by the law of Nature,

fell to decay, Chess alone should have proved an exception, and have maintained its stand everywhere? and, in an age like our own, whose characteristic shows itself in useless and unprofitable amusements, in gaming, or intemperance, the value of Chess as an intellectual amusement is enhanced tenfold. A short sketch of its origin and subsequent history may not be uninteresting.

Whether it originated in China or in India is extremely doubtful; certain it is, however, that a clumsy form of our game was played in both those countries, whence it was introduced among the Arabians and Persians, and by them greatly improved. Its invention has been ascribed to the Romans, and also to the Greeks; but we know for certain that about the seventh century it was introduced for the first time from the East by the Moors, who probably derived their knowledge of it from Arabia, and brought it into Europe on their invasion of Spain. In that country it reached a form closely resembling our game, and long held a conspicuous place in the amusements of its people. We have it recorded, in the "Chronicles of Granada," how Spain stood alone and unrivalled, and how eagerly all classes pursued its study, the king equally with the peasant.

Shortly, however, Italy gained and maintained the pre-eminence for several centuries. Elsewhere, too, it spread rapidly; and, from then until now, there has been a constant succession of players, amongst whom were Damiano and Stamma, Philidor and Jaenisch, and a host of chess-honoured names from almost every country in Europe.

But a word on the use and abuse of Chess. In the routine of college life there exists such a thing as leisure time, and in order to the profitable employment of this time, the tendency of the wise is towards those pursuits which, while they are an agreeable recreation, are at the same time a means of improvement. This we have seen exemplified in the game of Chess; and what an advantage would it be, were it to take the place of many of those (to say the least of it) unprofitable amusements now in favour. Many there are, for example, whose principal occupation consists

in using the mouth as a chimney, from which they emit smoke, thereby describing a halo of black around a clay tube. This, I doubt not, they consider most intellectual ! and it is by this class that the objection has frequently been raised, that Chess is too deep and laborious for a recreation after the fatigues of Sanskrit. I doubt, however, their being much oppressed with fatigue if all the labour they undergo is confined to the (large !) amount of time devoted to the study of Sanskrit. Like all other things Chess is open to much abuse. It is simply a recreation, and only to be regarded as such, and not, therefore, in the smallest degree to supersede or interfere with real *bond fide* study. When used thus, its merits as a game are undoubted, and naturally lead to the inference that as long as games of skill are encouraged so long will Chess take the lead.

F.

## A LAY OF BATTLE VALE.

Oh ! it is lovely where the gold corn waves,  
Where on the turf are daisies passing show,  
By the rude cross that marks the moss-grown graves,  
Where groom and noble, knight and squire lie low.

There is a ruin nestling in the vale,  
Whose grey stones tell of times long, long ago ;  
The woods and winds together seem to wail,  
And the clear stream meanders murmuring low.

A lady weeps ! her heart is sore with grief ;  
From dawn she sorrows till the dewy eve ;  
She sleeps ! but in wild dreams finds not relief ;  
The pale moon shines, and yet—yet does she grieve.

Sad moans and murmurs mingle with the hours,  
The green sod still is reeking red with blood,  
And armed hoofs and heels have crushed the flowers  
Where'er the wavering strife hath stormed or stood.

Aye, e'en this spot, which God himself hath made,  
Fair in the earthly setting of our world,  
Hath rung with fearful crash of spear and blade,  
When squadrons thundering on each other hurled.

The mass is sung—the twinkling taper gleams  
Within the hermitage for souls set free ;  
Without, the wounded writhe, the starlight streams  
Pale on the brows of those who've ceased to be.



There, sorrowing in their hour of victory,  
Fierce warriors kneel around a leafy bier ;  
No priests are there that young knight's soul to free,  
No farewell word from lips he loved to hear.

At last comes one—a lady proud and fair,  
Her hair dishevelled and her eyes dilate,  
In all the agony of fixed despair,  
She looks on what was once so good and great.

\* \* \* \* \*

'T is often by the village elders told  
How that he fought for Liberty, and won ;  
Then fell unshrined amongst the brave and bold,  
Nor knew she loved him till his race was run.

And how the lady wept away her scorn !  
What tears of grief ! what bitter tears she shed  
From her hard heart ! How lonely and forlorn  
She watched, and prayed, and pined to join the dead.

Φ.

## THE CONFESSIONS OF A DAY DREAMER.

MR. EDITOR,—Although it is now some time since I left College, yet the warm interest which I have ever felt towards it has induced me to lay before you the following confessions, in the hope that, should they be fortunate enough to find a place in your columns, they may become useful to those who are now studying at Haileybury.

Possessed of moderate abilities, and an education which had been in no way neglected, I justly entertained, upon entering College, high hopes of being able to gain some considerable share of academical distinction; and, to all appearance, my College life seemed to confirm such anticipations. At chapel and lecture my regularity was proverbial, my general conduct was marked by strict adherence to the statutes of the College, and I was considered by all as a hard-reading man.

But, notwithstanding these appearances, I had begun to acquire a habit which was soon destined to disappoint my hopes, and the seeds of disease were taking root in my mind, which, when once established, it was indeed difficult to eradicate. Possessed of a lively and vivid imagination, I allowed my mind to wander from the subject in which it was engaged, and permitted it to ramble amidst a confused Babel of incoherent, grotesque, and fanciful designs. The disease increased by indulgence, and day after day would I sit for hours before the untouched notebook, with my eye fixed on vacancy, till my mind, lost in the contemplation of the thousand phantom-designs that flitted before it, sank into a state of intoxicated torpor.

It might happen in my reverie that the scene of the approaching examination would appear before me: the fluent manner

in which I deliver my essays, the numerous prizes successively placed in my hand, and the complimentary address of the Chairman, pass in rapid succession before my mind. The scene is changed : I find myself, with unwonted boldness, whispering into a female ear the swift burning words of an ardent passion. I press my suit ; the brow, hitherto so cold, gradually relaxes ; the lip, formerly so scornful, curls with a smile, and my ravished ear drinks in with ecstasy that language which lovers only know. Again, it might be that ambition would take the place of love, and wild fancy would rush on through the scene of a brilliant Indian career. Overleaping the minor offices, I at once see myself as magistrate, working the most prodigious change in the state of the country committed to my care. As judge, my fame becomes so great that I find my tribunal crowded with cases from every part of the country. Taking an active part as member of the Supreme Council, I guide with consummate skill the whole machine of government ; abuse after abuse disappears, the revenue system is satisfactorily adjusted, and various defects in the courts of law are sought out and rectified, till at length, to the delight of all, I am appointed Governor-General, and am, perhaps, in the midst of a triumphal installation, when the appearance of the waiter with my commons, or some other such cause, destroys at once the fantastic illusion, and I am compelled to descend once more to the sober realities of every-day life.

Thus it was that I spent many hours of my College life ; thus it was, I blush to confess, that I consented to trifle away that most valuable part of my existence. Nor was this all : I found that the mind, whilst sunk in this dreamy state, acquired no renewed vigour from the cessation of its powers, but weakened and relaxed by excitement, turned with disgust from wholesome food, and sought to slake its thirst with that fatal cup, whose poison was already circulating through my veins.

The consequence was, that though I spent much time among my books, I knew but little of their contents, and the ensuing examination found me not only shorn of all my expected honours,

but outstripped even by some whom I had before looked down upon as my inferiors.

Bitterly poignant were my feelings of disappointment and wounded pride, but while I cursed the folly which had thus degraded me, I formed resolutions of amendment, to which I steadily adhered, and was thus enabled during my subsequent College career, to wipe off the disgrace of my early defeat. Hoping that these hints may prove useful, by awakening to a sense of their danger those that are apt to yield themselves up to the insidious tyranny of a mendacious imagination, I have now much pleasure in subscribing myself,

Your obedient servant,

WIDE AWAKE.

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## THE MODEL TUTOR

WEARETH a long black frock coat.

Is extravagant in shirt collars; but parsimonious in trousers.

He is guiltless of straps; but hath gloves made of black mixture, called—clerical gloves.

He is cautious in expressing an opinion of a pupil.

He saith either that the youth's abilities are good, but that he lacketh application; or else, that his application is unceasing, but that he wanteth ability.

He saith that a pupil may pass next examination; but recommendeth six months more study with him.

He hath a fabulous pupil—a sort of Mrs. Harris—with whose example he stimulateth his pupils.

He hath also, frequently, a black sheep, against whose example he warneth new pupils.

He abhorreth smoking, and telleth his pupils a story of a youth who was ruined, body and mind, thereby.

Albeit, he chargeth 200 guineas per annum, and hath six or eight pupils, he declareth that he loseth thereby, and that Philanthropy alone induceth him to continue.

He knoweth his pupils will think well of him when they are gone, and parteth with them as with sons, and writeth them letters of advice when at College.

DISCIPULUS.

#### NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*"Kai" has been unfortunate in the choice of his subject. We shall be happy to hear from him again.*

*"The Lay of a Student, not the last." We are sorry for it.*

*"The Indian's Revenge," by "Alpha," respectfully declined. We hope its author will try again.*

*We trust "λ" will not be discouraged by our declining his contribution.*

*"S. T.—Shipping Intelligence." Such trash is utterly unworthy of notice.*

*"Laudator temporis acti." The author will perceive that the insertion of this article is now impossible.*

THE  
HAILEYBURY OBSERVER.

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READING MAKETH A FULL MAN, CONFERENCE A READY MAN, WRITING AN  
ACCURATE MAN.—BACON.

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NOVEMBER 7, 1849.

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RED RADULPH:  
A LEGEND OF LINCOLNSHIRE.

In the fens of Lincolnshire, there formerly existed a species of Goblin or Elf, which, it was said, lived under the earth. Often, however, many of them were seen above ground exercising their ingenuity in all kinds of pranks, &c.; and although possessed of immense strength, they rarely used it for any bad purpose, and consequently, were great favourites with the peasantry, who, in order to propitiate them in their favour, were in the constant habit of leaving bread, meat, and any other delicacy they might have to spare, on the edge of the bogs, from which it was regularly removed during night by the goblins. These gentlemen were likewise able to pass through fire, or indeed through anything without sustaining the slightest injury. It is not, therefore, surprising that many stories are told of them, of which the following is a specimen:—

In the reign of King Stephen, when every baron was allowed to build a castle for himself, so that the whole country was quite

VOL. VI.—NO. III.

K

overrun with them, there lived not far from the town of Lincoln, in a fort of immense strength, a knight of the name of Radulph, or, as he was called on account of his cruelties, Red Radulph, or Radulph of the Red Hand. Seldom a day passed that his vassals did not sally out and carry off the hard-earned property of any unfortunate peasant who might fall in their way, not unfrequently at the same time burning down his cottage, and putting him to death if he offered the slightest resistance; and not only would they do this, but if he should possess a daughter, they were sure to carry her off to the castle of their vile and sensual master, from which she rarely, if ever, returned. To such an extent were these monstrosities carried, that it was not safe for a peasant to let it be known he possessed any property, or for a soldier to venture forth alone from the tower; for should he have fallen in with any of the enraged peasantry his death would certainly have been the result.

One day, when his vassals had returned from a foray against a neighbouring village, they brought with them a most beautiful girl, whom they presented, as in duty bound, to their lord. Hardened as he was, he could not but be struck with her surpassing beauty; while her fixed, imploring gaze, which plainly marked the existence of a firmness of purpose seldom to be found in female character, had such an effect upon him, that he was compelled to stay his passions, and to order every attention to be paid her in a private apartment. Soon, however, these better feelings were dissipated by wine and carousing in company with his heartless companions, and in a state of intoxication, he proceeded to her chamber, and began to address her in words of mock endearment. Perceiving that she should have no power of control over him, in the state in which he then was, her firmness failed, and she shrieked for assistance. But whilst with savage exultation, he was deriding her unavailing efforts to escape his grasp, a third party suddenly appeared in the room, in the shape of a little shrivelled-up, brown coloured, old man, scarcely four feet high, who was dressed in a tunic, apparently made of otter skins, fringed with the feathers and claws of all kinds of aquatic



birds ; whilst his head, which was of enormous size, was surmounted by a huge conical-shaped hat, formed of the skins of water rats, some of the tails of which stuck up at the top in the form of a plume, whilst many others hung as a border round his head ; his hair escaped from beneath in matted grizzly locks. A long grey beard depended from his chin, and his eyes rolled cunningly about from beneath a thick bushy pair of eyebrows. In his hand he carried a long white wand. Such was the appearance of the intruder, and it so startled Radulph that he let go the girl he was tormenting, who, though greatly alarmed at the sudden appearance, instantly fell on her knees before the little old man, begging him to assist her. He replied by raising her up and gently pushing her behind him, so as to oppose his own person to the baffled knight, who was now approaching, examining with a lowering eye his unearthly-looking visitor. He commenced by asking where he came from, and what his business was. The Goblin replied with a hoarse chuckle, accompanied with a grin in which he disclosed a formidable range of pointed teeth. On the question being repeated, he replied by pointing downwards with his staff, and telling Radulph that he should know more about him before he was many hours older. The enraged knight rushed on him, apparently with the intention of throwing him out of the window, a height of some sixty feet, into the moat below ; but the elf dexterously eluding his grasp, caught the maiden round the waist, giving at the same time three quick raps on the floor, which immediately opened, and he descended with the girl, laughing seemingly with the greatest glee at having outwitted his antagonist, who stood foaming with rage at having been thus unexpectedly balked of his prey. The floor closed up again directly, but not until the goblin had assured Radulph that he should see him again in a short period of time.

Whilst this was occurring within the castle, the peasantry had assembled together and determined to attack the place, and rescue, if possible, the unfortunate girl from the hands of the tyrant. They were incited to this act by Ulric, a young man of great intrepidity, who was supposed—and not without reason—to

feel more than a common affection for Elgitha. Arming themselves as they best could, they made a fierce attack on the castle, but, as might have been foreseen, without the slightest success. The soldiers beat off their assailants without the least difficulty, and their enraged lord commanded that any man who might be taken in a sally which he ordered, should be brought before him to suffer immediate death. Amongst those taken was Ulric, and Radulph knowing that he was the instigator of the assault, prepared to put him to death by the most exquisite torture. Whilst this was preparing, some of his vassals rushed in to inform him that the peasants who had retreated a short time before in the greatest confusion had re-assembled under another leader and were advancing to the attack. The knight ran to a loop-hole, from which he saw a large body of peasants approaching, armed in a far superior manner to what they were before, and led by his mysterious visitor, who had departed in so peculiar a manner a few hours back, and who had now changed his light wand for a ponderous mace, which he wielded apparently with the greatest ease, though dressed in the same clothing as before. Alarmed at this, Radulph ordered the gates to be strongly barred, and everything to be prepared to receive the assailants, when to his great astonishment, he saw the goblin leader spring at one bound across the moat, break the chain which held up the drawbridge with a single blow of his mace, and with a second, dash in the iron-bound gate. The peasants followed him in immediately, and after a fierce resistance on the part of the soldiers, who knew that no quarter would be given, they put all to death, rescued Ulric, and were proceeding to ransack the castle, and search for the tyrant baron who had not appeared during the contest, when an alarm arose that the place was on fire. This was directly seen to be the case, for the flames were now beginning to burst through all the windows of the tower whilst the thick black smoke, as it rolled heavily along through the different chambers, threatened to suffocate any one who remained within. The victors therefore retreated as quickly as possible, and had hardly escaped clear and posted a guard at different places—so as totally to prevent the

baron, should he be alive, from escaping—than the whole castle burst into a fearful blaze, from the very centre of which a demoniac laugh was heard; and on looking towards the middle tower, in the midst of the flames as they played around the turrets, was seen the goblin leader, bearing in his arms the struggling form of Radulph, and accompanied by a number of other elfs, all dressed in the same fantastic costume, who seemed by their shouts and gestures to enjoy the scene amazingly. With a loud yell the leader sprung from the battlements, followed by all his host into the raging fire below, and as their shrieks died away amidst the roaring of the flames, the whole tower fell in with a tremendous crash, burying Red Radulph with all his wicked garrison beneath its smoky ruins.

It appeared, that after Ulric had been taken, the goblin met the routed peasants bearing Elgitha in his arms; and on his informing them what had occurred, they consented to act under him as their leader. He supplied them immediately with arms, which he took from the trunk of an old gnarled oak, and led them swiftly to the attack, the result of which has been just related. Nothing more remains to be told—for, as a natural consequence, Ulric and Elgitha were immediately married, and the Goblin appeared with some of his host, and were all made welcome at the marriage feast; and as long as Ulric lived, handsome presents were yearly made on the anniversary of that day on which these persons had rendered them so signal a service.

W. S.

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### THE SAILOR'S GRAVE.

Down in the deep where the mermaids play,  
Where the pearl shines forth with its feeble ray,  
Where monsters glide in their trackless way,  
Are the bones of the Sailor laid;  
Far from his home, and his native land,  
Strewed abroad on the coral strand,  
With none of the last rites paid.

No stately tomb is raised to his fame,  
No marble canopy bears his name,  
But the thunder's crash, and the lightning's flame,  
    And the sighing of the surge;  
And the foaming billows' frenzied roar,  
As they dash against the rock girt shore,  
    Ever are singing his dirge.

Fitter for him in his watery bed,  
That the wild waves revel o'er his head,  
Than that the solemn mass for the dead,  
    And the chanted hymn should rise,  
Like as it rises amidst the gloom  
Of aisles, when a noble to his tomb  
    Descends, 'midst the mourner's sighs.

In a gold-bound coffin the corpse is laid,  
In costliest sable shrouds arrayed,  
While the last prayers for the dead are made  
    Ere he sinks into his grave;  
But sea-weed encircles the sailor's bones,  
As whit'ning they lie 'midst the sea-worn stones  
    His grave-stone the foaming wave.

His tomb is a cavern of the deep,  
In some dark bay where the billows sleep,  
Where the soft winds sigh, and the mermaids weep,  
    For him who lies 'neath the wave;  
Once o'er the ocean proudly he'd roam,  
With the ship's small deck as his only home,  
    Now that ocean is his grave.

And nobler that tomb 'neath the limpid wave,  
Or the foaming billows as they rave  
Against the shore, than the monarch's grave  
    'Neath the rich carved marble stone;  
Fitter than anthems to sing his dirge,  
And the organ's peal, is the whit'ning surge,  
    And the wild wind's rising moan.

λ.

"Fragments, humanas literas causâ  
Exponendi."

LET it not be any objection to the utility of classical learning, that ancient languages, when acquired, are not worth the labour. There never was a man of learning and taste who would not deny the fact. Those persons are most delighted with the ancient writers who understand them best; and none affect to despise them, but they who are ignorant of their value. Whether the pleasure and profit, arising from the knowledge of the classical tongues, is sufficient to repay the toil of acquiring them, is a point, which those only who have made the acquisition are entitled to determine: and they, we are sure, will determine in the affirmative. As a source of *knowledge*, the study of Classics in polite nations, and in societies, where the rational character is held in any esteem, has generally been regarded as a desirable and commendatory talent. As a source of *recreation*, for filling up the intervals of leisure, its importance has been acknowledged by many names of the highest authority. Now, those readers alone can be charmed with beauty of language who have attended to the rules of good writing, and even to the niceties of grammar. For the mere knowledge of words gives but little pleasure; and they, who have gone no deeper in language, cannot even conceive the delight wherewith a man of learning peruses an elegant performance. One must always be something of a grammarian to be able thoroughly to understand any well-written book; but before one can enter into the delicacies of expression that are to be met with in every page of a good Latin or Greek author, one must be an accurate grammarian; the complicated inflexions and syntax of these elegant tongues giving rise to innumerable subtleties of connection, and minute varieties of meaning, whereof the superficial reader, who thinks grammar below his notice, can have no idea. It was never said that Pope, Addison, or Swift impaired their genius by too close an application to Latin and Greek. On the contrary, we have reason to ascribe to their

knowledge of these tongues, that classical "purity of style" by which their writings are distinguished. All our most eminent philosophers and divines,—Bacon, Newton, Hooker, Taylor, Atterbury,—were profoundly skilled in ancient literature. Yet there may be solitary instances of unsuccessful influence of Learning upon Genius, but from these alone we must not judge of human nature in general. A practice, which is not indispensably necessary, may yet be highly useful. There have been men, eminent both for genius and for virtue, who, in the beginning of life, were almost totally neglected; yet who will say that the care of parents and early habits of virtue and reflection are not of infinite importance to the human mind? In a word, we have reason to conclude that the genius of Milton, one of the most learned men this nation ever produced, instead of being overloaded and encumbered, was greatly improved, enriched, and refined by his learning;—such was his own opinion,—and the superabundance of classic allusions, to be met with in every page of his poetry, only prove how highly he valued the literature of Greece and Rome, and how frequently he meditated upon it. Can those who wish well to learning or mankind ever seek to depreciate so important a study? Or will it be said that the knowledge of grammar is unworthy of a gentleman or man of business, when it is considered that the most profound statesmen, the ablest orators, the most elegant writers, and the greatest men, that ever appeared on the stage of public life, of whom I shall only mention Julius Cæsar and Cicero, were not only studious of grammar, but most accurate grammarians? H.

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Miseri quibus

Intentata nites.

HOR. OD. I. 5.

ALTHOUGH perfectly aware that I am, whilst in the act of scribbling, attempting

Periculosæ plenum opus alex,

yet, urged on by the respectful interest which every College man *must* take in the welfare of the *Observer*, perchance a sad memorial of some, it may be a friend, it may be one only known to us

by report, who, replete with life, once trod with exulting step the very paths which we now pursue, but now, alas! reposes inanimate, I have worked myself up to the proper pitch of desperation, and offer most humbly the maiden offspring of my goose-quill to undergo the stern ordeal of the Editor's desk.

And now, O fragrant Cabana! suffer me to touch with a purifying flame thy firm and close windings of refreshing brown, that the incense of thy mystic perfume, may with soothing influence allay the wrath of the presiding Judge, and cover the ruddy visage of the Imp of the Press with a glow of intense satisfaction, as with distended nostril and gaping mouth, breathless he inhales perfumes, such as wanton gales ne'er wafted from the Islands of the Blest, to the astounded organ of the wandering mariner! *Actum est*—and the thin blue column slowly and steadily ascending, overpowers me with its mystic influence.

Surely thy enemies have never experienced thy refreshing savour, oh! most entrancing Cabana! Perchance, snatching thee with rude hand from thy cedar-habitation, and ruthlessly crushing thy tender form with ruffianly grasp, they have applied to thee the polluted flame of some common candle; and when, whilst nearly annihilated by contact with the reeking essence of tallow, they have drawn you with brutal violence, what wonder is it if you should refuse to submit to their uninitiated palate, the refined essence of thy flavour, and should exhaust the last puff of thy existence in endeavouring to oppress them with that nausea, with which they have so heedlessly destroyed thee.

But surely thou despisest their revilings; thou, whose existence is fire, whose life is death, who rejoiceth in annihilation, that being separated from its grosser elements, thy wanton spirit may revel in air, a tutelary Deity to all thy adorers.

And dare they call that spirit, that ethereal vapour, *Smoke*? Dare they liken unto *thee* the sooty particles of coal? Dare they call the mouths of thy votaries, chimnies? Call them rather Gardens of Eden, Seats of Pleasure. Nay, call them not by any name, for what name can express a place esteemed fit to be thy temporary resting place.

But thinly—and more thinly—thy perfume oozes from my impatient mouth, the clouds are breaking, and with one last,—long,—fondly-lingering puff, (I had almost said sigh,) thy existence is o'er,—and I am left solitary,—uninspired.

*μύστος.*

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## DIVORUM DIES.

*Anglicè—DIE'S' DAY.*

PROUDLY rose the sun in glory  
 On that most eventful day,  
 When the band of Eastern Magnates  
 From the city took their way.  
 Loud the most conceited sparrow  
 Loudly chirped beneath the eaves;  
 And the zephyrs, softly blowing,  
 Scarce contrived to stir the leaves.

From the Street of Leadenhallo  
 (Would that all its wealth were mine !)  
 Went that gallant band advancing  
 To the Eastern Counties line.  
 Glad were all the rail directors  
 At the prospect of some cash,  
 For they 'd only very nearly  
 Saved a very awful smash.

Porters shouted loud and anxious,  
 Every one was eager there—  
 Every one had got his ticket—  
 Every one had paid his fare.  
 All the Dons were safely seated,  
 The engine waited to begin,  
 When, with much deliberation,  
 Don Hooper stepped in !



With the right amount of whistling,  
 Crashing, steaming, panting—whew!—  
 The special train its cargo landed  
 To the moment it was due.  
 At the Broxburina Station,  
 See! the flies in order wait,  
 Ready manned with civil drivers,  
 For the transit of the great.

(Don't I wish that I was one of  
 Those Directors rich and great!  
 Gladly would I undertake the  
 Cares that on their duties wait.)  
 Forth they dashed through Hoddesdon,  
 Clatter'd up the dirty street,  
 Being nearly overpower'd  
*By their feelings and the heat.*

Loud the cheers arose, allowing  
 But a temporary lull,  
 Which was broken by the shouting  
 Of the rustics near The Bull.  
 Now the last long hill is mounted—  
 Now the College front appears;  
 Shouts of "What a splendid structure!!!" (?)  
 Greet the Di.s' applauding ears.

Now the Avenue is enter'd,  
 And its portals opening wide,  
 Welcoming that generous cortège,  
 Stands the College—England's Pride!!! (?)  
 On the steps, between the pillars,  
 Some Hidalgo stands; and now,  
 Humbly trembling, and uncover'd,  
 Don Wiltshero bendeth low.

And behind him stand the waiters,  
 Marshall'd in a stern array ;  
 Roses in their button-holes they  
 Wear in honour of the day :  
 There they stand, the College army,  
 Old and young, and short and tall ;  
 Loud they shout, and wave their castors—  
 Boots and waiters, beaks, and all.

First advanced the noble Chairman,  
 Marching on before the rest,  
 Whilst, beneath his Llama Paletot,  
 Glean'd the star upon his breast.  
 Death and danger in the battle  
 Hath that gallant warrior dared :  
 To defend the wealth of England  
 Often he his steel hath bared.

Others, too, approach behind him—  
 Names well known on India's shore :  
 Why should not we gain distinction,  
 As so many've done before ?  
 Is there any—p'r'aps you'll tell me—  
 Is there any reason why  
 I should not hereafter visit  
 Haileybury as a Di. ?

Forth they went— (Of this expression  
 If I've made too frequent use,  
 As I'm really not a poet,  
 I must beg you will excuse.  
 I should ne'er have tried my powers  
 Poetry like this to write,  
 But to fill the famed *Observer*—  
 Every one should add his mite.)

Forth they went from Don Wiltshero's  
Courteous, bowing all around,  
Whilst th' enthusiastic waiters  
Bent before them to the ground ;  
Cross the space of the Quadrangle  
('Tis the largest as they say),  
And unto the Hall of Audience  
Hurriedly they took their way.

There the students stood assembled,  
For 'tis always thought as well  
That they should be ready summon'd  
By the ringing of a bell.  
Now I ween each gov'nor's optic  
Wander'd round to seek a son—  
Smiled on those that had got prizes,  
Scowled on those that had got none.

Then uprose the great Hoopero—  
Documents before him lay,  
Documents in which were centred  
All the business of the day.  
Hush'd were all in that assembly,  
A pin might have been heard to fall,  
When he first took up the papers,  
Satisfied he 'd got them all.

Then with clear and sonorous voice, he  
Told how prizes had been gained,  
How the students had the honour  
Of the College well maintained.  
Then the visitors conjointly,  
With loud clapping of the hand,  
Loud applauded exercises  
That they could not understand.

Then uprose the noble Chairman ;  
With him all the rest uprose,  
Patient waiting while the warrior  
Clear'd his throat and blew his nose.  
Then he shewed them how essential  
'Twas that they the tongue should know  
That was spoken in the country  
Where they were prepared to go.

"But on this," the warrior added,  
"You must not place all reliance,  
For you 'll feel the benefit of  
Any little extra science.  
Ever treat the natives kindly—  
Be as civil as you can ;—  
Every one will then acknowledge  
The Briton in the Gentleman."

The speaker ceased—the hall was emptied—  
Students *exennt* in a bunch ;  
Whilst the visitors retired  
To recruit themselves with lunch.  
Now appears a swarthy figure,  
Bustling with impatience full :  
'Tis Don Pedro Cleophasto !  
Pantler to the E. I. Coll.

Active he to do the honours  
Of the banquet, nothing loth ;  
Now in this place, now in that place,  
Now in one, and now in both.  
Pantler ! pr'ythee, do thy bravest !—  
Swift as stoops the eager hawk,  
The Don Pedro Cleophasto  
Wink'd his eye and drew a cork.

Speeches making, toasts proposing,  
Sat they till the sun went down ;  
Till some dread of rheumatism  
Warned them to return to town.  
After them departed carts full,  
Galloping with might and main,  
Bearing parties with their luggage,  
Anxious to secure the train.

Soon, instead of noise and bustle,  
Still and silent stands the square,  
Seems inhabited by nothing,  
But the atmospheric air.  
Thus it is in life's duration :  
Joy and mirth its morning fill ;  
Eve brings on a sharper struggle—  
Then 'tis past,—and all is still.

S. H.

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There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,  
Than are dreamt of in our philosophy.—HAMLET.

ON few subjects is there such a diversity of opinion as on Ghosts, and other nocturnal apparitions. Some regard them as perfectly incredible, and even go so far as to assert the impossibility of such visions, and, consequently, attribute their origin to the workings of a disordered brain, or optical delusion. It would be advisable, however, for such as these, not to scoff and ridicule those who do believe in them ; while, at the same time, it would be more becoming members of the present age, philosophical as it must be allowed to be, not to reject the possibility of there being unrevealed and mysterious workings in Nature, by which mankind are guided and ruled. For Shakspeare says, "They say, miracles are past ; and we have our philosophical persons to

make modern and familiar things supernatural and causeless. Hence it is that we make trifles of terrors; ensconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear."\*

On the other hand, there are persons who so implicitly believe in the existence of these invisible beings, that they acquire for themselves the term, superstitious—while others look upon the idea of their existence as something to be dreaded, and are, consequently, termed cowards. Leaving the former in a quiet and hallowed enjoyment of their ideas, it is intended to canvass the tenets of the latter.

If a reflecting man were asked whether there was anything dreadful in supposing the existence of spirits, who shewed themselves to mankind from time to time, he would answer in the negative. For, though Milton says—

Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth

Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep—

it is not to be supposed that the poet means only bad spirits. In fact, there is every reason to suppose the contrary; for, in the revealed machinery of nature, for every evil a counterbalancing good may be discovered. This, doubtless, was the opinion of the German poet, when he wrote the *Wild Huntsman*, which has been so ably translated by Sir Walter Scott. In describing the two supernatural attendants of the huntsman, he says

The right hand horseman, young and fair,

His smile was like the morn of May;

and then he proceeds to describe the other visitant, as

The left from eye of tawny glare,

Shot midnight lightning's lurid ray.

Thus, because one hears only of evil genii making their appearance in mis-shapen forms and hideous attire, it is not to be supposed that beings, as beautiful as these are ugly, do not watch over men for their good, and in a great measure counteract their evil influences.

\* All's well that ends well.—Act. II. Sc. 3.

It is, moreover, difficult to reject as perfectly incredible, the various instances which have occurred, which tend to prove not only that such spirits do exist, but, moreover, that they do at times shew themselves to mortal eyes. Among the many wonderful tales in existence, classed under the head of ghost stories, several are, no doubt, fabulous inventions. These of course no one wishes to be believed—but because some are fabulous, there is no reason that a person should, on hearing a well-authenticated tale of an apparition, and on seeing the effects produced by such apparition, disbelieve his senses, merely because he has some vague notion of its impossibility, or even improbability. Among the many tales that are told, the following is, perhaps, new, and certainly well-authenticated; it having been related in the presence of the writer of this paper,—the gentleman to whom it happened vouching for its accuracy:—

Some four years back a gentleman went to reside in a cottage near Epsom, which he was told was haunted on a certain day in May in each year. He, however, disbelieved the report, and found the house a very agreeable place of residence. On the day named, however, he was sitting in his drawing-room during the forenoon, and suddenly he heard a loud noise in the bed-room over his head, which sounded as though some one had given the table a violent blow with his fist. The consequence was, that the table was upset and broken, and the things on it smashed. No one could account for the sad catastrophe; it was evident to every one that the general scape-goat reprobate, the cat, could not have been the cause of so much mischief. But, however, it never could be accounted for, and nothing more was thought about it; nor did anything remarkable occur to break the general routine of a country life, till the same day the following year. In this second case the gentleman, as will be seen, had a better chance of observing that no mortal hand was the author. He was sitting in his drawing-room, together with some friends, when suddenly the door burst open, his dog began to bark violently, at the same time positively refusing to approach the door. The gentleman himself, who was sitting straight opposite the door, most positively

asserts that he neither heard any footsteps, nor did he see any one who could have been the author of so unprecedented a proceeding.

As regards the appearance of those who are dead to those who are living, it is not intended to argue the possibility or impossibility of such an event, but merely to state that so little, in fact, nothing, is, or can be known of what becomes of the spirit after its release from the body, that it would be absurd to assert positively either one position or the other. But in this case, as in the case of the casual appearance of spirits, it is difficult to refuse the testimony of the senses—especially when those are still in existence, who not only have been visited by departed friends, but have also benefited by such apparitions. The following narrative may be known to some of our readers, but to such as have not heard it, it will, perhaps, be interesting—and since the names of the real personages are not known, fictitious names are inserted for the better illustration of the tale, which is derived from the best authority.

There resided in Suffolk a gentleman of the name of Wilkins, who, amongst a numerous circle of friends, was most intimate with a Mr. Bentham, and a Mr. Lonsdale. These two latter gentlemen being intimate with one another, as well as with Mr. Wilkins, proceeded on a tour to America. Whilst they were prosecuting their tour, Mr. Wilkins died, and his will could nowhere be found, though without this will, the rightful heir could not succeed to the estate. Now, as we have already remarked, at the time of Mr. Wilkins' demise, his two most intimate friends Mr. Bentham and Mr. Lonsdale were in America. These gentlemen slept in adjoining apartments, and one night Mr. Lonsdale heard Mr. Bentham conversing with some one, after he had retired into his bed-room. In the morning Mr. Lonsdale remarked the circumstance, and enquired of Mr. Bentham, who the person was with whom he had been conversing, saying at the same time "If I had not known Wilkins was in England, I should have said it was his voice." Mr. Bentham then said "It was so! Wilkins did appear to me last night, and informed me that he was dead, and that his heir could not succeed to his estate, unless his



will was found, which he described to me as being concealed in the secret drawer of a certain cabinet; and he begged of me, as his most intimate friend to return to England and find his will." They both returned to England, as speedily as possible, and found all the circumstances as related to be correct; and Mr. Bentham, on examining the drawer described, found the will, and thus the property fell into the hands of its rightful owner.

Lastly, as regards popular superstitions,—these it must be owned are in many cases quite unfounded, and very absurd. Such as the seeing a single magpie, the upsetting of salt, and the beginning of a fresh work on Friday, all of which are regarded by the vulgar as most inauspicious events. But to one at least of these, an origin can be traced, which is as follows. Among the birds the magpie is truer to its mate than any other, not even excepting the dove. They are said, moreover, to be unlike other birds in this respect; that they do not choose a fresh mate every year at the breeding season, but having chosen one, they remain faithful and true to each other the remainder of their lives. And, should one be killed, the other does not pair again, but remains single. Hence, when a magpie is seen alone, it is inferred that it has lost its mate, and this is taken as a bad omen.

But there are some popular superstitions, which it is the custom to ridicule, and that perhaps without reason. Such, for instance, is the death watch, which may be attributed to an insect, and is no doubt caused by an insect; but why should that insect make the noise described as a death watch on certain occasions alone? This must at least be allowed to be a coincidence. But it is the custom to attribute a great many things to accident, when, truly speaking, there is no such thing as accident in created nature; for the slightest accident is as much foreseen as the greatest event. A great many things may be done unintentionally by mankind; but in a case when an act is done by something which has no reason wherewith to form an intention, at such a time, as to make it appear that it was done intentionally, the term accident is misapplied.

In conclusion, it is worthy of remark, that a great deal of the

awe which at present pervades not only the lower but the higher classes of society, with regard to ghosts, is attributable to that vile system at present prevalent in England, of gossiping nurses instilling into the minds of infants, the most absurd notions respecting these dark tenants of the air. For how well has it been remarked by a modern poet, that the impressions made on the minds of children, before they are able to distinguish between right and wrong, have a great influence on their future character. For such stories make so deep an impression on the minds of children, that in after years, however much they may see the absurdity of their fears, they are unable entirely to divest themselves of them. And thus it is that men, who would be the foremost to storm the breach, have been known to tremble at the shaking of a leaf in the darkness of the night; so fully impressed have they been with the idea, that demons rove about at night for the purpose of terrifying mortals, and therefore attribute every sound and motion to some unnatural or superhuman agency.

Dame Education begins the pile,  
 Mayhap in the graceful Corinthian style,  
 But alas for the elevation !  
 If the lady's maid, or Gossip the nurse,  
 With a load of rubbish, or something worse,  
 Have made a rotten foundation.

It will be seen that many arguments have not been adduced in favour of the existence of ghosts, such as the Witch of Endor, &c., in consequence of their being so constantly brought forward. But let it be remembered that in all countries, in which there exists, or ever has existed, the belief in a supreme Being, there has also existed the belief in invisible spirits.

S. E.

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### THE MORNING HYMN.

(LATINE REDDITUM.)

Surge ! anime, veternum  
 Mitte gravem, et diurnum  
 Incipe officium ;  
 Sol jam cœlo matutinus  
 Enitet, et vocat primus  
 Te ad sacrificium.

Scelera præteritorum  
Juvenilium annorum  
Decet reparare ;  
Et, cras velut moriturus,  
Luce ex hâc abiturus,  
Vitam agitare.

Credita tibi talenta,  
Quæ sint vitæ monumenta,  
Redde meliora :  
Sitque cura tum paratum  
Esse, cùm te hinc sublatum  
Summa vocat hora.

Sit culparum labe pura  
Vitæ via, sit segura  
Omni innocentia—  
Sit virtute confirmata,  
Nullâ nube adumbrata  
Tua conscientia.

Nam quocunque pedes vertas  
Adest Deus, et incertas  
Ipse pandet vias ;  
Mentis cogitationes  
Benè scit, nec actiones  
Aspernatur pias.

Surge ! anime, catenas  
Rumpe moræ, et serenas  
Cœli pete sedes :  
I ! cum turbâ angelorum  
Tolle vocem, Deo coram,  
Inter sacras sedes.

Surge ! namque illic omnes  
Noctis spatium insomnes  
Vigilando terunt :  
“ Laudes tibi, Sancte Pater ”  
Canunt, et hinc per sacrata  
Templa nomen ferunt.

A.R.T.

## VACATION RAMBLES.

"Ten o'clock, sir! time to get up," were the first words that broke upon my ear one fine morning in June. The first thoughts that crowded on my brain on awakening from my slumbers were, "What can have detained me so long with Morpheus as to have kept me in bed till 10 o'clock." I tried to recall to my mind the occurrences of the past evening, but in vain, until three empty decanters on my table brought forcibly to my senses the recollection of the previous night—a strange confession for a quiet man to make, and one, too, who lives in a back room; but then, gentle reader, the Exams. were over, and that evening had been the one immediately preceding visitation day—a legal excuse to any ordinary mind for the peccadilloes of that night; and, if that will not be allowed, I will only say, in the words of Burns, slightly altered—

We were na' fou, we were na' fou,  
But just a drappie in our e'e;  
The cock did craw, the day did daw,  
And aye we tasted the barley bree.

Eleven o'clock had long tolled by the clock of the Ivy Bush Tower, and the "Di.'s" were coming. By the time I had honored the quad. with my presence, nought was to be seen but crowds of anxious progenitors of the masculine gender parading the grass-plots, and swarming like cockchafers on a fine summer evening on the Esplanade of a sea-side watering place. But soon there was a great stir, and all assembled to bid a farewell to those who were about to quit the abode of law and literature, hereafter to control the destinies of millions. This over, with light heart, but heavy portmanteau, I made my way to the metropolis, *en route* to a watering place on the southern coast of England, there to recruit my shattered health, and to seek that repose which a severe course of academical study had denied me. For weeks did I revel in all the ease and luxury of indolence. Who does not know the pleasure of being released from the twaddle of Chakravāka? and instead thereof quietly to study the theory of the three

**Livers in the perusal of "Harry Lorrequer," the "Knight of Gwynne," and "Roland Cashel."**

There is an old saying, that "Idleness is the root of all evil," and so indolent had I been, that I had almost persuaded myself that I was no less than a "peripatetic body of evil," when I suddenly resolved to turn vagabond for once, and take a ramble into Wales. No sooner said than done. A few days found me at Chepstow, where, following the guide-book, I went to the Castle, as fine a ruin as there exists anywhere in England. To the reader of history it bears an additional interest, inasmuch as it was the place of confinement of Henry Martin, the regicide, who lingered out his days in one of its strong rooms—a sad warning by his fate to those who seek notoriety at the cost of a fellow-mortal's life, and that fellow-mortal a king. I next visited the Wyndcliff Rock, commanding as it does a magnificent view of the Bristol Channel, the Severn, and the windings of the Wye at its base. Gratified as I was by the view, I had that in store which called me away, though not without regret. When I say Tintern Abbey yet remained, the reader will easily imagine that no small sight awaited me. After a drive of about two miles, the Abbey came in sight, snugly situated in the valley, in a pleasant meadow by the Wye side. Much as I had heard of it, my expectations had been raised to be more than realised. I could not help reflecting—if in its ruins it is so grand and commanding, what must it have been in its palmy days, when the choir each morning pealed forth the Te Deum—when each sabbath the abbot gave his blessing to the assembled crowd of worshippers? Where now is the taste for Church Architecture that can equal that of the olden days? We cannot but think, in the words of the Greek poet—

 $\partial u \delta' \quad \xi_T'$ 

μένει αἰθέρεα δ' ἀνέπτα :—

**This is a relic of the times of the Monks ! In spite of all their failings this cannot but be admitted, that they were good judges of nature and art, and proportionately appreciated their beauties. A glance at the site chosen for this magnificent pile will fully**

convince the most prejudiced of their taste for natural beauties, and the Abbey itself furnishes ample evidence of their architectural taste. Leaving Tintern, I returned by water to Chepstow. The Wye in many parts much resembles a contracted edition of the Rhine. Each turn, each winding, brings to view a fresh prospect, until the eye gets almost wearied by the variety of scenery presented to its gaze. Now fine bold crags stand forth in all the grandeur of rocky beauty, and now there is nought but one mass of luxuriant foliage from the hill-tops down to the river side. Before quitting Chepstow, I would remark a curious fact connected with the rise and fall of the tide :—The Wye here falls and rises as much as 47 feet at each ebb and flow. In spring tides, the rise is constantly above 50 feet. It ranks next in order to the Gulf of Cambay and the Indus for rise and fall of tide. These three places, in the order I have mentioned them, have the greatest rise and fall in the world.

Taking leave of Chepstow, I betook myself to Monmouth, whence making a detour to Ross to visit the house and garden of John Kyrle, the man of Ross, celebrated by Pope—

Rise, honest muse, and sing the Man of Ross,

—I returned and passed to Ragland Castle. Here also I was greatly gratified by the extent and beauty of the ruins. How many thoughts of bygone days do these relics of Baronial times call forth, when each Lord could muster a miniature army to fight his cause and advocate his rights, and too often, alas, to back him in acts of injustice, cruelty, or oppression. Now every man's house is his castle; in those days the Baron's abode alone was his castle in our modern acceptation of the word. Ragland, together with Chepstow Castle, and Tintern Abbey, are the property of the Duke of Beaufort, who may well be proud of having in his possession three such splendid ruins. Leaving Ragland Castle, I was forced to pass the night at an indifferent inn in the dirtiest of towns—Abergavenny—from which I escaped as early as possible the next morning to Brecon, when I was greeted with the first sight of anything like Welsh scenery, in the appearance of the Brecon Hills. Early the following day I started per

coach for Aberystwith. The first 20 miles of road to Llandovery were pretty enough. About 9 miles from Brecon, my attention was drawn to a monument on the roadside, a conical stone of about 12 feet in height, with an inscription on the pedestal. On enquiring of the coachman what this might be, I was referred to the guard, who, when applied to, gruffly growled forth a denial of all knowledge of the affair. My curiosity being excited, I again applied to the coachman, who told me that about 14 years previously he had been "driver of the Royal Mail. Being much given to intoxication, one October night he had an altercation with the guard, which resulted in their starting on that stage, at about ten p.m., with lamps not lighted. Still wrangling as they went, they began to descend the hill. The road lies through a fir plantation; below the road (which is protected by a low wall), at a depth of 30 feet, runs a mountain torrent, dashing onwards with rapid current. Suddenly the leaders came down, and in less than no time the wheelers and coach and all were precipitated into the valley below. It appears that the leaders being driven up against the wall, leaped it, the wheelers following, as a matter of course, and thus, by the drunken recklessness of the driver, the lives of eleven individuals had been perilled. Whether the trees broke the fall of the vehicle, miraculously all escaped uninjured, but one who suffered a slight cut on the face. The Government, on discharging the driver, placed this as a warning to all engaged in their service along that road.

I will here notice a curious sight that I saw during my journey. There is a custom in Wales, of long standing, called "Hunting the Bride to Church." The day for the performance of the ceremony being fixed, the young men of the neighbourhood all assembled at the bride's residence, mounted on their respective steeds. The bride then mounts, and, being allowed a certain distance as law, away she goes as hard as the poor horse can lay feet to ground,—the young swains give chase; and, as they tell you, whoever can catch her before she gets to the church, can claim her as his bride. The matter is pretty well arranged generally to come off as intended. Although, on one occasion, I

have heard that the young lady, having two strings to her bow, accepted the least agreeable of the two; the day was fixed, and the chase came off, when, to the great astonishment and dismay of the bridegroom, the young lady chose to link her fate with the swain who had overtaken her, who proved to be no other than the hitherto rejected lover. Hard fate for the really rejected, no doubt; but what will not women do sometimes? A chase, similar to the above, it was my lot to witness. First came the bride, as hard as she could tear, belabouring the ribs and shoulders of her gallant bay with a stout hazel stick; and, a few hundred yards behind came the "gentlemen" in every variety of costume,—their chief object and delight seeming to consist in trying to ride against and so ride down as many of their companions as they could.

I should ill acquit myself were I to pass on without bestowing a word on the fair daughters of Wales. This much I can and will say for them, that taking the women of Wales as a body they are the finest and best looking I have ever seen.

I have travelled in France, in Belgium, in Germany, in Switzerland, in Great Britain and Ireland, and most certainly award the palm to the fair daughters of the Principality. Their costume, though becoming to some faces, cannot, on the whole, be said to be picturesque.

Having digressed so far, I will only add, that on the same evening I reached Absrystwyth. Pleasantly situate in the Bay of Cardigan, this town has gained for itself the name of "The Brighton of Wales." Welsh fashionables flock to it in the summer in great numbers. What title Aberystwyth can prove to its new name I cannot tell, further than that it has the sea washing its beach, and that lapidaries though not pebbles abound.

Making Aberystwyth my head-quarters, I proceeded to the Devil's Bridge. To the lover of waterfalls, I can recommend this as fine a specimen of a waterfall as there is in Great Britain. There are three distinct falls, the lowest of which is 60 feet. There is a legend, that an old woman, having lost her cow, after great trouble and much fatigue saw it grazing on the other side of



the waterfall. How she was to cross she knew not; and giving herself up to despair, she sat herself down, bitterly weeping and bemoaning her hard lot, for that cow was the only support of herself and several fatherless orphans. While thus giving way to her grief, his Satanic Majesty (who, on such occasions of distress, always most obligingly and unaccountably, makes his appearance and proffers assistance), suddenly presented himself to the notice of the old lady, and offered to raise her up a bridge if he might have the first thing that crossed over it. The woman, weighing in her mind the prospect of starvation, and that of accompanying the visitor to his kingdom some day, at last agreed to his terms. Heigh presto! the bridge appears. The old woman's face brightens up, she gives a shrill whistle, her dog appears, she sends him over the bridge, and he brings the wanderer home. His majesty being thus considerably let in, disappeared much disconcerted; but having forgotten to destroy or remove the bridge, it remains there to this day, and has been seen by the writer of this notice.

Returning to Aberystwyth, I passed a very pleasant week in the town. Reader, the above space of ground was gone over with a halt every night, and, on two occasions, for two nights, in about nine days. If you have ever ten days to wile away, go the same road; you will find much to delight you in the beauties of nature; much to amuse and instruct you if your are a botanist, a naturalist, or an artist. You will never repent the trip. Reader, farewell.

R. S. D.

### THE DIVER.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

"Now, who durst aspire, or knight or esquire,  
Yon perilous depths to explore?  
When the waters have roll'd o'er this beaker of gold,  
Who'll venture to bring it to shore?  
Who rescues my cup from yonder dark sea  
May claim it to guerdon his gallantry."

The Monarch he spoke as he glanced on the deep,

And he hasten'd the beaker to throw

From the height of the sea-overshadowing steep,

To the waves that were raging below.

"Now, where is the gallant, I ask it once more,

Will venture yon perilous depths to explore?"

But motionless all stood that knightly throng,

As they gazed on the boiling deep ;

There is none so daring the squires among

Will hazard the terrible leap.

And the monarch's loud challenge is heard yet again—

"Is there no one will venture a plunge in yon main?"

Yet motionless still they encircled their king,

Till, daring, and gentle, and gay,

A page, stepping forth from the midst of the ring,

Flung girdle and mantle away.

While nobles and ladies all turn in amaze,

On th' adventurous stripling, their fear-stricken gaze.

Then, as he stepp'd up, from that dizzy height

He glanced on the chasm beneath,

Where he saw the waves, in their furious might,

In the whirlpool bubble and seethe,

As they dash on the rock that cleaves them asunder,

With a roar like the echo of distant thunder.

And they seethe and they boil, with a ceaseless turmoil,

And hiss as though mingling with flame,

And they whiten the sky with the foam-flakes that fly,

As they dash in their jostling game ;

While exhaustless still in their wild commotion,

They sport and play in the untiring ocean.

At length there's a lull on the face of the deep,

And dark 'midst the white-foaming sea,

Is opened a way down the yawning steep

That leads to Hell's obscurity ;

While far, far below, in their eddying course,

The waters are drawn by the whirlpool's force.

Then swift, ere again they can ruffle the main,

The stripling has bent him to pray,

And—a shriek bursts loud from the terrified crowd,

For the whirlpool has swept him away :  
The mysterious waters which cover him o'er  
May never that venturous swimmer restore.

There is stillness again on the face of the sea,  
The waters all noiselessly swell,  
And the terrified courtiers despairingly  
Are whispering a last farewell ;  
Till louder and clearer a wailing sound  
Breaks forth as they hopelessly linger around.

" Aye ! should'st thou throw down thy kingly crown,  
And say he who wins it may wear,  
E'en that costly prize should not dazzle my eyes,  
Nor tempt me such peril to dare ;  
For never the mortal may prosper, I ween,  
Who the dark howling depths of the ocean has seen.

" Full many a ship, in the whirlpool cast,  
Has gone down to the depths below ;  
And there's naught, save fragments of keel and mast,  
The fate of that vessel to shew"—  
But clearer and clearer the tempests sound  
Is heard, as the waves from the rocks rebound.

And they seethe and they boil with a ceaseless turmoil,  
And hiss as though mingled with flame ;  
And they whiten the sky with the foam-flakes that fly,  
As they dash in their jostling game ;  
And they beat on the rocks that cleave them asunder,  
With a roar like the echo of distant thunder.

*(To be continued.)*

C.

## REFLECTIONS OF A VETERAN.

DEAR MR. OBSERVER,

That the paper you conduct is a rich banquet in literature, and a fund of amusing information, is amply shown from the deep, the trembling interest with which all connected with the College, from the Board of Professors to the 'Juniorest' boots, await its periodical issue. This interest may, indeed, in part be traced to the veneration we all have for this seat of the Oriental Muse. For where is the wretch 'with soul so dead,' who cannot kindle with

every softer feeling, when he looks at this College? Even I, Sir, plucked and rusticated as I have been, time after time, till I am quite a veteran in years—cannot bear to think on the hour of the bitter separation. 'Tis not the quaint Elizabethan Architecture—'tis not the hallowed antiquity of Haileybury, that attaches my affections to the place. No, Sir, I suspect that if my unaccountable feelings on the point were to be analysed, you would merely find a great mixture of the sentiments which actuated the old French Gentleman, who begged he might on no account be suffered to be at large, but be led back at once to the Paris Lock-up-House.

But while I thus love the E. I. Coll., for its Literary Pilot I have a doting fondness. In my first term I did nothing but write, write, for these pages—in all, nine great bulky parcels were by me secretly deposited in the Editor's Box. Let me see—there were 'Thoughts on Sir Robert Peel's Policy,' and, as I am a red-hot Protectionist, I touched him up you may depend; then there were 'Thoughts on the Jew Bill,' and 'Thoughts on the expediency of curtailing 1st Term Chaldee Tests;' then 'Hitopadesa,' 'The Pirate of Malabar;' 'English Hexameters;'—in short, I laboured on every possible sort of literature, and, would you believe it, Sir, only one of my contributions was received, and that a scanty sonnet! Well, Sir, even this had its share of annoyance. Burning with curiosity to ascertain how my solitary bantling would be received by a 'discriminating public,' I strolled, with all the ease of manner I could in my excited state assume, into my friend 'Dick Tomkins' rooms. Poor old Dick! you are now far enough away, old boy! performing your arduous duties at the isolated station of Brahmingswallah, as Sub-Deputy-Assistant-Joint-Under-Magistrate and Collector; but, *que voulez vous?* everything must have a beginning, and there yet shall come the time, dear Dick, when you shall, under the salute of long twenty-fours, proudly take your seat as Deputy-Governor of your Presidency.

But as this, Mr. Observer, is digression, I will continue my say. I found Tomkins' usually placid countenance lighted up with an expression of deep scorn; and, to my sorrow, he had under his eyes

the newly published *Observer*. 'Oh! what—hem!—do you think of this number, Tomkins?' I began. 'Think of it,' replied that gentleman, 'why I hold it to be the most fearfully *wooden Observer*, I have seen, and that,' continued the critic with a demoniacal grin, 'is saying a good deal.'

'It is *wooden*,' said I, with feelings not exactly comprehending the full meaning of the expression, but gathering from the context that, at all events, it was not panegyric. 'But don't you think,' I went on coaxingly, 'that—hem!—some of the pieces, taken separately, are good—the poetry for instance.'

'Poetry, Sir; don't talk to me,' said the indignant Tomkins; 'I tell you it is *all* wooden. Just listen to this! did you ever hear such stuff;' and then, in a scornful, mocking voice, he commenced, —gracious powers, could I believe my ears, yes—too true—my *own* sonnetto.

'Dearest, wilt thou with me roam,  
Wilt share with me my Indian home?'

and the rest of those exquisitely touching lines, which, originally addressed to the faithless Miss Julia Wiggins, of Tooting House Academy, are now, Sir, I trust, indelibly engraved on the memories of your numerous readers.

And now, Sir, to those who ask what is the *morale* of all this, I would answer, it is to show all how unjust it is to keep back their fun, or information, from the *Observer*. If, Sir, I in my first term—after having lived a hermit's life for a couple of years previous to that awful Exam. at the India House, at the parsonage of a cramming tutor—could still write so lengthily for these pages, where is there an excuse for others? My dear friends of the First Term, you Freshmen have ample materials, one would imagine, wherewith to amuse your fellow-students. Why not dot down, and work up your impressions of all the novelties of the place—all its strange inhabitants. Last term it was a Freshman, I am told, who wrote that account of one Cox, an itinerant Shoemaker, who is perpetually hovering for prey among Freshmen; it was poorly executed, no doubt, but still it raised a laugh for the time, and was harmless; and what would you have more?

One would think too, Mr. *Observer*, that those of us who go

abroad during our vacations would give us some benefit from their travels on returning. But, no; there is Sn - - ks, who visited Finland this last summer, and who was presented at the Court of the king of that interesting country, dressed up in knee-breeches, and college gown and cap. Well, all the information he can give us is, that the summer months are excessively pleasant in those parts, and that it is a vulgar delusion which ascribes such an immoderate taste for train oil to the natives.

J-n-es, again—how that fellow does appreciate French customs! —he always is giving us in conversation what he saw, and did, or eat, or drank in ‘la belle France,’ as he calls it. That story of the young ‘Comtesse’ would, when lopped of a few of your embellishments, do very well for the *Observer*; and men would point at you—‘There, that’s Jon - s, the young scamp, who drove a lovely French Comtesse half mad with jealousy.’ You’d wish to hear that, my dear fellow, I know you would.

As it is, you keep these amusing little *morceaux* for select wine parties or dinner parties. And, now we are on the subject of dinners, I wish you would’nt be perpetually sending off the waiter at our table in hall, to Coleman, to ask ‘what are the *entrées* to-day?’ How the deuce is the honest old Purveyor to understand such language?

But, again, there are some men here who glory in their ignorance of ‘forrin’ parts; and who, directly after the toils of the term, rush madly into the country, eager for field sports. Very good—I dare say, my friends, that a spirited account of a good day with the hounds, or of a successful *battue*, would amuse our sporting community. Then, why not write? But enough, Mr. Observer, has been said. A nod, we know, is as good as a wink to a blind horse; recollect, ye Haileyburians, by a little trouble, a little carefully-connecting together your fugitive thoughts on favourite topics, you *immortalize* yourselves.

Laudant Convivæ—hunc non è manibus illis,  
Nunc non è tumulto fortunatâque favillâ  
Nascentur violæ?

PERS. I. 38.

THE  
HAILEYBURY OBSERVER.

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READING MAKETH A FULL MAN, CONFERENCE A READY MAN, WRITING AN  
ACCUKATE MAN.—BACON.

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NOVEMBER 14, 1849.

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ON AMBITION.

LET any one be asked, are you ambitious ? and his answer will probably be in the negative, judging in common with the greater part of mankind, that ambition, so far from being a feeling to be encouraged and upheld, ought to be discountenanced in every imaginable way. This, however, is pre-supposing that ambition is always evil—that it tends, in the majority of cases, to some end rather retarding, than advancing, the happiness of our fellow-creatures and the interests of society at large ; and it is to this wide-spread supposition that we owe many of the sweeping condemnations of ambition, which we so often hear from those who, on mature consideration, would certainly own that some species of this quality are not so injurious as they are led at first sight to suppose. For ambition, strictly speaking, signifies merely an absorbing desire to attain some particular object—to gratify some darling wish, or to reach some wished-for eminence ; and thus it depends upon the nature of the object, the tendency of the wish, and the character of the eminence, whether the attempt to attain it be reprehensible or not. There can rest no doubt, certainly, on the

minds of any, that when ambition, in the common acceptance of the term, viz :—as an inordinate thirst for power—seizes the mind, and directs it wrongly, when it so governs it, as to urge a man madly forward, to plunge him in seas of blood, and finally to cause him to hesitate at no depth of crime, regarding no law—divine or human—so long as he attain the coveted object, then, I say, there can be no doubt as to the evil tendency of the springs of conduct which produce such results ; no human sophistry can defend such a man—no reasoning render his deeds less atrocious. And yet, it seems one of the strangest anomalies we meet with in society ; and the more strange, because so universal, how leniently the conduct of such an one is regarded, when his projects are successful, whilst the same judges inveigh most bitterly against it when he is less fortunate. The real cause, however, of this, must be, that to enable such ambition as this to succeed, a man must be possessed of talents so remarkable, and energies so great, that whilst we cannot refrain from pitying—aye, even abhorring, the disposition which turns them to such unworthy purposes—yet, we equally cannot help admiring qualities so noble in themselves, and which, if applied differently, could not fail to bring forth such glorious results. Examples of this kind may be found in every age, and in every society. Alcibiades, Cæsar, Wolsey, Cromwell, and Richelieu, stand eminently forward as such ; for, whereas most, we may say all, of them waded to power through the blood of their oppressors, and the execrations of thousands, who had been bereaved by their means, yet, who will unhesitatingly condemn them ? Who will confound them with the haughty Sejanus, the weak Despencer, or the aspiring Monmouth ? all of whom, perhaps, rivalled them in ambition, and only wanted the talents possessed by the former, for their names to have descended to posterity equally with theirs, as men, if not to be imitated, at least to be wondered at and admired.

But, I before said, that as all ambition is not evil, so all have ambition. Nor is it at all necessary to seek examples amongst those whose names have been handed down by fame as particularly conspicuous for this quality. Let us look around on our



limited circle, and whom do we there see who is not eagerly pursuing some favourite object, and running after something which seems to him to be the great desideratum of his existence? One aspires to collegiate honors, to obtain medals, to carry off prizes. This is ambition. Another aims at distinguishing himself in after life, and for this end, disregarding present honours, strives, by more general reading, to prepare himself for those to come. This is ambition. A third, perhaps, despairing of prizes and medals, hopeless of making any great figure in the world, does his utmost to gain at least the esteem of his fellows, and the respect of those around him. This, also, is ambition. And we may yet go on multiplying these familiar examples indefinitely, had not enough been already given to prove that this ruling passion is capable of being turned to worthy objects, tending to bring out the best feelings of our nature, while it does injury to none.

Examples of ambition, directed to evil ends, might, it must be feared, be found likewise to exist among us; but, as it would be an invidious, as well as unpleasant, task to point them out, I hope to be excused if I introduce a short sketch of the history of one with whom I chanced at one time to be thrown in contact, and whose early life is a very good illustration of the effects of ambition directed towards ends not in themselves injurious, but which, being pursued by means the most unworthy and dishonourable, brought forth the bitter fruits which must always eventually ensue from such conduct. The following few facts were, at the time they happened, very well known; but, as that was some twenty years ago, I hope, or, I may say, I feel sure, that they will prove new to many who may now read them:—

Mr. A——, for such I shall call my hero, was born in one of the midland counties, about the year 1800, and was the son of a wealthy yeoman, who, seeing great talents in his son, and having plenty of money to spare, sent him to Shrewsbury High School, then one of the most celebrated in the kingdom, and which stood so high in public opinion that few other than noblemen's sons were received by its proprietor. In such an assembly as this, young A—— was naturally very much out of his place, and felt

his own inferiority most painfully ; so much so, that being much looked down on by his companions, he exerted his brains day and night to find some means to emancipate himself from his uncomfortable position ; this thought haunted him everywhere—at night he dreamt of it, and during the day he could think of nothing else. At length the idea struck him that he could personate the adopted son of a Spanish grandee, being fully assured that he could learn the language, and having formed this resolution, he began to study Spanish by himself with the greatest assiduity, applying all his energies to overcome any difficulties that that tongue might present ; and, having attained a thorough knowledge of it, he made the post the medium of writing letters to himself, his father and his master, purporting to be from the Spaniard, and proposing to adopt A—— as his own child, and make him his heir. His father was naturally surprised, as well as Dr. —— ; but, so delighted was the parent with the promised good fortune of his son, that he never seems to have doubted the authenticity of the letters, but actually sent his son the enormous sum of 600*l.* to live as he thought a boy with such expectations should live. Young A——, however, knew how to make good use of the money, and with it purchased a carriage, on the panels of which he had painted the arms which he had drawn out as belonging to his adopted father : he also procured servants, and had them schooled and dressed to suit his supposed dignity ; nor did he stop here : he even procured a representative of the nobleman, who actually came to Dr. Butler's to adopt the boy. Here, then, was an actor, who for age and ingenuity has probably never been surpassed, for we must recollect that he was at this time a perfect boy, at school in a country town, far from London, and mixing with his companions, to none of whom, it seems, he even hinted what he was doing. Strange, indeed, it seems, that a boy could have done what he did without being discovered, or, indeed, have borne the immense responsibility it must have been, living in constant dread of detection and punishment. In pursuance of his character, our hero then went to London, how does not appear, but probably to stop with some schoolfellows, and was there courted

by all the best society of the time, and as one thing leads to another, he at length appeared at the Regent's table at Carlton House. This of itself was sufficient to cause him to be seen at the houses of the highest nobility of the land, and all London seemed mad after him. His praise was especially high with the ladies, and he got entangled in several love affairs, of which, however, two only became serious, and this it was which worked his ruin. For, having contrived to evade one of them, he at length conceived a great affection for the daughter of one of the dignitaries of the church, and this being returned, an engagement ensued ; but, as the time approached for the intended marriage, some feeling of honour returned, and A—— felt he had no right to ruin the fortunes and happiness of another, by joining them with his own ; he then confessed his whole fraud, not only to the lady, but to the world. His father was naturally terribly enraged, and disinherited the son who had so deceived him, casting him on the world without a shilling ; his late friends, of course, would do nothing for him, and being refused orders at the University, he would probably have starved had not a well-known author, who had previously known him, taken him as tutor for his sons. This station he seems to have filled faithfully, but trying for another, no one would receive him ; and, after seeking in vain for employment in many different places and offices, he at length set up a school in a small country town, and it was in this capacity that I happened to become acquainted with him, about two years ago. I have lately heard that he is now confined in the King's Bench for debt.

This, then, is the miserable end of a man, evidently possessed of sufficient energy and talent to have succeeded in whatever honest occupation he had attempted ; but who, by misdirecting his abilities, has reaped nothing but scorn and contempt, and has brought ruin and disgrace on his unfortunate family. No comment is wanted. The example speaks for itself.

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## THE FRESHMAN.

## A HAILEYBURY BALLAD OF THE 19TH CENTURY.

It is a spacious building,  
Its form it is a square,  
It stands upon a lofty heath,  
Its walls look dark and bare.

One evening in September  
(I cannot name the day),  
A cart drove up before the door,  
Drawn by a charger grey.

A load of human beings,  
And carpet bags it bore ;  
And, ere it drove away again,  
It left these at the door.

One with his friend we'll follow  
(A senior man was he) ;  
Across quad. straight he led him  
Into the letter D.

And here they found a chamber,  
With tables, curtains, chairs  
Well stocked. The Freshman gloried  
In a small room up stairs.

Invited by the senior  
To have a cup of tea,  
He was about to join him,  
That he his room might see.

Which excellent proceeding  
Was checked, for lo ! a man  
Appears with College vestments,  
To sell some *if he can*.

A cap and gown selected,  
He goes to senior's room,  
Thinking how well the lamps act  
In setting off the gloom.

After a glorious supper,  
Right weary grows his head ;  
His day's excitement tired him,  
And off he went to bed.

But as he sought his chamber,  
He saw a fearful sight,  
A monster *minus* one eye,  
The other blazed with light.

Nor was this wondrous eye placed,  
Where most folks' eyes do stand,  
Within their head, but shone forth  
From 'neath his waistcoat band.

Up to his room he hurries  
With fearful step, and goes  
Straight off to bed, and seeks for  
Refreshing calm repose.

But scarce had he disposed  
His weary limbs thereon,  
Before he heard a knocking  
His outer door upon.

And also a sepulchral voice  
Loud uttered the word ' Bones,'  
And all adown the passage  
He heard like fearful moans.

Quickly from his couch he sprang,  
He grasped the poker fast ;  
Fiercely he rushed out of the door,  
But the sound away had past.

And again he sought his bed,  
But 'Bones' was in his ear ;  
And little did he sleep that night,  
For he trembled through with fear.

And 'ah !' he said 'that phantom—  
That monster with one eye  
This passage haunteth ;' sadly  
He heaved a heavy sigh.

At length he cried, 'I know now  
What I'll do. Every night  
I'll wait until I catch him,  
And bring him forth to light.

'And if it is a spirit,  
I'll stay no longer here ;  
But if it is a student,  
I have no cause for fear.'

Thus argued the sage Freshman,  
And turned him in his bed,  
But vainly woo'd he Morpheus  
To soothe his burning head.

When he closed his eyes he saw  
Monsters strange, appalling,  
Till at length he rose, and dressed  
As chapel bell was calling.

But as he crossed the threshold,  
In form both broad and high  
A font (at least he thought so)  
Met his astonished eye.

Which aroused within his mind  
Conjectures wild, I ween,  
And a stranger place than this  
He thought he'd never seen.

Visions strange of student's wives  
 And children wildly rove  
 In his brain, until he finds  
 The font, it is — the stove !

He found the flame-eyed monster  
 Was nothing but a beak.  
 'Bones' was pronounced by mortal,  
 And was no spirit's freak.

No green Freshman after this  
 We hope will fear this sight,  
 Or awful sounds : but soundly  
 Will slumber his first night.

D.

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### STORY WITHOUT A NAME.

It was a frosty morning in the early part of December,—the punctual god of day was striving to dart his rays thro' the chinks of the window shutters of the room where I lay in bed, in a happy state of semi-consciousness. I had been travelling all the previous day, and had but half awoke from a most refreshing sleep of about ten hours, which the good beds of "The Mitre" and my own weariness had tended to produce. I looked at my watch : it was half-past eight, and I mentally vowed that it was quite impossible to turn out, and that another snooze was indispensably necessary. I therefore turned my head away from the light, when I heard a rat-tat mildly given against my door: "Come in" I growled out, mentally anathematizing the intruder for rousing me from the pleasing lethargy into which I had fallen. The "Boots" appeared, and after depositing hot water, &c., walked with a determined air up to the bed and presented me with a note written in pencil. The contents ran as follows :—

"Dear M.,—Get up immediately and breakfast in the coffee-room with me at 9 ; I am just going to have a canter on Bullingdon Green, or I should have come and turned you out myself.

"Yours, H. D."

"That's short and sweet, at any rate," I muttered, "but who the devil is 'H. D.'? What sort of a gentleman was it, who gave you this note, Boots?"

"Middle size, Sir—five-foot ten about—handsome—age 30—wears *moustagious*—gave me half-a-crown, Sir"—said Boots, spitting out the words as if he was rather short of wind, and was obliged to take in a fresh supply for each sentence.

"Well, I can't for the life of me imagine who it is,—however, I shall see—he's deuced familiar, tho'—I wish he *had* come and tried to turn me out,"—I felt vicious at the moment. "Now, Boots, I want nothing more," said I, on perceiving that he still lingered in the room.

"Please, Sir—hope you'll excuse—I'm to see you out of bed—gentleman said so—and, Sir"—

"You and the gentleman be shot!—now, come" said I, leaning out of bed, and picking up the boot-jack, "out of this room—be off, Sir."

The man, seeing I was in earnest, retreated towards the door, but stood with it half open, and was evidently taking in a fresh supply of wind for another start.

"Please, Sir"—

"You go out of the room directly and shut the door, or you'll have this at your head," said I, poisoning my weapon in the air.

"But, sir"—

"Take it then," I roared, at last, fairly in a rage with the fellow's pertinacity. He bobbed his head, and crash went the boot-jack down the stairs opposite the door; and in another instant a well-known face stood by my bedside.

"Harry Delville," I ejaculated.

"*Diristi*—you have said it, my prince of sluggards; but I say, was that dangerous missile I encountered on the staircase, intended for me?—because, let me tell you"—

"No, no, my good fellow—it was intended for that infernal rascal of a Boots, whom nothing but forcible measures could induce to leave my room."

"Precisely so; therefore the missile was intended for me."



"How so?" said I.

"Why, you acknowledge that you meant it for the Boots—the Boots was my ambassador, and by insulting the person of the envoy, you insulted the person of the power who sent him; but, by Jupiter Ammon, I'll have satisfaction;" and seizing the water-jug, he deluged me with the contents, and ran laughing out of the room.

There was no help for it now, so I got up and dressed, and in the coffee-room I found Delville already engaged in dispatching a substantial breakfast.

"Now, Monckton, my boy, don't look so confoundedly sulky, or I wo'n't allow you to have even the fag end of a breakfast—do you know, Sir, that it is past ten o'clock—you don't deserve anything. Ah! that's better;—look a little brighter still," said he, observing that I could not repress a smile at the way he rattled on. "Now, if you behave yourself, I will allow you to 'pitch in' for twenty minutes—not a second longer,—for at half-past ten, I have a particular engagement with a cigar, in the smoking-room, and purpose that you shall attend the conference."

"Very well," said I, "and now I mean to avail myself of your kind permission to 'pitch in' as you elegantly term it; but you must really excuse my being so late, because"—

"Now, for Heaven's sake don't give me any of your hum-bugging excuses—that's the worst of you Oxford men—you're continually in the wrong, and never without some reason to prove that you are perfectly right for being in the wrong. There's that fellow Bainbridge, of Balliol, just the same—you're all alike."

"But, my dear fellow"—

"Now *do* hold your tongue, and move your jaws a little quicker—you are the most talkative man I have met for many a long day—you never give me a chance of putting a word in, but keep rattling on like an express train. Besides, I have breakfasted, and have a right to talk. A man should never speak much on an empty stomach—it spoils the digestion. So—have you done? come on then, and have a weed."

We entered the smoking-room, and having lit our cigars, I was about to commence the conversation, when Delville interrupted me.

"Now, just be quiet, will you?—I know perfectly well what you're going to say,—you want to know how it is that we have chanced to meet; well, let us ascertain the point at once. What brought you to this good City of Oxford? How long are you going to stay? and then, where are you bound to? Now answer to the point, as the lawyers say to a verbose witness."

"Well," I returned "I came to see some old college friends—I am going to leave to-morrow—And I intend to return home.—Is that concise enough for you? And now it is my turn to cross-examine you. Answer the three questions you put to me."

"All right," he replied: "I came here because I had nothing else to do, and because I fancied the drive; and I am going home to-day.—But now though your answers were somewhat less prolix than usual, they were not perfectly correct; for instead of returning to your household gods to-morrow, you are to drive over with me to Merton House to-day; arrived at which place, I will introduce you to my worthy old gov—that is to say, to my respected sire, and the rest of the family conclave."

"Well, for once, I will not dispute the point with you, and I accept your kind invite with a great deal of pleasure."

"Come," said he, patting me on the back, "you're getting on—you're improving rapidly;—that's about the most sensible speech I have heard you make for many a long day. Now just go and pack up your traps, and I will go and finish my weed in the stables, and have the nags put to.—Here," he cried, opening the door and catching a glimpse of a chambermaid who was passing, "Here, Lucy, my dear"—

"My name aint Lucy, sir—it's Letitia."

"Dence it is—too long by half—take my advice, and make it Letty for the future. But, I say Letty, just tell my man—that handsome fellow with black whiskers—Ah! I see you know who I mean—fie! Letty, what would your mother say?"—

"Lor! Sir, how you do run on, to be sure."

"Ah! never mind; it's a way of mine. But now, my pretty one, just suppose you run on and tell him that I want him down at the stables—off with you—and now, Monckton," said he, turn-

ing to me, who had been much amused by the foregoing dialogue, "just be serious if you can, and mind you're ready to start when I bring the trap up to the door,—the horses must n't be kept standing this cold morning—so look sharp, there's a good fellow," and with this injunction, he closed the door and vanished down to the stables.

My portmanteau was packed, and I myself, enveloped in a voluminous great coat, was standing in the hall ready to start, when the phaeton drove up to the door.

"So—oh ! my wench—gently there, my lass—Here, George !" addressing his groom "just put Favorite middle bar—the frost has made her a trifle *too* lively this morning—Well, by Jove, Monckton, I did not expect this—you're as punctual as the old Blenheim, and here she comes, timed to a second—Now, jump in—I must show old Charley what my cattle are made of—Let them go, George—Steady, old girl—steady"—and away we rattled over the stones.

The old coachman exchanged salutations with Delville in true Jehu style, viz : by bringing up the whip to a level with the hat, and gracefully cocking up the third and little fingers of the hand.

We drove rapidly on, Delville, of course, engrossing the whole of the conversation. Nothing worthy of record occurred during a drive of about eight miles : which distance being accomplished, we drove into the park gates of Merton ; Delville, as we passed through, bestowing a familiar lash on the lodge-keeper's little boy, who held the gate open.

At present I will only say that my greeting from old Colonel Delville and his family was cordial in the extreme, and I trust that our readers will permit me in our next number to introduce them to the inmates of Merton House.

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THE DIVER (*Continued*).

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

But see, from the midst of the gloomy abyss,  
An arm and a shoulder appear,  
And with powerful strokes, in hot haste, I wiss,  
A swimmer pursues his career ;  
While high o'er the waves, as he holds it up,  
In his left hand sparkles a golden cup.

His labouring breath came painful and slow,  
As upward to day-light he sprang,  
And a welcoming cry from the rocky brow,  
Where his comrades were watching him, rang—  
“ It is he, it is he ! e'en the merciless wave  
Would not harm in its fury the life of the brave.”

He hurried amain through the joyous train,  
Till he sank at the feet of the King,  
As he gave to his hold the beaker of gold  
He had dared from the ocean to bring :—  
The Princess with wine filled it up to the brim,  
While the youth to his Sovereign turnèd him.

“ Long life to my liege lord ; long may he know  
The blessings of heaven's pure light,  
For dismal and dark are the regions below,  
Enveloped in endless night ;  
Unblest is the mortal whose daring reveals  
What the mercy of heaven in darkness conceals.

“ With the speed of the lightning illuming the heaven  
With bright instantaneous gleam,  
I was caught in the eddies, and downward driven  
By the whirlpool's furious stream,  
And spun round like a top with a giddy motion,  
As I fruitlessly struggled and strove in the ocean.

"But I called on the Lord, and he heard my word,  
As I offered my agonized prayer,  
And he showed me a rock, 'mid the whirlpool's shock,  
Where I clung with the grasp of despair.  
There, too, hung the cup on a coral bough,  
Else had it sunk down to the bottom ere now.

"Around and beneath me the waters there  
Lay in purple obscurity,  
And the portents that men may only hear,  
I shuddered so plainly to see ;  
Salamanders, sea-snakes, and the unshapely rout  
That people the abyss disporting about.

"Thick crowding there, a grisly flock,  
In hideous numbers appear,  
The prickly ray, and the fish of the rock,  
And the hammer-fish—form of fear ;  
While the fierce sea-wolf and the ravenous shark  
My motions in grim expectancy mark.

"But still I clung there, in my blank despair,  
So distant from human ken,  
In the sea that swarms, with the loathly forms  
Of monsters ;—alone of men.  
Far, far down below, 'neath the voice's sound,  
'Mid the shapes that are roaming the ocean around.

"I shudderingly thought of the hundreds there  
That waited my form to enclasp ;  
My hold on the coral was loosened through fear—  
It slipped from my paralysed grasp ;  
I was caught by the whirlpool and hurried away,  
But it bore me safe to the realms of day."

Sore amazed was the Monarch, as answer he made,  
"Gallant youth, the beaker is thine ;  
And beside it, this ring I'll bestow, that 's inlaid  
With the costliest gems of the mine ;

If thou 'lt venture again and bring tidings to me  
Of the marvels thou saw'st in the depths of the sea."

But the Princess stood near, and in pitying fear,  
With gentle persuasion she came—  
"What none else dared do, he has ventured for you,  
Then leave off this desperate game ;  
Repress thy too curious wishes, my sire,  
And beware that the knight shame not the esquire."

But the King held the beaker high over the main,  
And he cried, as he whirled it down,  
"Now, bring me my cup from the sea once again,  
And my wealthiest earldom's thine own,  
And she, who is pleading so anxiously  
To save thee from peril, thy countess shall be."

With tumultuous rapture his bosom was moved,  
Passion shone in his sparkling eyes,  
As he gazed on the face of the maiden he loved,  
Now crimson—now pale—with surprise ;  
And madly impatient that fair prize to win,  
For life or for death he threw himself in.

His comrades look down on the angry frown  
Of the ocean's crested pride,  
And they hear, as before, the breakers that roar  
Like thunder ;—but nothing beside ;  
And too surely they feel, as they gaze on the main,  
The adventurer ne'er may escape it again.

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#### THE AUTUMN ASSIZES.

"As yet the world has seldom heard  
Of jurors who so nearly erred,  
And yet—who did not,"

*(Slightly altered from) Moore.*

THE day was ushered in by the continual hammering of carpenters, the confusion incidental on the expected coming of the Judges of Assize. In all directions workmen might be perceived, some

hurrying about in quest of bread and cheese, with a view to the refreshment of the inner man, others uncovering and cleaning the chair which was to receive the portly form of the presiding genius. Nor was it till eight o'clock that the preparation and illumination of the court was completed. Shortly the doors were thrown open, and ere long the whole place was crowded with persons of every age and position in life, who were led by curiosity to hear the interesting cases then and there to be tried. By the half-hour not a vacant seat was to be obtained; the galleries were thronged, the court itself crowded to excess, and the very avenues to it were almost impassable. This great crowd told of some case of thrilling interest, or some crime of more than usual atrocity, the perpetrator of which was to be brought to justice. The judge, too, was known to be a man of a stern disposition, the terror of all evil-doers, and one who never allowed any false feelings of humanity to interfere with what he considered the course of justice.

The court was one of the largest and most commodious in England. Within it the scene was brilliant indeed; there were to be found alike the fairest, the noblest, the wealthiest, in the county. On the Bench might be observed one or two of the most influential landowners, whilst near the dock were congregated the friends and relatives of the prisoners. Amongst this sea of heads, here and there might be discerned grey powdered wigs, covering the learned brains of some sententious or pragmatical lawyers.

The judge's door opens, expectation is at the highest: a tall gaunt figure in wig and gown stalks forth, and with an air of great importance takes his seat—not in the judge's chair, but—at the table beneath. Having vainly attempted for some time to command silence, he proceeded to call on certain wise-looking individuals, habited in every variety of the costume of the present day, and having, with the aid of the sturdy inspector of police, marshalled them into their places, informed them that they were the petit jury; at which intelligence each looked individually wiser than before, and more conscious than ever of his own importance.

After another long interval the door opened as before, but this time a flourish of horns (bearing a mixed resemblance, partly to the stable call, partly to the trumpet *obligato* of Mr. Harper, in "Judas Maccabæus") announced the approach of the chief legal functionary of the realm, clad in his scarlet robe and ermine. His lordship was visibly affected in taking his seat, but whether it was the painful duty he was about to perform, the unsteadiness of his chair, or the uncomfortable arrangement of his white cravat and bands, I cannot presume to determine. At the same time the barristers assumed their places, and commenced with great rapidity opening certain packets tied round with red tape, which may or may not have been briefs. I should say that as far as I could see, from my position in the gallery, there was a vast amount of blank paper over which these lawyers ran their eyes. Nevertheless it gave them a business-like air to the uninitiated, and from private sources I *have* heard that it is a means they employ to increase their practice, analogous to the measures taken by another learned profession, who are known to be summoned from church on the Sunday more frequently than the press of their business would warrant.

The sittings of the court now opened, and the prisoner first in order in the calendar was arraigned at the bar for felony. His cut-throat appearance and determined air would alone (setting aside the plea of guilty which he advanced) have proclaimed the young felon. With all solemnity, then, did the learned judge pass sentence upon him, expatiating (as he did so) on all his former misdeeds, hoping thereby to produce some impression on the precocious offender; in which attempt he most signally failed, though it was said, and perhaps with truth, that he succeeded in the extraction of one briny tear from the eyes of a sensitive jurymen in the corner. The prisoner was removed from the bar preparatory to a visit of seven years to some delightful region in the Southern Tropic; and after some discussion on the order of business,

Samuel Hall, gamekeeper, aged 35, occupied the felon's place, charged, on oath, with the wilful murder of his brother, Henry Hall, of Wakeford, in the county of Hertford. This, then, was



the prisoner whose trial had attracted so many to the court—the monster for whom the world was too good, the wretch for whom handcuffs and fetters were too light.

The indictment—a compound of incomprehensible sentences, incomprehensibly pronounced—was read to him, and when he was informed that, being seduced by the devil, he had committed the crime of murder, it struck me that a satanic leer overspread his hitherto stern countenance, and a connection between him and the “gentleman in black” was firmly established in my mind. His asseveration seemed to have no weight with the Lord Chief Justice, for as soon as he had assured him of his innocence as that of “a babe unborn,” his Lordship, doubting his veracity, informed him, apparently no little to his surprise, that he must take his trial. The plea of Not Guilty being recorded, the Clerk of the Court exhibited to the prisoner’s view the sapient gentlemen in the box, as the petit jury who were to try him. He would, I verily believe, have offered to save them the trouble, had not his legal adviser interposed and recommended silence. A second edition of the indictment was given for the benefit of the jury.

Up rose there, then, a learned barrister, who commenced by informing the judge and gentlemen of the jury that he was the representative of the Crown, and that the prisoner was accused of the murder of his brother, with which everyone present was already well acquainted. He then proceeded to a detail of the facts of the case, which, as they must be generally known to my readers, I omit. Suffice it to say, that in the most able manner he made every fact point to the inference which he drew of the prisoner’s guilt. An indignant exclamation passed the lips of the unfortunate man: what more he might have said, I know not, for he was interrupted by his counsel, a young-looking man in spectacles, tall but of spare proportions, with a decided bend in the back, probably acquired from exertion in his profession. On returning to his seat this gentleman nearly effected a separation between the skull of a certain dowager, who was sitting near, and a magnificent head-dress, composed of hair (originally belonging to some one else), ears of corn, and nodding harebells. After

distinctly proving, to his own mind at least, that the prisoner was the perpetrator of the murder (for which, no doubt, the learned gentleman was well paid), the representative of the Crown sat down.

Numerous witnesses were called, who proved many facts which had nothing to do with the case; and afterwards, much to the satisfaction of the counsel for the prisoner, disproved their own statements. The representative of the Crown looked blue, notwithstanding a show of indifference, as each witness became subjected to the tortures of cross-examination.

The case for the Crown was closed, and the tall thin gentleman in spectacles half lifted himself up to distort all the statements of his learned friend. Part of his address was inaudible, owing to a disturbance in the gallery, which was rather increased than diminished by the presence of two or three constables who were sent there for the purpose of quelling it. We *did* notice, however, two rules which the learned gentleman impressed so frequently on the minds of the enlightened jurymen as to warrant the supposition that they were his own composition, though he modestly enough imputed them to some well-known legal luminary. I scanned the faces of the jury, who were sitting in their box under the opposite gallery, to test the impression made on them by the speech for the defence: an incredulous smile passed over the countenance of one, whom a slight glance would show to be the "*hanging*" juror. The sensitive gentleman in the corner was bathed in tears; his neighbours, vainly attempting to drive away sleep, started up in convulsive shudders; whereas the rest retained that earnest but immovable appearance so characteristic of the enlightened twelve. But soon the learned speaker, coming to a close, drew himself up to his natural height, stroked his bands, and, with an air of proud disdain, demanded from his hearers justice to his client. Mercy he spurned: right and justice he required at their hands. But few witnesses were called for the prisoner; and these proved an *alibi*, and a good character, which latter presented a strange contrast to the outward appearance of the accused. The proceedings were becoming prolonged, and the court was clearing of many of

its fair occupants, when the advocate for the Crown arose, and, in a most impassioned way, demonstrated the great probability of the prisoner's guilt. His language was befitting the weighty cause in which he was engaged, and the dignity of the Court which he was addressing, and produced on me such an impression of the truth of his case, that I no longer doubted the result of the trial. His Lordship then began to sum up : he carefully recapitulated the evidence, leaning with due weight on all important points ; and the jury proceeded to the consideration of their verdict. Whether it was that the jury entertained a doubt of the prisoner's guilt, or that the hanging juror saw determination in the countenance of our friend in the corner, and was anxious to repair home quickly, in lieu of spending his night under bar and bolt, I know not ; but the fact is clear :—the sensitive jurymen *did* look determined—to weep ; and the foreman, in a sonorous voice, *did* return the verdict “ Not Guilty ;” and in a few minutes the prisoner was at large, and the court was empty.

It was with feelings of disappointment that the visionary expectations of an execution were frustrated ; but these were counter-balanced by a report that has since gained ground, viz., that a poacher had confessed the murder. But for the truth of this latter statement I will not vouch.

At the sheriff's supper afterwards, strange as the fact may appear, many improper characters gained admission. The inspector of police might be found in deep conversation with him who had been so lately in his custody ; the Lord Chief-Justice was arguing some abstruse question with the bricklayer's boy, to whom he had recommended change of air in the colonies ; and the high-sheriff of the county was hobnobbing with an Irish tramper in the meanest costume. These incidents I gathered from one who had the *entrée* of this select entertainment, who also informed me that amongst the toasts given and received with acclamation was “ The Principal and Professors of the East India College.”

Thus ended the Autumn Assizes, held at Haileybury on Tuesday the 16th of October, in the year of grace 1849.

RECENS VIR.

## CHORUS OF THE "ŒDIPUS COLONEUS."

(FREELY TRANSLATED).

O Goddess ! thou that dwell'st, unseen to all,  
With dark-ey'd Pluto, in th' infernal hall ;  
Before thy feet I pour my suppliant prayers,  
And cast on thee my heavy load of cares.  
I pray thee, suffer that the stranger go.  
Unhurt and painless to the world below ;  
To that dread spot, where, hid from mortal eyes,  
Vast adamantine gates and turrets rise ;  
Thy Stygian palace, where the Furies dwell—  
Those dark insatiate Deities of Hell :—  
For when a man is brought by fortune low,  
And plunged in th' midst of misery and woe,  
Then a just Deity may turn, and save  
The struggling mortal from misfortune's wave,  
Raise him on high, and place him on the shore,  
And bid him seek prosperity once more.  
And thou, O Earth-sprung monster, that dost stand  
Upon the confines of the spirit's land,  
And from the cavern, where thou'rt doomed to dwell,  
Pourest thy howlings through the gates of Hell—  
Touch not, I pray thee—touch not him, who goes  
To Pluto's realms, relieved from earthly woes ;  
Molest him not, but turn aside ; nor stay  
The phantom stranger in th' Elysian way ;  
And on thy dreaded name, O Death ! I call,—  
That bringest sleep, a lasting sleep on all.

CHORUS.

THE POETS *versus* THE NOVELISTS.

Our readers, at the first glance at our text, may be somewhat at a loss to know what can be the ground of litigation between those two influential fraternities. Now the whole purport of what

follows will be directed to prove they are deadly foes, so far, that is, as poets can hate; for when Horace speaks of "genus irritabile vatum," he by the figure prolepsis, alludes to the Grub-street genus, which fifty years back infested the Metropolis, and which in our own days is, to all ends and purposes, so happily extinct; and therefore we believe in all the plenitude of belief, that in the case of the greatest poets, "the sun never went down upon their wrath." However, thus much we affirm, that the interests of the two litigants are irreconcilable.

It is quite true that they both appeal to the imagination, but there the resemblance ends: if we proceed to enquire what next follows after the striking of these impressions upon the mind, we find in the one case (and may our flowery expressions be treated with leniency, especially as we have been lately studying Persian),—in the one case, we say, the thick fogs and mists of dulness and despair rolling away before the sunny brightness of the opening day; we see the mind awaking to the "breezy call of incense-breathing morn:" in the other case, we see the gloom of inaction beginning to deepen around. To speak prosaically, action and inaction are, in our belief, the fruits of poetry and of novels respectively. Now to prove it—

Taking boldness\* into our most intimate friendship, and arming ourselves in audacity from head to foot, as conscious of the powerful foe whom we provoke, we make a daring attack upon the fair sex. The majority of writers and the majority of readers of novels have been, and are, furnished by them. Now there is no more trite remark in the whole range of sentiment, than that woman's sphere is not a sphere of action. The inference therefore is fair, that, *prima facie* novel-writing and novel-reading are closely connected with inaction. All conclusions that can be drawn from the rise and progress of novel-writing tend to the same point; it is a question of some interest, and yet rather difficult to solve, to decide what is the cause of the pro-

\* Boldness be my friend!

Arm me, audacity, from head to foot!

—*Cymbeline*, Act 1, sc. vii.

duction of this species of literature under the patronage of European civilization only. We have no mention of it in the ancient literature of Greece and Rome: we are not told that it exists in the East. The only probable solution that occurs to us is this: the different position of women in our system of society to that in the other systems above mentioned: hence, the relation between the sexes, on which all novels mainly hinge, stands out in stronger relief. And though it might be said that the same is true of all European poetry, yet in novels there is so much that hinders us from taking any deep interest in the real feelings of the personages: we are so much more disposed to be passively amused with the reproduction of all that artificial life in which we live, and which passes daily before our eyes; that, even to take a novel containing fine characters finely drawn, we seldom find ourselves brought into close contact with the actual characters, and consequently seldom warmed by close contact with the nobler feelings of humanity.

The greater number of novels that have been published since Sir Walter Scott refined the public taste, and dealt a death-blow to the Minerva Press, are, it is true, some of great, others of more or less, merit: they cannot be denied the praise of much wit, pathos, and knowledge of character. It must be allowed that many of the novelists have corrected great social evils. Eugène Sue, in France, has made the cause of the Jesuits hopeless. Captain Marryatt effected changes highly beneficial in the navy, by hints thrown out, or forcible descriptions of the effect of existing evils. Dickens has ruined the Yorkshire schools, and, we dare be sworn, has reduced many a Mr. Bumble to his just dimensions. Thackeray has struck a sturdy blow at the social evils of our day. But, in the teeth of all this, we do not hesitate to say, that novels and poetry, considered as affecting the individual, produce effects diametrically opposite. There is some quality, not very easy to be defined, attaching to novels, as that, however excellent they may be, the mind rises from the perusal, in a manner, exhausted and jaded. It is a sort of lowering medicine, whereas we should be inclined to say poetry was a

powerful tonic. Of what value then is that reading which makes man a bystander instead of an actor? The mind, if stagnant, must admit disease in some shape; and hence flow the fatal consequences of this practice so often recorded, and so often yet to be recorded, until the axe is laid to the root of this most pernicious evil.

But it is a more grateful task to enlarge upon the other side of the question. Poetry excites to action; hear the chivalrous Sir Philip Sydney: "I never heard the old song of Percy and Douglas, that I found not my heart *more moved than with a trumpet*: and yet it is sung by some blind crowder with no rougher voice than rude style, which being so evil apparelled in the dust and cobweb of that uncivil age, what would it work, trimmed in the gorgeous eloquence of Pindar?"—a passage often transcribed, and deserving to be transcribed again and again. Poetry spurs the lagging and inspirits the dispirited; so that if we were asked what cure we would recommend for that curious disease, once called the spleen, then the nerves, and in the present day, *ennui*, and in a more advanced stage, low spirits and hypochondria—even for the most desperate patient—we should say, dose him plentifully with this elixir. With what joy should we not watch the gradual influence of the medicine! the gradual quickening the dull currents of the blood—we should look on ourselves as Medea alive again. By our innocent sorceries another *Ægeus* might be restored from old age to youth: "Joyous and exulting youth everlastingly striving." But if it were asked—How has poetry this effect? the true answer would be, By the warm and generous sentiments with which it abounds. These thaw and soften all the coldness and rigidity which mortifications or failures impart to the feelings.

\* \* \* \* \* at *their* warning,  
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,  
The extravagant and erring spirits *hie*  
To *their* confine.

—When the bright dawn appears, all these "grim aspects," these "ugly-headed monsters" vanish into air, and the world again lies clear and calm before us.

## "RUGGED THOUGHTS" IN "RUGGED RHYME."

How swiftly glides that mountain stream  
Adown the rocky glen !  
Type of our fleeting life, among  
The busy haunts of men.

At first a rivulet it flows,  
Prattling like childhood, on ;  
Then rippling on its moss-grown bed,  
Like childhood it is gone.

A river next it meets our gaze,  
Murmuring hoarsely by ;  
Youth to manhood yields, as thus  
Life's hours transient fly.

The rocks that mar its surface smooth,  
That make it foam and bubble,  
Are but the dangers on our way,  
Throughout this world of trouble.

But where its current smoothly flows,  
Unruffled, calm, and deep ;  
It shews us where our troubles cease,  
Our fears are lulled to sleep.

For when its stream thus calmly glides,  
Its course is well-nigh done ;  
Man's earthly sorrows only end,  
When life itself is gone.

S. R. D.

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## EDITH.

## I.

HER glossy hair, the raven's wing  
Might rival in its hue ;  
Her eyes, suffused with tenderness,  
Were exquisitely blue.

## II.

It seemed as if her every word  
Was fraught with music clear ;  
Her silvery laugh, like throstle's note,  
Rang joyous on the ear.

## III.

But years roll on ; and where is she  
So bright, so gay before ?  
Why hush'd that voice ?—that pealing laugh—  
Why is it heard no more ?

## IV.

A fell disease—our island's curse,  
Consumption's cankering worm—  
With dainty eyes his victim chose,  
And fastened on her form.

## V.

Like dew-drops, which the morning sun  
Dissolves from off the spray ;  
So in the bloom of womanhood,  
Her spirit passed away.

## VI.

She sleeps in calm tranquillity  
Beneath Italia's sky :  
A simple cross denotes the spot  
Where Edith's ashes lie.

T. A. O.

## FLETCHER'S "ELDER BROTHER."

## ACT III., SCENE V.

CAN you love me? I am an heir, sweet lady,  
However I appear a poor dependant.—  
Love you with honour? I shall love so ever.  
Is your eye ambitious? I may be a great man.  
Is't wealth or lands you covet? My father must die:  
Old men are not immortal, as I take it.  
Is it you look for youth and handsomeness?  
I do confess my brother is a handsome gentleman;  
But he shall give me leave to lead the way, lady.  
Can you love for love, and make that the reward?  
The old man shall not love his heaps of gold  
With a more doting superstition,  
Than I'll love you; the young man, his delights;  
The merchant, when he ploughs the angry sea up,  
And sees the mountain-billows falling on him,  
As if all the elements, and all their angers,  
Were turned into one vow'd destruction,  
Shall not with greater joy embrace his safety.  
We'll live together like two wanton vines,  
Circling our souls and loves in one another;  
We'll spring together, and we'll bear one fruit.  
One joy shall make us smile, and one grief mourn;  
One age go with us, and one hour of death  
Shall close our eyes, and one grave make us happy.

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## IDEM GRÆCĒ REDDITUM.

Ἄρ' οὖν φιλεῖς με ; κλῆρος ἔστ' ἐμοὶ μέγας  
 ὦ φιλτάτῃ συ, κἄν ταπεινὸς ἔρχομαι  
 μνηστὴρ· αἰεὶ δε καρδίαν πεπληγμένον  
 Ἔρωτι, δεινῶς ἄθλιος μαραίνομαι ;  
 Ἄρ' οὖν φρονεῖς μέγιστα καὶ τιμὰς ; ἐγὼ  
 δοκῶν τις εἶναι καὶ τὸς ἄρξομαι ποτε  
 ἦν δ' αὖ συ γ' αἰτῆς πλούτου ἦτε χρήματα,  
 πατὴρ θανεῖται, καὶ γὰρ ὥς ἐμοὶ δοκεῖ,  
 γέρονσι πᾶσι κατθανεῖν ὀφείλεται,  
 ἀλλ' εἰ το τερπνὸν ἄνθος ἀνδάνῃ, γύναι  
 ἤβης ξύν ἀκμῇ—κύνε ἀπαρνούμαι καλὸν  
 ἀδελφόν εἶναι—τῷδε γὰρ γεραιτέρῳ  
 ἦσσω κρατεῖσθαι κοινὸς ἐν βρότοις νόμος.  
 ἀλλ' εἰ, γυναικὸς ὦ καλῆς φίλον κἄρα,  
 Ἔρωτ' ἀμείψεις, οὐδὲν ὀλβιώτερος  
 γέρον φυλάξει χρήματ', οὐδ' ἐν ἡδοναῖς  
 νέοι χαροῦσιν ἐς τόσον δ' ὅσον σε δη  
 ὑπερφιλῆσω ; ναυβάτης δε πόντια  
 εὖτ' ἂν περάσῃ νῶτα, καὶ φορούμενος  
 πόντου κρατῆται δυσχίμφῃ πλημμύριδι·  
 ὅταν δε παντῶς τοῖς πόνοις τεθραυσμένος  
 ἔλθῃ πρὸς ὄρμον, οὐ πλέον χαρᾶς ἔξει  
 φύγων θάλασσαν, ἢ τ' ἐγὼ σε, φιλτάτῃ  
 εὖτ' ἂν λάβοιμι πρὸς τὸν αἰῶνος χρόνον·  
 ἀλλ' ἔξομαι σοῦ γ' ὥσπερ ἄμπελος δρυὸς·  
 αἰεὶ δ' ἄμοχθον ζήσομεν πρὸς ἡδόνῃν  
 ἡμῶν πάρεσται τέρψις ἐκ μιᾶς φρενὸς,  
 ἄλγος θ' ὅμοιον καὶ τελέσθαιεντος βίου  
 δύνων λυθέντων, ἐν τάφῳ κεκρυμμένῳ  
 κοινῷ, γαλήνῃν ἔξομεν μακαρτάτην.

**“REPORT OF THE COMMISSION APPOINTED TO  
ENQUIRE INTO THE CONDITION—SOCIAL, MORAL,  
AND PHYSICAL—OF VARIOUS PARTS OF HER  
MAJESTY’S DOMINIONS.”**

**Haileyburg to Wit.**

Your Commissioners have enquired into the condition—social, moral, and physical—of that portion of her Majesty’s dominions, marked in the margin “Haileybury;” and are prepared to report thereon.

Your Commissioners, therefore, beg to report :—

1.—That the most interesting feature of the district in question is a College, erected by the Honorable Company of Merchants trading to the East Indies, for the inculcation of learning, virtue, and religion amongst that portion of the British youth destined hereafter (subject to certain liabilities) to control the civil government of their Oriental Possessions.

2.—That the said College was erected 40 years since at an outlay of some £90,000; and that the result, in a physical point of view, has singularly and painfully failed to realise the expectations of its sanguine projectors.

3.—That your Commissioners have learned with surprise that the architect, at the said period, was authorised to select any procurable site within twenty miles of the metropolis, and are bound to acknowledge the somewhat striking fact, that he could not possibly have chosen a locality more open to reprehension.

4.—That the traveller, on approaching the edifice, cannot but be struck by its appearance, which, though singular, is, to a certain extent, elegant. Your Commissioners, however, having, after intense difficulty, discovered the entrance to the College, found these ideas completely dissipated by the most cursory glance at the interior, which being completely devoid of elegance, has nothing but singularity to recommend it. The chief objects of interest within the walls being—I. Four grass-plats, which, varying with the state of the weather, present a surface intersected by yawning figures, of considerable dimensions, or pools of water

varying from three to six inches in depth ; involving the necessity of—II. As many gravel paths for the convenience and comfort of the passenger.—III. Two sets of pillars, apparently designed to support nothing.—IV. One iron railing, one evergreen, a weather-cock, and a time-piece, of a somewhat monotonous habit and lugubrious tone.

5.—That, from an early hour until one o'clock p.m., the striking of the said time-piece is invariably accompanied by a simultaneous commotion amongst a variety of bells in its immediate vicinity, The reason of this proceeding (except on those occasions when the students are summoned to their studies) has defied the minutest investigation and the closest enquiry. Your Commissioners, therefore, are driven to the surmise that it is an innocent amusement, designed for those whose feelings may prompt them to this species of recreation.

6.—That a somewhat painful regularity pervades the architectural arrangements ; that the interior of the institution is divided into four departments, which, in keeping with the literary tone of its inmates, are distinguished in order by the first four letters of the alphabet ; each department consisting of four passages—each passage of six rooms.

#### *Appendix to Paragraph 6.*

Your Commissioners, having heard that the arrangements of these apartments were so curious and compact as to be well worth a scrutiny, have, on several occasions, desired minuter inspection, with a view of furnishing a report thereon ; but their attempted ingress has, in every instance, been met by such abruptness and decision, both of language and demeanour, on the part of the occupant, that they have deemed it expedient, were it only with a view to their own safety, to desist from any further enquiry.

They are compelled, therefore, for a description of the general aspect of this department, to refer to Schedule No. 3 of the Report already laid before your Honorable Board, relative to the Knightsbridge Barracks and the Penitentiary at Millbank.

7.—That the remarkable appearance of what is usually termed the "Level line" engaged the attention of your Commissioners.

Instead of running, as is invariably the case elsewhere, parallel with, and at an uniform distance from, the surface of the earth—it here pursues a most eccentric course. Occasionally disappearing entirely underground, it subsequently suddenly reappears, and running in an angular slant upwards, attains a considerable altitude, till it is again lost to the eye of the observer.

8.—That this variation, painful as it must necessarily be to the view, is no less practically disastrous to the limbs of the pedestrian. The entrances to the several departments of the institution are placed at different degrees of elevation, and the descent from the grass plats to the adjoining paths, alluded to in Paragraph 4, is attended with similar risk and peril.

*Appendix to Paragraph 8.*

Your Commissioners beg leave to express their censure of this unusual defect, and to convey to your Honorable Board their regret that it has been the cause of depriving them of the valuable aid of their Assistant. Unaware of the undulating nature of the building, and having effected his exit from department "A" in safety, he was thrown violently down the precipitous decline, by which the descent from department "B" can alone be undertaken, and a dislocation has entirely precluded any further exertions on his part. Your Commissioners have, in the prosecution of their enquiries, been informed of frequent casualties amongst those students, who, having only recently entered College, laboured under the same inexperience which led to the disastrous catastrophe already described as having befallen Assistant Stobbs.

9.—In reply to the question of your Honorable Board, relative to the lighting of the College, and in answer to the suggestion conveyed, that the Authorities of the Institution should take advantage of the introduction of Gas into a neighbouring village, your Commissioners beg to report that—A series of globes, bucket-shaped, and of the most primeval description, are attached to the walls of the building. Your Commissioners had an opportunity of observing these globes, when lighted. The only effect visible was a ghastly halo, which they disseminated to the space of three feet around themselves, without contributing, in the slightest degree, to the illumination of the College in general. Your Com-

missioners, therefore, would venture to suggest the propriety of adopting the proposal of your Honorable Board. The illumination of the passages alluded to, is even more imperfect, being carried out by a tin pan, containing a wick and a small allowance of oil. After burning vigorously for a short period, during daylight, these lamps are described as voluntarily extinguishing themselves, just before sunset.

10.—That, by the courtesy of a noted professor, your Commissioners were favoured with a view of the Library, Lecture-rooms, Chapel, &c., &c., as well as the surrounding grounds. Beyond the simple remark—that, like the rest of the College, use, rather than elegance, seems to have been the design of the architect—any further notice appears to be superfluous.

11.—That your Commissioners, having noticed the chief features of PHYSICAL interest, must forego their original plan, and defer (in consequence of the accident which has incapacitated Assistant Stobbs) till a future period their Report of the SOCIAL and MORAL condition of the locality in question.

(Signed)      HOBBS, }  
                 DOBBS, } COMMISSIONERS.

The Report of the Commission, on the SOCIAL and MORAL Condition of the College, will be continued on the recovery of Assistant Stobbs.

### THE IDEAL.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.)

And wilt thou leave me, faithless? wilt thou go?  
Must these delightful fancies melt away?  
The dreamy thoughts that pained, yet pleased me, so—  
Can naught avail thy ruthless flight to stay?—  
Oh! pause an instant in thy rapid course,  
Thou that wert once a golden age to me,  
Vain—vain:—thy waves with unabated force  
Haste to the ocean of Futurity.

All dimly shine the suns, which, sparkling bright,  
Illumed the path that youth's gay fancies drest ;  
My youth has fled, th' Ideal's fading light  
No more has power to soothe my swelling breast.  
My faith in Man is gone, with all its joys,  
The joys that sprang from sweet credulity ;  
The Real with stern unfeeling hand destroys  
What once so fair, so godlike, seemed to be.

As erst Pygmalion, with unceasing prayer,  
Before the sculptured marble fondly bowed,  
And clasped the cold insensate stone, till there  
The light of life in those pale features glowed :  
E'en so, ere youth had fled, with loving arm,  
Fair Nature's form erst while I dared to press,  
Until she breathed, until she 'gan to warm  
To life, responsive to my fond caress.

Sharing the fiery impulse of my brain,  
A voice unwonted, silent Nature found ;  
My kiss of love she gave me back again,  
And answered to my spirit's whispered sound.  
Instinct with life, each tree, each flow'et glowed,  
The waters poured a silvery melody,  
For e'en the lifeless animation showed,  
An echo of the life that was in me.

Swelling the narrow circle of my breast,  
Th' o'erpowering longing struggled furiously  
To step out boldly into life, and test  
The world, its semblance and reality.  
How great, how glorious did the world appear,  
While yet the bud its blossom kept concealed ;  
How small, alas ! how scanty and how drear,  
Soon as th' unfolding leaves the truth revealed.

How soared the youth in early life's career,  
In the bright visions of his fancy blest,



His buoyant spirit yet unstained by fear,  
No sense of evil weighing on his breast ;  
Up to the palest stars that deck the sky  
His fancy bore him, waking dreams of light ;  
Naught was so distant placed, and naught so high,  
That could elude his soul's aspiring flight.

Each thought too heavy for his joyous heart,  
Each sombre care how light aside he threw !  
Ere in life's sorrows he had borne his part,  
How light he sported 'midst that jovial crew !  
Love—with the sweet rewards she wont to bear,  
Fortune—propitious with her golden crown,  
Fame—with her starry diadem was there,  
And Truth in all her sunny radiance shone.

Alas ! his journey had but scarce begun  
When all his fair companions left his side ;  
Lonely they left him, straying one by one  
Far from the footsteps they had sworn to guide.  
Deserted first by Fortune's fickle power,  
His spirit's ardent longings unallayed,  
The gloomy storms of doubt began to lower  
In skies which Truth had once resplendent made.

And soon bright Glory's consecrated crown,  
Encircling base unworthy brows, I saw ;  
And all too soon my passing spring was flown,  
And youthful Love's too transient reign was o'er.  
While darker yet, and yet more desolate,  
Appeared the weary journey's roughening way ;  
E'en Hope, to cheer the hapless wanderer's fate,  
Scarce pierced the darkness with one glimm'ring ray.

Who was 't of all that thronging company  
Who dared alone the world's assaults to brave ?  
Who still continued to encourage me,  
And followed even to the silent grave ?

"T was thou, sweet Friendship's sympathising hand,  
"T was thou, whose kindness healed my every wound ;  
Thou gavest me strength my sorrows to withstand,  
Thou, whom betimes I sought, and early found.

And thou, who, willing, didst thine aid unite  
The tempest of my troubled soul to foil,  
Thou, Occupation ! whose unwearying might  
Upbore me still, all ceaseless tho' thy toil.  
Though, in the fabric of Eternity,  
One grain of sand thou hast scant power to lay,  
Yet from the debt of Time, by slow degree,  
Minutes and days and years thou strik'st away.

C.

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#### " DESPERATUS" IN SEARCH OF A SUBJECT.

" Well ! here's a precious fix ! How could I have been such a fool as to promise to write for the *Observer* ?" were the reflections with which I sat down to knock off an article, upon being informed by an Editor that he should call upon me for the promised contribution in about three hours' time. Nevertheless, being a man of my word, I determined upon effecting something, and having for that purpose collected a vast amount of paper, pens, &c., began to ruminate by way of finding some suitable subject.

Here, then, began my difficulties, in a quarter whence I least expected them to appear ; it never having struck me till that moment, that finding the subject was half the battle. I looked at the fire, in hopes of extracting some bright idea from its dazzling flame, and had almost determined on composing " A Vision," when I remembered that nearly every one who was hard-up for a beginning fell asleep in his comfortable arm-chair, and saw something wonderful ; I, therefore, rejected the idea as unworthy a person of my genius. I then turned me to my candles, and after eyeing them steadily for some time, came to the determination that they wanted snuffing. I next had recourse to my pictures ; but, having satisfied myself that they were hung perfectly straight,

I found I could derive no further information from them. I therefore rose from my seat, and proceeding to my window, ran my eye all round Quad., resting it for a second or two at different quarters, in a vain endeavour to extract some idea from it or its occupants. But, alas ! the Quad. was looking cold and formal, and, like my imagination at the time, very empty. My eye falling on the Beaks, I thought I had at length discovered a subject which would give full play to my sarcastic powers ; but, then again, just as I had mended my pen, and dipped it in the ink, it struck me that this, like all the other ideas engendered in my brain by a contemplation of the Quad., savoured most especially of "Shop," and would not be particularly new and enlivening to my readers.

At length, thoroughly tired with my endeavours to draw up by the roots, as it were, some very far-fetched notion—finding that everything that could be written about College had been written, I determined not to let myself be cramped any longer by the diminutive area of the place ; and so taking up my hat, I rushed almost frantic out of College, fully convinced that I should easily discover in the world without what the world within was unable to afford.

I suddenly found myself walking rapidly towards the little village of Hailey, and pulling up, I turned and gazed on the scene below, hoping to catch a glance of something in the external aspect of the country, which would enable me to fix on some definite subject. But what was my astonishment—aye, I may even say dismay—at finding that the very vastness of the world without bewildered, as much as the smallness of the world within cramped and shackled, my ideas.

It was a beautiful evening, and as my eyes ran over the extensive horizon before me, Nature herself seemed to breathe poetry, and I instantly commenced a poetical effusion on the beautiful aspect of Nature, as, clothed in her autumn tinge, and lighted up by the brilliant rays of the setting sun, she seemed to be giving one last sad farewell smile on the retiring summer, preparatory to assuming a cold, stern aspect, wherewith to keep at as great a distance as possible the approaching

winter. But, after accomplishing several very elegant stanzas, it occurred to me that it would look very grand to mention that the leaves were "sere;" but the only rhyme that I could think of was "beer;" and this was such a very sad finale for what was so sublime at the commencement, that I felt it would be absurd to keep to that subject any longer; and I also remembered that Burns had done more than ever I could hope to do for Johnny Barleycorn.

Curious as it may seem, it is a remarkable fact that the word "beer" led my mind away from the beauties of nature, into quite a different train of thought. There arose before my eye, beer-shops innumerable, and breweries without number, and I commenced a dissertation on the nature of malt, and the expediency of a tax on that article. I moreover had some thoughts of including hops, when I remembered that they had totally failed this year, and as it seemed most probable that I should do the same, I thought it best to defer an enquiry into the state of that vegetable till a more favourable opportunity.

Just at this moment, my eye caught sight of the Lee, wandering calmly along through the valley beneath, and, following its course in my mind, I eventually arrived at London, where the bustle and confusion so dinned me, that I was glad to have recourse to the rail to escape from its noise.

When once upon the rail, I thought I had at last obtained what I was so anxious to discover.—Here was an extensive field for composition.—Railway travels, railway accidents, railway anecdotes—all seemed to contain a fund of amusement, which, unfortunately, however, I felt unable to afford. Then why should I not enlarge on a steam-engine, which was already large enough? Why should I not?—my thoughts were here turned by arriving at Cambridge, and here again I thought I should be able to find something to write upon; but alas! a college is but a college, and consequently anything in that line would bring me too near home, from which the thoughts of the enraged Editor effectually contrived to drive me.

I consequently continued my journey to Ely, and seeing the

cathedral, I thought of writing on Architecture, and its rise, progress, and fall, as illustrated by the noble edifice before my view. But the screeching whistle of the departing train effectually drove all love of the Fine Arts out of my fatigued and harassed mind. So weary was I, that I entirely passed by Norwich as unworthy of notice, and arriving at Yarmouth was glad enough to plunge myself into the sea, in the vain hope of extracting some valuable curiosity from the depths of the briny ocean.

But no! the sea was too deep, the land was too extensive, the air was too light, the mineral world was too heavy, the animal world was too intricate, the College itself was too contracted! At length, disappointed and perplexed, I returned to my apartment—looking at my clock, I found that it wanted but one short half-hour to the appointed time, and so giving up all hope of finding any more suitable idea, I determined to relate these my difficulties in “search of a subject.”

DESPERATUS.

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### THE COUNTY BALL.

How beautiful is Night ! how bright  
The calm Earth sleeps in silvery light !  
While, in mid-heav'n, the moonbeams sleep  
In placid radiance, cold and fair—  
The earth, and sky, and sea, and air,  
The realms of silence, and of sleep.

But stop—what is all this, I wonder ?  
I fear my Muse has made a blunder,—  
What has she got to do with night ?  
Or what care I for clear moonlight,  
That I should spill my ink upon it  
In something very like a sonnet ?  
For not to-night on sleeping scene  
Pours down the moon her tranquil sheen ;

For not to-night to Heathen Deities,  
To Phœbus, Cynthia, and all these,  
I pay my vows—to earthly goddesses  
I turn my rhymes, and my addresses.

Avaunt ! grim care ! black melancholy !  
This night, Love—Pride—Ambition—Folly—  
Have decked with all their tinsel treasure,  
And summoned all their train afar  
To thrust the victim 'neath the car  
Of that great Juggernaut, called Pleasure.  
And now, high festival to hold,  
From far and near—the young—the old,  
The grave, the gallant, gay, and fair,  
(For courtesy owns none other there),  
The —shire people, one and all,  
From park, and house, and court, and hall,  
Are thronging to the “ County Ball.”

Excuse me—if I here digress  
A moment; but I must confess  
I never yet could understand  
Why even Fashion's high command  
Can hold such iron rule 'mong men,  
That balls should never be till ten.  
Oh ! what a bore it is, that dressing—  
Shaving—tying—combing—brushing,  
To pay your court in misery  
To Momus and Terpsichore,  
When Morpheus (if you 're of my mind)  
Would be more welcome and more kind.  
To go and dance all sleep away—  
To be blue-devilled all next day—  
To flatter with the right grimace—  
To hear grave dulness—and to praise—  
To backbite with old dowagers—  
To dance with all the six Miss R——s

To dance with boots that burn the while  
 Like shirt of Nessus—and to smile  
 When your pet corn is trod upon  
 By some one over fourteen stone.

Pray pardon, Reader, all this passion  
 (I cannot help it) against Fashion :  
 It's useless, though—it's not for me  
 To overthrow the powers that be ;  
 She's got the rod—and we can't steal it,  
 So, peace ! or she may make us feel it.

But hark ! the trombone, fiddle, drum—  
 The tread of feet—the laughing hum  
 Of many voices—and the light  
 That gleams across the shadowy night :  
 The linkboys slowly dropping off—  
 The coachmen drinking “ half and half : ”  
 All, all announce the prologue done—  
 The curtain drawn—the ball begun :—  
 So—Stranger, if thou 'lt follow now,  
 We 'll mark the puppets and the show.

See ! first, with studied smile and grace,  
 Politeness stamped on all his face,  
 Bowing to all and each, comes on  
 Our County Member—sleek Sir John :  
 “ Ah, Lady G— ! indeed, I feared  
 That we had lost you quite. I heard  
 That Paris would far rather see  
 Its freedom gone than Lady G—.  
 My dear Lord Charles, how is 't with you ?  
 Not seen you for an age. Ah ! true—  
 I quite forgot—you've been abroad.  
 Well ! I'm no flatterer, my lord,  
 But India, really, since I knew you,  
 Has been Medea's cauldron to you.  
 I was a scholar once you see.

What! Dr. Smith!—it cannot be—  
 I almost thought I must be wrong.  
 Upon my word you look so young;  
 How does my worthy Galen do?  
 Indeed! so well? I envy you.  
 Ah, doctor! since you've been away  
 Poor Death has had no holiday."

See, next, with gliding step and slow,  
 Moves by the graceful Julio!  
 So young, yet versed in every art,  
 To trap and snare the fickle heart;  
 Or, with untiring zeal and skill,  
 To weld and bend the stubborn will;  
 Satire to point with cutting grace—  
 To utter it with smiling face;  
 To pay the welcome compliment—  
 To look complaisance—smile dissent—  
 To be all life, and joy, and fun—  
 To feign a heart where heart is none—  
 To face a foe—to forge a lie—  
 And all with such effrontery,  
 Such falsehood, yet such calmness too,  
 You'd think his virtues what they seem;  
 And honesty, a moment deem  
 Herself a jade—and Julio true.

See, see the next: with swaggering gait,  
 With full moustache, and empty pate,  
 Comes Captain Bruff, our county hero;  
 Boasting—blood-heat: and valour—zero.  
 Hark to his tongue! how loud it runs  
 On drums, and pikes, and swords, and guns—  
 On conquered towns—and ladies too—  
 On bullets—and on *billets-doux*.  
 Ah! who so bold (in talk) as he,  
 The Captain of our Yeomanry!



So padded with thick vanity,  
 Which serves, " like feather-bed 'twixt wall,  
 And heavy brunt of cannon-ball,"  
 To dull his ear 'gainst certain cool  
 Hints, and remarks, and ridicule,  
 Which should have roused this British Lion,  
 And armed his paw with lead or iron.  
 Well, let him pass—a man of might  
 To lie, swear, gamble—all, but fight.

Turn we to yonder solemn knot  
 Around the hearth, where fire is not ;  
 Look how they stand in order grim,  
 Their neckcloths starched, their features prim ;  
 Each fumbling with " gibus " in hand,  
 Each puzzled how he ought to stand ;  
 Afraid to smile, or speak, or feel,  
 Lest Madam dub it " ungenteel."  
 And should you wonder, Stranger, then,  
 What is this awkward group forlorn :  
 These are our country's eldest-born—  
 These are our country gentlemen.  
 Perchance they 'll speak at last : Draw near,  
 And catch the words of wisdom here :

The ice is broke—the charm is snapt,  
 That held them in stiff silence wrapt.  
 All eager now, and loud, descant  
 On tithes, assizes, turnpikes, rent ;  
 Then parish matters, railroads too,  
 And poor-rates pass in dull review,  
 While three apart, in conclave high,  
 Discuss the nation's policy,  
 And Europe's fate ; in learned way,  
 Talking the "*Times*" of yesterday.

(*To be continued.*)

## THE LAST OF HIS TERM.

## I.

You must wake and call me early, call me early, Beak, d'ye hear ?  
To-morrow I must harder read than I've read for many a year ;  
So mind you call me early, and, watchman, light my fire,  
For I'm the last of my Term, watchman, and I've sworn that I'll  
be higher.

## II.

There's many an idle man, they say, but none so bad as me,  
That I am worst in College, the Professors all agree ;  
But their taunts and harsh revilings have roused my latent ire,  
And tho' I'm now the last, watchman, I've sworn that I'll be  
higher.

## III.

I sleep so sound all night, watchman, that I shall never wake,  
Yet I must be up and working, ere the day begins to break ;  
And I must get anals. and notes ; and read, to please my sire,  
For I'm the last of my Term, watchman, and I've sworn that I'll  
be higher.

## IV.

As I came up the Quad. just now, whom think you I should see ?  
But Jones with impositions, sent expressly out for me ;  
He told me that he brought me lines enough to fill a quire,  
So mind and call me, watchman, if you wish me to be higher.

## V.

He must have thought me mad, watchman, I was in such a  
fright,  
That I hurried by him breathless, and soon was out of sight.  
They say it 's nonsense cutting him—I know what they desire,  
So mind and call me, watchman, for I've sworn that I'll be  
higher.

## VI.

They say he means but kindly,—but that can never be ;  
They say he wishes not to harm,—yet what is that to me ?  
He brings me, daily, lines enough, and impositions dire,  
Then call me early, watchman, for I've sworn that I'll be higher.

## VII.

My parents will be present there, and watch with glistening eyes,  
 And you'll be there too, watchman, to see me take the prize;  
 My uncle the Director, too, who writes oft to desire,  
 That I should work both day and night, and strive to be much  
 higher.

## VIII.

My work has been neglected, for many a month and day,  
 And on my cupboard's shelves, there lie the note-books all astray;  
 My Sanskrit, too, and Persian, seem in earnest to conspire,  
 To make me lower in my Term, and yet I *must* be higher.

## IX.

The snow-flakes fall around me, I see them on the grass,  
 The night storm patters wildly, too, against my window glass;  
 But snug, surrounded by my books, drawn close up to the fire,  
 I'll work, regardless of the cold;—for, indeed, I must be higher.

## X.

All the tables, watchman, will be bright and green and gay,  
 With prizes strewed upon their boards, in shining gilt array;  
 The plaudits, too, of multitudes will please my happy sire,  
 For I'm the last of my Term, watchman, and *then* I shall be higher.

## XI.

So you must wake and call me early,—call me early, Beak, d'ye hear?  
 To-morrow I must harder read, than I've read for many a year;  
 So mind you call me early, and take care to light my fire,  
 For I'm the last of my Term, watchman, and I've sworn that I'll  
 be higher.

E. I. COLLEGE, Nov. 3rd, 1849.

MR. EDITOR,—Deeply impressed with my responsibility, bound,  
 as a member of the College, to do my utmost to uphold the high  
 renown of the *Observer*, I sat me down, the other day, to write  
 the article which was to cover me with glory, and to be handed

down as a model to admiring posterity. The following is a faithful account of my proceedings on the occasion :—

Oct. 27th.—Ten o'clock P.M.—Locked my door, resolved to write furiously till two.

Half-past ten.—Mended my pen. A glass of sherry and water.

Eleven o'clock.—Slept.

Half-past eleven.—Awoke by "Alone."

Twelve o'clock.—Spilt my ink. Put coals on the fire.

Half-past twelve.—Scribbled my name with various flourishes.

One o'clock.—Wrote two sonnets and half an epigram.

Half-past one.—Read them over.

Two o'clock.—Burnt them.

With many apologies for not being able to offer you the article I had planned, and chagrined at my want of success, which I am convinced must have been owing to the unpropitious state of the weather at the time,

I remain, yours, &c.,

B.

#### GENTLE READERS,

As this is the last number of one of the portions of the *Observer*, it becomes us to make a few remarks on (who doubts it) so solemn an occasion. There are, we can all see, a great many times in life when we have to give utterance to this sad "Farewell!"

Who can forget the anguish of the first adieu, uttered as it was by the fond mother relinquishing her boy to the tender mercies of some grim old pedagogue, re-echoed also feelingly for the time, by the urchin himself?—though we suspect, dear friends, that our anguish at such seasons is soon assuaged by the delicacies which good Mrs. All-Keys, the provident housekeeper, has supplied us with; or in the ginger-beer of the tart-woman, purchased by the bright new half-guinea bestowed on us by Uncle Bob.

Then, again, when you are about to leave school, who can forget the friendly manner with which the warm-hearted Doctor calls you into his study?—which, alas! has so frequently been visited with far less agreeable anticipations—and presents you with a handsomely-bound octavo, which you subsequently find to be a volume of the Doctor's Sermons; and farther, that he has kindly enhanced the value of the gift by an autograph :—

Joanni Brown,  
discipulo suo,  
D.D.,

Themistocles Grinder, S.T.P. ;

—and you in return present Mrs. Grinder with a pair of elegant candlesticks, and also with an ornamental eight-day clock, warranted to chime the quarters.

So much for what we have all experienced. In the present instance, however, our farewell is deprived of much of its sadness; for, although it is with feelings of regret that we relinquish the post which you have entrusted to us, yet it is with the utmost pride and satisfaction that we view the results of this Term's labours. For some time past a lethargic apathy had spread its baneful influence over the inmates of the College. With sluggish indifference they viewed Term after Term draw to a close, in the course of which not a single *Observer* appeared. The last short Term following the steps of the one that preceded it was signalized, or rather stigmatized, by having produced no *Observer* at all; and the result of the two last years displays the meagre account of three numbers. At length, however, the College has awoken from the apathy which lately enthralled it—the dark mists of night are rolling swiftly away, and we hail with joy the auspicious dawn of a golden age. The good work has been begun—the taste for literature has revived; and we may hope that the *Observer* may again attain the place she held in those her palmy days, when Cust, Seton-Karr, and many a one besides, contributed to raise her to the pinnacle of renown. We solicited your aid—most nobly did you respond to the call; contributions have poured in upon us from every side, and we have now much pleasure in submitting

to you the Third number of the Term. For the assistance which you have thus afforded us permit us to offer you our sincere and heartfelt thanks ; first, in our own name, for the efficient manner in which you lightened our labour and encouraged our efforts ; next, in the name of the College, for the fund of entertaining and instructive matter with which you have supplied it, and at the same time to congratulate you on the excellent manner in which you have employed your leisure time.

But, take it not amiss, fellow-students, should my zeal for the *Observer* prompt me to offer you a few words of exhortation, amidst the thanks and congratulations which you have so justly merited. We leave our charge in your hands ; continue in the good course thus happily begun ; suffer not the *Observer* again to languish into the lethargy which has too long paralyzed it, and from which, we would hope, it is at length quite aroused. You have before you a glorious task. Sustain—nay, rather increase—the fame which was its meed in the days of old. Let it not be said that you are degenerate and unworthy successors of those who have preceded you in the glorious strife. Arm yourselves for the conflict ; and may the *Observer*, like the Phoenix of old, rise with renewed vigour from its ashes, and enter upon a long and prosperous career.

And now, farewell ! The examinations are approaching. May final emancipation reward those who, for two long years, have patiently courted the Oriental Muse ; but, whether this courtship is to be prolonged, or whether you go to swell in distant lands the number of those who look back with fond affection on the *Observer*, to each and all, cordially and thankfully, we bid a last “ Farewell.”

THE  
HAILEYBURY OBSERVER.

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READING MAKETH A FULL MAN, CONFERENCE A READY MAN, WRITING AN  
ACCURATE MAN.—BACON.

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FEBRUARY 13, 1850.

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TALE OF A CONVENT.

In the summer of 184—, an adventure befel me, the description of which, perhaps, will not prove uninteresting to your readers. I had been staying for some weeks at Paris, and according to the general custom of Englishmen, had quite wearied myself in attempting to view all the “lions” of that gay and beautiful city in an incredibly short space of time. The weather being very oppressive, I was as *ennuyé* as any man of fashion could desire to appear, when an offer was made to me, which I gladly accepted, of seeing the interior of the largest convent in Paris, the Convent des Oiseaux.\* This was an oppor-

\* The convent is so called, because it formerly was the mansion of a rather eccentric pair of individuals—husband and wife. The former had an ungovernable penchant for *shoes* / with which he filled every apartment, and hence it was called “La Maison des Souliers.” The grey mare being the better horse, and her taste being for birds, she expelled the shoes, and installed her feathered favourites in their place. When the worthy couple departed this life the house was made a convent, and retained the name of “Le Couvent des Oiseaux.”

tunity which seldom falls to the lot of an Englishman, and a doubt arose in my mind whether a heretic would be admitted within its walls. But this doubt was soon removed by my kind friend, an English lady, whose two daughters were being educated there; this system is, I believe, very general in the French convents, and the Convent des Oiseaux educated nearly a hundred young ladies of the first families in Paris. On certain days the relations of these young ladies are admitted to see them, and my friend Mrs. Aubrey proposed taking me in as the cousin of her two daughters. I was delighted, but rather startled, at the idea of saluting, at first sight, in the warmest manner, two young ladies, to whom I was a perfect stranger; for although I knew Mrs. Aubrey and her eldest daughter very well, I had never seen her two youngest in my life. However, on the appointed day, we set off, and soon entered the gloomy portals of the convent. All seemed so cold, miserable, and silent, that I inwardly cursed the folly that had consigned above a hundred of those fair beings, created to gladden man's heart, to such a desolate abode. On entering, however, I was much surprised at the beauty of the interior, and the gaiety that everywhere prevailed. We were ushered into a long saloon, where a large body of connections and friends were assembled, *all* seemingly engaged in kissing and embracing the young ladies to whom they were severally related. Here was a situation for a modest youth! And when Mrs. Aubrey laughingly informed me that, for the sake of appearances, she would allow me to do as others did, my heart sank within me, and I was, to use a vulgar phrase—struck all of a heap. I had calculated on a cordial grasp of the hand, and had been concocting some affectionate speeches to rattle off to my fair cousins, but I had *never* reckoned upon *KISSING*!! I sat for some minutes in a state of the most feverish anxiety, the eldest Miss Aubrey evidently enjoying my embarrassment, when the door opened, and in walked a most beautiful girl about seventeen, whose features there was no mistaking; she ran up to Mrs. Aubrey and affectionately embraced her, the same to her eldest sister, and then—she approached me with a heightened colour



and a roguish sparkle dancing in her eyes—and I!—first wished myself at the devil—the re-action from that state was an insane desire to scream with laughter, which I nearly choked myself in attempting to repress. However, I did the dreadful deed—I kissed her and her sister. I then stammered out some absurd nonsense, which excessively amused my new cousins, and my confusion was increased by observing a hideous old nun stedfastly regarding us;—this, I learnt, was the custom: a nun sat near every group to see that the greeting between gentlemen cousins and lady boarders was not of too warm a character. I presently recovered my equanimity, and was conversing with my cousins, when I saw the tall and graceful form of one of the professed nuns sweep past us, and disappear among the throng. The brief glimpse I obtained of her features struck me most forcibly; they were not those so common among French women, they were regular and most exquisitely formed, of a pale Madonna-like cast; but that which so attracted my attention was the expression of deep sorrow and anguish strongly depicted upon her countenance, together with a vacant and almost maniacal glare of her lustrous eyes. I immediately enquired who she was. Mrs. Aubrey replied that she did not know her history, but she believed it was one of those sad ones too often connected with young and beautiful nuns.

The conversation turned upon other matters, but I could not efface from my recollection the features of that lovely sister, who I felt certain had not taken the vows by her own will and inclination. We afterwards adjourned to the chapel to hear the vesper service; and here, I trust, my readers will pardon me if I give a brief description of the scene, one of the most striking that I ever beheld in my life. The chapel was a fine specimen of Gothic architecture; on each side of the aisle was a row of massive pillars, behind one of which I was stationed. After hearing the deep basses of the priests and choristers in the different cathedrals, two hundred women's voices alone sounded both novel and pleasing. As the mellow tones of the organ rolled along the vaulted roof, and the rich light of the evening sun, pouring through

the stained windows, cast a glorious halo round the forms of the novices clad in their white veils, and upon the nuns' more sombre drapery, the effect was most imposing. I felt an ecstatic thrill at my heart, and I could then well imagine how many ardent imaginations might be led astray by the magnificent ceremonies of the Romish Church.

I was leaning against a pillar, occupied with such thoughts as these, when the service ended, and the nuns swept slowly past me on their way out of chapel. Casting up my eyes, I saw again the sister who had so painfully excited my interest in the morning. I hurried, and determined to gain some information about her. I met Mrs. Aubrey, and she introduced me to an old nun, who most obligingly offered to shew me over the convent garden, a favour seldom granted to strangers. I went with her, thinking how I could best introduce the subject about which I wished to be informed, when we came to the entrance of a grotto, where my companion devoutly crossed herself. I entered inadvertently with my hat on, but instantly removed it, on perceiving that I was within a most beautiful little chapel. The altar, though very small, was of the most chaste and exquisite workmanship, being constructed of white alabaster; and on it were three figures of the same material, namely, the Madonna in the arms of two angels; there was no other ornament except the gold candlesticks and crucifix, which showed well against the pure white marble. A hidden orifice, above the altar, let in the light, which streamed in a rich flood upon the figures of two novices and a professed nun who were kneeling there. The nun soon rose and passed close by us as she left the grotto. I instantly recognised the beautiful sister, and begged my conductors to relate to me her history, which was as follows, not an uncommon one both in romance and in reality:—She was the daughter of the Vicomte de F——, and, according to the unnatural practice which is too frequent in France, she was betrothed by her father, without her knowledge or consent, to a man of rank, conspicuous both for his wealth and his vices. Before this, Adalie de F. had fixed her affections, almost unknown to herself, upon a young officer in the line, a

man of good family, but, alas! very *poor*. When told to prepare for her marriage with the man of her father's choice, she resolutely refused, and avowed her reasons for so doing. The Vicomte was furious; by his influence, her lover was sent to a distant garrison, and she was offered the alternative of taking the veil, or being united to the object of her abhorrence. In her frenzy she accepted the former, and the convent gates closed upon one of the fairest flowers that sunny France had ever given birth to.

I thanked the old nun for her information, and quitted the convent. Some weeks afterwards I happened to be strolling near the same place, when I heard the deep boom of the convent bell announcing that the soul of one of its inmates was passing from its earthly tenement. The story I had heard returned vividly to my recollection, and I eagerly asked of a passer-by if he knew for whom the bell was being tolled; he replied that it was for one of the sisterhood, but he knew not the name. I hastened to Mrs. Aubrey, and from her I learnt that the broken spirit of the gentle Adalie had indeed departed.

Y. L.

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### THE CIVILIAN'S DREAM.

#### A PARODY.

The gun-fire was o'er as the day-light expired,  
'Twas the time when fast spirits are bent on a sky,  
And thousands had gone to their beds very tired,  
Intending to sleep—or resolving to try.

When reposing that night on my pillow of down,  
In the musquitoe curtains that guarded in vain,  
I dreamt of the times I had worn cap and gown,  
And regretfully wished I could wear them again.

Methought—from Kutcherry's tribunal array,  
Far, far, I had sail'd in a vessel of steam,  
And tremendously sick I felt on the way  
To the East India College, I saw in my dream.

I flew to the quad. I had traversed so oft  
While going to Lectures, to Chapel, or Hall,  
I heard a strange party hallooing aloft,  
I knew not the voice, tho' I answered the call.

Then pledged we the pewters, and loudly I swore  
From my passage, and letter C, never to part;  
My Bedmaker thanked me a thousand times o'er,  
And my Boots sobbed aloud in his fulness of heart.

Stay—stay yet a term—do not leave us forlorn;  
And fain was their liver-dried master to stay:  
But Simla return'd with my very first yawn,  
And before I could see them they vanished away.

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### VACATION RAMBLES.

MY DEAR OBSERVER,

FINDING myself at Beaumaris one fine day last summer, it struck me that I was but a few hours' journey from the Emerald Isle. Turning over this fact in my mind, I resolved at last to take a peep at Ould Erin. I had but ten days before me, and consequently no time to lose. I made up my mind to start the next morning, come fair weather or foul! But ere I retired to rest, the clouds had begun to gather, and, in less than no time, the rain to pour, as I have seldom before seen it pour. "The fates are against me," I exclaimed, as I vainly endeavoured to court the sleepy god. At last the deity came to my aid, and for awhile I was lost to all that was going on in the external world. For all this my rest was not undisturbed; at one time I dreamt that I was in Donnybrook-fair, and falling beneath the shillelagh of an enraged Paddy. At another time I fancied myself face to face with a real banshee, howling and wailing with a cry something between a squalling infant and a dog baying at the moon. These visions of the night, with many others that passed before me, were all put an end to by the apparition of a real personage—

the Boots, who quietly informed me that unless I wished to lose the steamer, I had better get up, as it was very nearly four o'clock, and that I was not a minute too early. Being at all times on the best of terms with my pillow and counterpane, I felt some compunction in having to break off my acquaintance with them so abruptly. "*Tempus fugit*," says the proverb, which occurring to my mind most opportunely at the moment, I prepared to get ready for my travels. How agreeable was my surprise to find that the morning was clear. The horizon was, however, darkened by a few clouds; these were speedily chased away by the wind, which had not yet lulled. After dispatching a hasty breakfast, I made my way to Clanfair, whence a train brought me to Holyhead. Here, in company with many others, I went on board the Mail packet. The steam being up, no sooner were the mail bags on board, when the hawsers were let go, and we were steaming out of the harbour. As we cleared the harbour the difference between the open sea and that we just left became painfully apparent to very many on board. Of these some retired to their births and there lay curled up, like torpid bees in winter, —the only difference being that the latter in their dens never make the unearthly noises of their human types in their berths. Some who had a liking for the fresh air remained on deck, and these amused themselves with either counting the waves, or "casting up their accounts." What pleasure can there be to persons in making a sea voyage? They can have no delight in watching the crested waves break and divide as the vessel rides over it triumphantly in its course; nor can they view with any feelings of pleasure, the sea-gull take his flight, now dipping into the wave itself, now skimming over its crest, as it breaks into foam. To those, however, who are not affected by the motion of sea-going vessels, it ought to be a subject of thankfulness that they can share the pleasures of the deep, and acknowledge the goodness of that Supreme Being who has rendered so unruly an element as the ocean subservient to his creature man. And thus, I am thankful to say, I was enabled to perform a voyage for once, whilst so many others were incapacitated. I could

well imagine and picture to myself the delight of the mariner as he ploughs the watery main, who

can joy in every change,  
Oh ! who can tell ? Not thou, luxurious slave !  
Whose bosom sickens o'er the heaving wave :—  
\* \* \* \*

Oh who can tell, save he whose heart hath tried,  
And danced in triumph o'er the waters wild.

After being under steam for about four hours, the coast of Ireland burst upon our view ; and as we neared its shores the mist that hung heavily upon the horizon was dispelled by the sun, and the Bay of Dublin was exposed to our gaze, in all its beauty. On the right was the hill of Howth, with its white houses glistening in the sun. Far in the midst was Dublin ; towards the left, but shortly distant from Dublin, was the port of our destination—Kingstown ; whilst on our extreme left, somewhat inland, the Wicklow Hills reared their form far above the neighbouring county. It certainly is one of the finest bays, perhaps the finest, in the United Kingdom, but hardly to be compared with that of Naples. A clear sky was above our heads, but not the bright beauteous blue of Italy ; the sea sparkled in the sun, but it was not the deep blue sea that washes the foot of Vesuvius or Ætna. No !—it was a curious fact that as we neared the “Emerald Isle,” the water assumed a “*greenish*” hue. Readers may stare, but I can assure them such was the fact ; but the cause of it I must leave persons more scientific and more skilled in natural philosophy, to solve.

Thus, after a pleasant voyage of five hours, the steamer made her way amongst the variety of craft that were moored in Kingstown Harbour, and in a few short minutes was herself moored alongside the quay. How thankful was the look of many as they emerged from their cabins like so many ghosts from their graves. All was hurry-scurry. Now might be seen some portly dame rushing after a porter who was carrying her best yellow Sunday bonnet. She is getting up to the man to demand restitution of her property, when, on the other side of the deck, another equally obliging porter is spied by her in the

act of bolting with her *sac de nuit*. She stops him at the gangway: "Faith! isn't the lady going a-shore!" "Yes, of course I am, but give me"— "Then devil-a-bit shall any one but myself be taking this ashore." So away he goes; and in a minute is back again informing her that all her luggage is together. "Oh! I am so much obliged." "This way, Ma'am." And now we must transfer the scene to the quay. Here, gesticulating with her umbrella, the old lady vents forth her indignation: "This is not my box." It evidently was not, for the card had on it, "J. W. Sprightley, Esq.,—th Regt., Athlone." "This is not my bag!"—"P. Ranger, D'Olier St., Dublin." "Thank goodness, this is my box, with the canvass cover—no, it isn't!—'Messrs. Brine and Smart, Ham and Pickle Merchants, Dublin.' What have I to do with with hams or pickles? Dear me! what shall I do?" "The Porter, your Ladyship." Old Lady munificently gives him sixpence—*exit* porter: "Divil a bit can I find your luggage at all at all." Having but little myself I was enabled to put it by itself at once, and watch the troubles of my neighbours. In due time I made my way to the Railway Station, and passed the few minutes previous to starting, in viewing the State Carriage, with which I was very much disappointed—a sorry specimen of a Royal conveyance. Twenty-five minutes found me in Dublin. Leaving my packs at the hotel, away I went in a car to take a general view of the Irish capital. The University is a fine pile of building, with no great pretensions to architectural beauty. It has a magnificent library, well worthy the visit of any one learned in Bibliology. The gardens attached to the University are also extensive, and form a very pleasing contrast, with their shrubs and lawns, to the monotony of the stone buildings in the midst of which they are planted. The Four Courts form one large building, and stand nearly opposite to the University. The Post Office is a very fine building, with a front in Sackville-street, which, by-the-way, is by no means the "peer" of Regent-street. There is a look of departed glory in it. Broad and spacious, it lacks traffic; it lacks the lordly equipages which render Regent-street so gay, and it

lacks the well dressed dames and the beaux that promenade it, and, from their never being anywhere else, seem to be a part of the street itself. All these are wanting in Sackville-street. Nelson, from his statue, looks down on a street, in which used once to assemble the *élite* of Ireland, when he had not been raised to his present elevation—the time when Grattan with his oratory used to “rend the senate,” and Flood with his eloquence arrested the attention of the House in breathless silence ; when O’Connell perverted his eloquence to ruin the people and enrich himself. Those days are gone, and may they never return ! From hence I passed to the Phoenix-park : the Vice-Regal Lodge struck me as but a poor residence for the representative of Royalty. On my way through, a tall unfinished obelisk met my view. “I say, Jarvie, whose monument is that ?” “Denis is my name, by yer lave, yer honour, that’s to the Duke of Wellington.” “That’s but a shabby memorial to so great a man,” I replied. “So great a man, yer honour ! he’s not half a boy. Ye’ve seen the monument to Nelson, in Sackville-street, yer honour. That’s the boy for Paddy, always fighting, yer honour, giving us something to do. The Duke doesn’t give us half enough to do. We want a downright good shindy ! that’s the right thing for ould Ireland!!!”

The obelisk above referred to is of a greyish-coloured stone, about 80ft. in height, including the base, which is as yet unfinished, and, from all I can gather, likely to be so. The names of the various engagements are inscribed at fixed intervals on the monument. Altogether it is as shabby a memorial as I have ever seen. It is neither useful nor ornamental. Any cemetery contains many a monument that would surpass this one in question. And this is the way the gratitude of the inhabitants of Dublin is shewn, and that, too, towards their fellow-countryman. *O tempora ! O mores !* Leaving the Phoenix-park I returned to the Castle. This is the town residence of the Lord Lieutenant—the St. James’s Palace of Dublin ; here the Chapel is very well worth seeing. On the front of the gallery, and on the chancel walls are fixed the coats of arms of all the Lords-Lieutenant of Ireland, commencing with that of Oliver Cromwell. Carved in



solid oak, they give a rich and mellow aspect to the Chapel, which with its exquisitely carved ceiling and beautiful glass windows, is, I think, decidedly *the sight, par excellence*, in Dublin. It is, in fact, one of the prettiest specimens of Church architecture that I have seen abroad or at home. Thus I closed my stay in Dublin. The next morning I took my departure for the interior; whither I went, what I did, and what I saw, I must defer to your next number. Till then, I bid you and all your readers heartily farewell.

A. L. R.

### LOVE'S LABOUR LOST.

The sun shines bright o'er street and square,  
While fresh is the breeze, and bracing the air,  
And all men say,  
We shall have a fine day;  
That is, if the rain is not coming this way;  
While a small white cloud,  
That looks like a shroud,  
Is scarce noticed at all in the sun's brilliant ray:  
Let it omen not badly for mortals, I pray.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
My eyes! and oh lor!  
With a scream and a roar,  
Shout the small boys assembled around a grand door,  
Whence with laugh and with jest,  
In their Sunday best,  
A long bridal train step out gaily drest:  
At last comes the bride,  
And just by her side  
Slinks the bridegroom himself, not at all in his pride—  
For though he is there  
With a smiling air,  
His heart, I ween, is not with his fair.  
They drove off at length in carriages four,  
Till they came in a body beside the church door.

The' parson so mighty,  
 With surplice and white tie,  
 Stalks out and meets them,  
 With a low bow he greets them,  
 And makes a fine speech with a 'hem' and a 'haw ;'  
 The bride steps to the altar,  
 With a blush and a falter,  
 As tho' the noose nuptial were worse than a halter.  
 But where is her groom,  
 That should be by her side ?  
 He is not in the room,  
 Oh ! where does he hide ?  
 They call,  
 And bawl,  
 Till the old church wall  
 Rings with the shouting and voices of all.  
 They seek and search,  
 Throughout the whole church,  
 Till at length they discover  
 The truth, that the lover  
 Had faithlessly left his fair bride in the lurch.  
 " The beast ! the wretch ! "  
 " The police I will fetch : "  
 " Never mind, pretty dear—"  
 (Such words you may hear)  
 " The man must be mad,  
 Or something as bad,  
 I'm sure it's a lucky escape that *you've* had."  
 No comfort avails,—  
 She weeps and she wails ;  
 Her faintings and swoonings, and all of her shocking hyst-  
 Erical fits, would delight a misogynist.  
 In fact, the ' finale,'  
 Without further parley,  
 Was, like that of a tragedy piece, ' very squally.'

\* \* \* \* \*

## MORAL.

Let all, then, before the grand question they pop,  
First make up their minds the twig nuptial to hop :

Or else they will find,

They must make up their mind,  
Their bride in the church to leave fainting behind.

“Hic nuptarum insanus amoribus.”

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## A VISIT TO MOUNT ST. BERNARD.

THE sun was rising bright and clear, and the outline of the distant mountains was being gradually unfolded to the view of the peaceful inhabitants of Martigny, when an English party might have been seen wending their way to one of those far-famed mountains of Switzerland, which are the annual resort of most of the Continental travellers.

Of that party I had the honour of being a member ; but my mood was far different from theirs : they were elate with hope, and guessing at the different adventures which might befall them ; I, on the contrary, was rubbing my eyes, and regretting the hard fates which pulled me out of bed at so untimely an hour. We were mounted, according to custom, on the mules of the country, accompanied by the mule-drivers walking in advance, and whistling some of their national tunes, and now and then turning round to speak to the mules and see that they trod in no unsafe path. There was a path in the snow which seemed worn by the feet of travellers, along which my mule went in safety, and I thought nothing further of it till—but I am anticipating. After some hours' riding, our exertions were rewarded by the view of the Convent of Mount St. Bernard, for it was that mountain that we were ascending.

The Convent was a large white stone building, by no means remarkable for architectural beauty, but this latter deficiency was excusable on account of the loneliness of the scene, and the hospitable character of the inhabitants. It was bitterly cold,

and we were glad to escape into the interior of the Convent, where we were shewn our rooms, which were not much warmer than the air outside. On our inquiry for the Monks, we were told that they were performing afternoon service in the Chapel, where accordingly we saw them; the sight was indeed strange, and enough to make us doubt the correctness of our vision. There were sensible-looking men engaged in all the buffoonery of the Romish Church; and the scene altogether formed an unanswerable argument against the Roman Catholic religion, (in practice certainly). But, as I have before hinted, having seen men swinging about incense, attended by small boys, and all of them bobbing in quick succession, we were not at all astonished. The service being over, one of the Priests showed us about the Convent; and, to do the worthy Monk justice, the curiosities of the place were almost outshone by his politeness. Among other sights we saw the celebrated dogs of St. Bernard, but were much astonished at the smallness of their numbers; for there were only five or six. They were fine large dogs, and were very well adapted for their difficult but rarely-required task. The time was agreeably passed till about six o'clock, when we sat down to dinner, the first course of which consisted of veal in all the various shapes that the well-known ingenuity of the culinary art could devise; and, indeed, there were so many sorts of hashed and stewed veal, that they would have surprised the most ardent follower of Epicurus. The Monk, who was an agreeable little man, with a great heavy sort of dome-shaped cap on his head, which he wore both in-doors and out, and spoke I am afraid to say how many different languages, informed us, in the course of conversation, that the fire which we were then enjoying was wholly out of compliment to us, being a luxury inconsistent with their austerities, and that he was excused evening chapel, in order to act the part of a host. We were thus enjoying ourselves, when a ring was heard at the outer gate, and the Monk, who went to see the occasion of it, told us on his return that a young Englishman was lying at some distance off, seriously hurt. In a moment all was anxiety and bustle, and a party of Monks set out to assist him,

and we being tired, and perhaps lazy, were left in suspense as to the nature of the injury, and the name of the victim. Half an hour had elapsed before they brought him up to the Convent, when we learned that his leg was broken in two places, and to my astonishment that he was an old acquaintance of mine. It appeared that his mule had pursued the same track as mine had, but for some reason or other, the snow gave way; the mule's hind feet slipped down, and its rider's shoes getting entangled in the stirrups, he was unable to get off, and they were precipitated—a distance of twenty feet—into the mountain torrent below. It was some time before his fellow-travellers could help him out, and in the meantime he lay in a by no means enviable position; the mule had got loose from him, and was already some distance off; and to make matters worse, the mule-driver went after his mule. At length they fished him out of the torrent by the aid of plaids and other things tied together; the mule was caught; the mule-driver scolded for deserting them in the moment of need; and they carried the unfortunate up to the Convent, where he lay in great pain for forty-eight hours, till the doctor came and set his leg. I afterwards heard that he lay for six weeks at the Convent unable to move, and that the Monks were unremitting in their kindness to him. We were glad, the next morning, to leave the scene of so much suffering behind, and to descend into the burning but cheerful valley beneath, thankful that our own limbs were altogether sound.

VIATOR.

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#### SCENES IN SARK.

SUPPOSING, Mr. Editor, that but a small proportion of your readers have ever seen that diminutive portion of Her Majesty's dominions, denominated the Island of Sark, I humbly submit to your notice the following description, being the result of a recent and very interesting visit.

One's first sensations on arriving there are generally the reverse of pleasant, as the passage from Guernsey is effected in a

small cutter, and neither dry garments nor a composed state of stomach are the concomitants of a short trip in such a vessel in rough weather. However, once settled on dry land, I was amply compensated for my troubles by the grandeur and wild scenery of the whole place. I should think the island must be nearly 500 feet above the level of the sea, and the view comprising the coast of France, Jersey, Guernsey, Alderney, Herm, and Iethoe, all visible from the same point, is one of the grandest bits of scenery I ever witnessed. Soon after my arrival I went to see the Crow Terrible (which it seems is the patois for a horrid hole), and shall never forget my sensations on the occasion. It was twilight, and having to hunt about for this aforesaid Crow Terrible at random, I came upon it unexpectedly. It is a chasm resembling a gigantic well, about 400 feet deep and 100 in diameter, descending perpendicularly from the summit of the Island to a cavern at the base where the sea finds its way in. The place where I stood was the lower edge, and the opposite dark precipice frowning in the gloom, inspired some not very pleasant feelings, concerning aerial descents. I peeped over the unprotected edge and looked down into the darkness with feelings of the deepest awe, until I was suddenly roused from my sublime feelings by having to drive away a mad horse that was evidently bent on attacking me. So much for the Crow Terrible. Another grand spot is the coupè, a ridge which connects Great and Little Sark. This also is of immense height, and being only about ten feet wide at the top, and the sides appearing perfectly perpendicular, is a really dangerous place for persons who are apt to turn giddy. In fact, when a gust of wind passes over it, the inclination to lie down and crawl over, is almost irresistible; and yet I have seen an islander cross it at full gallop on a wild little demon of a pony, with no saddle, and only a twisted hay halter.

In an article of the Harleian Miscellany is a description of Sark, written in 1670. It must, however, be very much changed since then; for instance, the writer speaks of the abundance of good food to be obtained in 1670, and in 1849 I found salt pork and cheese, both bad of their kind, no very tempting fare for a

week together. I believe fresh meat was a myth, a thing unknown among the islanders: and I once drank what I innocently supposed to be a drink indigenous to the soil, composed of vinegar and syrup, until I was informed to my great enlightenment that it was wine. The inhabitants speak a French patois, which is nearly unintelligible, and make a point of not understanding what any stranger says. I found a cigar, however, an excellent interpreter among the nautical portion of the community. Many of their words seem to indicate a Norwegian origin, such as *viäck*, their term for seaweed fuel. They are proud of the visits of the English, entertaining a most profound contempt for the French, though they speak the language; and I found them uniformly civil, except on one occasion, when I tumbled into a large hole in the middle of the kitchen in the house where I lodged, whilst the people were at prayers; on the occurrence of which catastrophe an old woman sprang up, and, instead of helping me out as I expected, made use of some not very select French language, and then knelt down again. All the animals there are viciously disposed,—pigs, horses, cows, and cats. A friend of mine had a combat à l'outrance with a bull, in which he owed his victory solely, I believe, to the possession of a huge umbrella. However, on the whole, it is a delightful rendezvous for summer tourists, and as the shooting (comprising rabbits, puffins, and cormorants, or, at least, what the islanders call cormorants), is very good, I strongly recommend any who may chance to see this description to visit it at their earliest convenience.

BR—S.

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KING FROST.

King Frost galloped hard from his Palace of Snow,  
To the hills whence the flood dashed in thunder below;  
But he breathed on the waters that swooned at his will,  
And their clamour was o'er, for the torrent stood still.  
“Ho! ho!” thought the King, as he galloped along,  
“I’ve stopped these mad torrents awhile in their song.”

With pennons high streaming in gladness and pride,  
 A fair vessel moved o'er the billowy tide ;  
 But whilst those within thought their perils all past,  
 King Frost struck the billows, and fettered them fast.  
 "Ho ! ho !" cried the Monarch, "full many shall wait,  
 Ere aught, my fine vessel, be heard of your fate."

Through the forest rode he, and the skeleton trees  
 Groaned, withered and wild 'gainst the desolate breeze,  
 And shook their bare arms as the Frost King flew by,  
 Whilst the hail rattled round like a volley from high.  
 "Ho ! ho !" shouted he, "my sylvans you're bare,  
 But my Minister *Snow* shall find robes for your wear."

By the Convent sped he—by the lone, ruined fane,  
 Where the castle frowned down o'er its rocky domain ;  
 And the warder grew pallid, and shook as through fear,  
 When the Monarch swept by, with his icicle spear !  
 Whilst his herald, the Blast, breathed defiance below,  
 And welcomed King Frost and his Minister Snow.

B.

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### THE PLUCKT STUDENT.

L—CKH—ET'S SP—N—SH B—LL—DS.

"My Sanskrit ! my Sanskrit ! I've got a horrid L,  
 And how to meet the Governor, I cannot, cannot tell ;"  
 'Twas thus within his chamber a pluckèd student spake—  
 "How angry he will be with me, to see him quite I quake ;  
 His last words bid me labour, as he spake his last farewell,  
 And what to say when I get home, alas ! I cannot tell.

"My Sanskrit ! my Sanskrit ! I wish 'twere done away,  
 In vain I tried to learn it upon the resting day ;  
 And then, forsooth, they tell me I'll never need it more,  
 Yet here I have to work at it until my eyes are sore ;  
 When I went in to Exam. I knew I'd get an L ;  
 What will the Gov'rnor think of me ! I cannot, cannot tell.



“ My Sanskrit ! my Sanskrit ! he'll say it was a shame,  
 I was so idle, and should bring disgrace upon my name ;  
 He'll say a merchant's counting-house about the smoky Strand,  
 Better befits such idle dogs than India's glorious land :  
 That others would be glad to take my place who'd use it well,  
 Thus will he speak, and what to say, alas ! I cannot tell.

“ He'll guess I wasted all my time at Hoddesdon or at Ware ;  
 He'll guess I went to Hertford to play at billiards there ;  
 He'll find out my extravagance, that I gambled all night long,  
 In short, did nothing that was right, and all things that were  
                   wrong ;

He'll say that I was idle, that I deserve it well  
 To lose my term,—and what to say, alas ! I cannot tell.

“ He'll swear I am a hypocrite, because I'd always say  
 In my epistles, that I worked all night long, and all day,  
 That I care not for prizes, that I have not worked a stroke,  
 That all the promises I made, I voluntarily broke ;  
 My Sanskrit ! my Sanskrit ! intolerable pest !  
 I wish I'd worked a little more at that confounded test.

“ I'll tell the Governor some crams, I hope he will believe,  
 That I worked hard all at morning, and worked hard all at eve,  
 That deeply plunged in Sanskrit, when down the sun was gone,  
 With candles lit I might be found in my chamber all alone,  
 That my whole mind was in my work, but oft I was unwell,  
 As my ' Ægrotats' prove, and so I got this horrid L.”

λ.

#### FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT IN SKYE.

AMONGST the various protection meetings which have been reported by the daily papers, there has been no notice taken of one which was convened by his Majesty Jupiter, and which, being numerously attended by various deities from different countries, threw no slight weight into the balance on the side of protection. The daily papers, then, having omitted, by some curious oversight,

to record a meeting of such vast importance, I think I cannot do better than give your readers a short sketch of the proceedings, as they have been reported to me by my correspondent, who was present.

H. M. Jupiter, having received frequent appeals from various influential landowners and others of the district Air, to convene a meeting to discuss the policy of free-trade, issued his letters patent calling on all gods and goddesses of, or belonging to, the three distinct realms, Cælum, Inferna, Oceanus, in whatsoever country they might be residing, to assemble on the 29th of December, on Mount Ida, to express their opinions respecting free-trade.

It would be a work of endless labour to describe the various gods who attended, accompanied by their respective goddesses. There were Pluto and Proserpine, Neptune and Amphitrite, while Hercules, Vulcan, Venus, Brahma, Siva, Vishnu, Ormuzd, Ahriman, Minerva, Diana, Apollo, Bacchus, &c., also graced the assembly with their presence.

At half-past two H. M. JUPITER took the chair, amidst the loud applause of the assembled deities. He carefully blew his nose, and handing his handkerchief to Hebe, requested she would hold it, for fear Æolus, taking a sudden freak into his head, might give it a puff, and send it floating o'er the plains of Greece. Having thus made himself comfortable, and provided against accidents, he began to open the proceedings:—" *Ladies and Gentlemen*, or I should have said *Goddesses and Gods*, we have met together to discuss a policy which is agitating all the nations of the world, but more particularly our well-beloved England (hear, hear,—shouts of applause from Gog and Magog). It is, whether a nation may cut their own throats for the benefit of others. I shall not at present enter fully into my own views on this deep subject, but shall wait to hear the arguments of this learned assembly." Having, with much difficulty, delivered himself of this speech, Jupiter sat down with such a thump, that the whole world shook, and Bacchus, who had just been taking lunch with Mars, rolled headlong from the top of Ida into the plains of Greece, much

to the amusement of the company, who hinted "He had had a drop too much."

Next rose NEPTUNE, who made a very stormy speech against free-trade, saying it would ruin his traffic; and he got so excited during the course of his speech, and flourished about his trident in so offensive a manner, that Hercules considered it expedient to pull him down by the coat tail.

PLUTO then rose, and spoke in favour of free-trade, being crammed to do so by Proserpine.—He was immediately seconded by VULCAN, who could see no reason why "he and his Venus might not have a cheap loaf wherewith to regale themselves after slaving all day, making armour and teaching people civilized harts."

On the expression of this sentiment great confusion arose, some crying "Turn him out," others, "Down with Protection," etc.—At length VISHNU created such a commotion, that they were obliged to listen to him for a short time; but his speech was brought to an extraordinary abrupt conclusion, by his being hit in the eye with a protection pasty, hurled, they say, by irate Apollo.

JUPITER called to order, and commanded Hercules to enforce quiet. But just at this moment Bacchus returned, looking very sheepish, and was hailed by Vulcan, "Hallo! Bacchy, auld boy; you've had a bit of a spill, ain't you, though?" Brahma, who had brought his everlasting lotus leaf, here looked up with a grin, thinking it no end of a joke; whereupon Bacchus asked him if he could recognize himself, should he see himself in a glass!

This called forth such a burst of laughter, that poor Ceres, who was attempting a serious speech, was quite put out of her series of arguments on the serial crops.—SIVA then rose to speak in favour of protection, but his speech was drowned by the exclamations of the free-traders, who called him Lunatic, and asked him how much he'd take for his hat without the moon,—while others exclaimed that he ought to make a bright speech, in consequence of his always having a resplendent luminary located on his forehead.

In fact, matters were arriving at such a climax, that it was very evident the object of the meeting could not proceed unless the expulsion of free-traders was immediately effected. For this reason Jupiter sent Mercury to fetch his peelers, the Titans, who turned out all the free-traders, after a considerable struggle, in the course of which Ormuzd most effectually chawed up Ahriman, and Hercules gave Vulcan a black eye, which cost his Venus a year to cure. Juno so severely punished Proserpine, that they were mortal enemies ever after; while Neptune quietly poked out with his trident the eye of some unfortunate who happened to be near him.

Having thus summarily dismissed all those opposed to the objects of the meeting, the further proceedings were carried on in due form.—MERCURY talked about the “mercurial wand of commerce,” and proposed the first resolution, which was seconded by CERES, amongst the most vociferous cheering.

The second resolution, respecting a notice being forwarded to Her Majesty of England, requiring a dismissal of her ministers, both in England and India, was proposed by VISHNU, and seconded by SIVA, Brahma having fallen asleep while admiring himself.

Soon after this the Chairman vacated the chair, the meeting having lasted over the space of four hours.

### FREE TRADE MADE FREE WITH.

HAVE you ever been in a Free Trade Hall?

If you have, I'm sure you've said,  
 “No wonder they for cheap *bread* call,  
 When they are so badly *bred*.”

For cheap and bad, you'll all agree  
 Are the same, and tho' puffed up,  
 After so much *corruption* and bribery,  
 They must be very *corrupt*.

'Tis odd, by-the-bye, in all I've read,  
None state what is plain enough,  
That while they think to gain *cheap bread*,  
They are only forming a *puff*.

However, if they make all trade free,  
The mariner soon will find  
That an opposition company  
Has got up a *Free Trade wind*.

At this, *sans doute*, they'll foolish feel,  
As an unexpected clause,  
In that new act, I mean the *Repeal*  
Of the *Navigation Laws*.

Again, as sure as "eggs is eggs,"  
Tumult for others has charms,  
Protectionists, when off their *legs*,  
Still cry—*To arms! to arms!*

And yet they are *patriots* for that,  
Though scarcely ever quiet;  
To shift for himself they leave poor *Pat.*,  
And still keep on the *riot*.

Vain is the law 'gainst such as those;  
It cannot make them cease,  
For even if they cut off a nose,  
They swear they've kept the *peace*.

But politics be *hung*, and may  
*Proceedings* be *suspended*;  
The clock strikes twelve, and this *brief* day  
And my *court* song is ended.

LUNATICUS.

## THE MODEL BEDMAKER.

THE model bedmaker, first person I saw—  
 When I entered the College, a fresh Johnny raw—  
 To the mind of your servant has always appeared  
 The greatest original College has reared.  
 To a freshman, maternal, she gently suggests  
 That the carpenter's waiting to do his behests;  
 And, at first, as if conscious of power, presumes  
 To rebuke the possessor of untidy rooms.  
 As time weareth on, more respectful she grows;  
 A change that, alas! her bad qualities shows—  
 If your glasses are smashed, and you look for the breaker,  
 She's sure to be found in the model bedmaker.  
 Of some things you possess, she takes wonderful care;  
 And the best of all tempers gives way to despair,  
 When, on ent'ring the room with some beer-thirsty men,  
 You find that the pewter's locked up in her den.  
 The model bedmaker has never been known  
 To abandon a chicken, or polished ham bone,  
 That lurked in the cupboard those maniacs to feed  
 Who insantly arise in the morning to read.  
 Who can paint her disgust, should a student require  
 Any cooking performed at the centre-room fire?  
 She considers such duties on Coleman devolve,  
 And to fry the ham badly's her steadfast resolve.  
 In short, she'd exasperate even a Quaker,  
 But liveth and dieth—the model bedmaker.

A VICTIM.

## REFLECTIONS OF A VETERAN.—No. II.

DEAR MR. OBSERVER,

The scanty vacation our revered Di.s, or we are to say, Acts of Parliament, allow us "Aleyberrin gents,"—as the young clodhoppers of the peaceful hamlet on the common will have it,—has passed over; every one of the future rulers of India, as we

are courteously termed by our venerable Chairman — every one, I say, is now back, and among them, Sir, has returned one who has been here long long before any of the present gownsmen entered, and who, Sir, between you and me, has still, no doubt, a somewhat lengthened captivity to endure: need I say that I allude to your veteran Correspondent. Yes, sir, I have returned—and, ah, well-a-day—how I wish I could go back to the days when a return to one's work was a thing easy to be deferred. In those days, Sir, as soon as ever the pedagogue's circular arrived, "The Rev. Zachary Howler, D.D. expects his young friends to resume their studies on Monday, the 3rd proximo," so soon, Sir, was I taken alarmingly ill. Now, Sir, I think I have previously mentioned that I passed my boyhood under the roof of my dear dear maiden Aunt Barbara.

This kind old lady, of course, as a kind old lady is wont to do, immediately sent for Surgeon Bottles, who would say at once that he quite saw that I was in extremely weak health, but that my aunt need not be the least alarmed, but that he could not guarantee a speedy recovery, unless he visited me every day for the next week. This may or may not have been objectionable conduct on the part of a 'general practitioner,' but all I know is, that Bottles had a large family of young people, and that he found a great deal of difficulty, moreover, in filling the craving insides of the said Bottleses.

Well, the long and short of the matter was, that my aunt would make up a large hamper containing a cheese, a ham, and what not, as a peace-offering to the reverend Doctor, writing at the same time to the doctor's good lady, "Dearest Mrs. Howler, My dear nephew is, I grieve to say, far from well: Dear Percy! he bears it *very patiently*; he sends his affectionate regards, and hopes a week or ten days will see him back at your worthy husband's excellent Institution, &c. &c. Barbara Snooksleigh."

Yes, sir, Snooksleigh was that good woman's name. Her enemies, Sir, have not hesitated to declare that it is a modern emendation on the first syllable. But I say, and always will say,

‘no such thing.’ She told me herself that my great grandfather, old Colonel Snooksleigh, of the Bombay Horse Marines, was very nearly being knighted when High Sheriff of the County; and for the other side of the family tree, I need only say, that her mother was one of the Flintshire Joneses; and if these together do not constitute blood and position, why, then I don’t know what does.

Well, Sir, that was the way we managed in my aunt Barbara’s days; but now, Sir, that my aunt Barbara fills a corner in the village churchyard,—and *requiescat in pace*! I say, for a dearer old soul never existed,—things are changed, and I have to be back in time for Chapel on the first morning of term.

And then, Sir, when I *did* arrive at Calliope House Academy, in company with a large cake, two bottles of currant wine, three half-crowns, and a sixteen-bladed pocket-knife,—instead of being ushered, as now, at once into a Sanskrit lecture,—Mrs. Howler told the Doctor that in the first place it must be well understood that I was not to be overworked, that she never should forgive herself if I caught cold by early rising, and in inclement weather dressing without a fire; and that, if ever I felt weak and ill in school, I was at once to come and sit with her; and you may be sure that I often and often did feel ill, and marched off instantaneously to her part of the house. I often wondered why this woman was so fond of me. I found it out one day. I heard her sigh as I left the room, and whisper to herself—“Bless his innocent face and golden hair, he’s the very image of my poor boy!” and here her thoughts wandered in the direction, doubtless, of his final resting place.

To look at me now, Mr. Observer, you might perhaps be puzzled to discover any particular marks of innocence in my countenance; indeed, night reading and an exuberant growth of whiskers, do, I allow, work a change in the expression. But, as to my locks, I mean to resort to no paltry subterfuge on that point; they are and always have been *red*. The obstinate perversions of some people! Aunt Barbara always wrote out to my parents that they were of a *rich racy auburn*: Mrs. Howler, as



we have seen, assimilated them to a golden colour. But I say my hair is *red*, and therefore if the sight of my head reminded the good schoolmistress of young Howler deceased, then I assert with confidence that young Howler, deceased, had an undeniable crop of carrots.

However, the fancied resemblance to her son was why she loved me; that was the reason I could smuggle in cake and wine when no one else could,—which circumstance, by the way, obtained me great respect in the school, and a certain position too, for the other young fellows in my room, seeing how the case lay, unanimously appointed me Chairman of the “Tuck Committee,” or, in other words, “the victualling department” for night feeding—and how boys do feed at night, even after a heavy supper of cheese and beer, may be very well learnt by any one of my College readers who will take the trouble of carrying back his memory some ten years or so.

I very well know, dear Sir, that when you engaged me as your correspondent, it was stipulated that what I wrote should be on the subject of the College; and here I have been wandering back over scenes which have past and gone these many years. But, Sir, I have been a fortnight or so back, and deuce a thing in the shape of novelty have I observed. For instance, take the men themselves. I left Wilkins talking *shop*. I met him on the stairs to-day, he fastened on me at once, kindly pulled out a correct list of the places in the different subjects left last exam., begging me with a chuckle to observe how he came in fifth in Canarese, a lingo in which I had prophesied he would by no means distinguish himself. Grinder, again, is at his old tricks—four every morning until twelve at night. Well, I can have no objection, I’m sure; only if he has to resign the service through loss of eyesight, and a speedy break-up of constitution, let him know whom to blame. As to Ludovic de Wiggle, this fine fellow’s hair may, perhaps, be thought more redolent of Macassar than before; he may, perhaps, swear a trifle louder and less necessarily at the most aged and harmless College servants; but it is universally allowed that he is not quite so resplendent in the Joinville tie

and waistcoat line: however, his tailor was seen yesterday toiling into his room with a large packet, and no doubt Wiggle's best efforts are reserved for his spring costume.

By-the-bye, Wiggle is writing a novel for the *Observer*. He showed me a piece—it began rather sonorously, and in a business-like style, I thought. What think you, Mr. *Observer*, of the following? “In the year 18—, there resided in a retired part of the West of England, a gentleman of independent property of the name of Mellmore. In early life Mr. Mellmore had the good fortune to engage the affections of one of the fairest of Earth's daughters—Lucy de Bulbul.”

“Oh, is she your heroine?” said I.

“Oh, no,” replied our author; “dear me, no. I draw my heroine from Nature, Sir; by Jove, Sir, if you'd seen my Mary Anne—

“Why Wiggle, my boy,” said I, interrupting his reminiscences, “you don't surely mean to say”—

“Oh, don't I though!” said he. “I believe, I do though!”

“And does *she*, think you, asked I?”

Here there was a pause, Wiggle nervously rubbing his hands together. “Well, I don't know,” he broke out at length, “I only saw her twice; both times I handed her down to supper, and the last time she begged I'd hold her bouquet for her, and egad! Sir,” said Wiggle, speaking with an energy that shewed he was coming to the climax, “she gave me *a grape off the bunch she was eating!*”

Oh, Wiggle, Wiggle, go your ways, poor lover, if you found your hopes on that. Why! I could tell you of a girl who—but enough; next week beauteous beauteous Lady Frederica, thou art to be led to the altar by the Marquis, and I am silent on thy faithlessness henceforth for ever!

\* \* \* \* \*

Here is, I feel, but one consolation left, to wit, Sam Weller's quotation, “It was to be, and was, as the old lady said arter she married her footman.” Hoping to be allowed to trouble you with another line in the next *Observer*, I am, etc. etc.

## VALENTINES FOR THE MILLION.

'Tis Valentine's Eve—to the Saint I pray  
To send me luck on his awful day,  
For that man must I love by his stern decree  
Whom first from my window I chance to see.

Oh! if he should pass, clad in long drab coat,  
Carefully tight-buttoned up to the throat,  
With a bull's-eye lantern stuck in his waist,  
In a sad predicament I shall be placed;  
For that man must I love by the Saint's decree  
Whom first from my window I chance to see.

Now, Venus, be with me, and help to review  
The Valentines likely to meet my sad view;  
That possessed of thy cestus, and warmed by thy boy,  
St. Valentine's rites I may enter with joy!  
Be propitious, ye fates! like cachemere goat,  
A youth appears in a rough brown coat,  
Of moderate height, thick built, with his hair  
More coal-like, than raven-black, brushed with great care;  
But his whiskers, as Sampson would say, are prodigious,  
And his costume is p'raps a leetel outrageous—  
He wo'nt do, for the world would undoubtedly quiz us  
If we missed an Adonis, and took a Narcissus.

Another comes; with graceful wavings

His light hair floats about his head,

His jaunty air excites our cravings

To know in what school he was bred.

Alas! a rough one! Hark to Rover!

Yoicks! stole away! hold hard! hieover!

Bursts from his lips, and proves Diana,

Not Venus, rules his thoughts and manner.

And yet another, short and slim,

Dark, black-haired, dirty; but to him

St. Valentine, with all his art,  
 Shall never give away my heart ;  
 His thoughts are those of childhood's happy span,  
 Whilst straggling whiskers seem to mark the man.

Mark what a lassitude pervades the carriage  
 Of that thin youth ; mark, too, the air genteel—  
 The downcast eye too truly shows that marriage  
 With such a character would make one feel  
 That husbands, wrapt in such self-contemplation,  
 Would ne'er improve a young wife's situation.

But such a host in quick succession follow,  
 With such a babel of shout, cry, and halloo,  
 I cannot hope to mark distinctly traces  
 Peculiar to each of all those varying faces ;  
 Coats see I (by the bye, they're quite a passion),  
 Shaped in th' extreme of the insanest fashion ;  
 That form, for instance, which has met my gaze  
 Twice on St. Valentine's successive days ;  
 From shoulder unto shoulder, what a span !  
 Gigantic coat on most gigantic man !  
 He, too, may pass—of such I will have none,  
 Nor own the power of Venus and her son.  
 Though that man must I love, by the Saint's decree,  
 Whom first from my window I chance to see.

BACCHANTE.

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### Editors' Portfolio.

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#### THE PIRATE'S WIFE.

"THE foaming waves grow darker, the wind is rising fast,  
 With black and heavy clouds the sky will soon be overcast ;  
 I hear the sea-gull's lonely scream, it is a dismal cry,  
 It fills my heart with darkest fears, alas ! I know not why.  
 A deep and dread foreboding has dwelt within my breast,  
 By day it makes me wretched, by night it gives no rest.

I felt it when he left me, I besought him not to go ;  
 He went,—the deed I fear will make a widow's tears to flow.  
 He went, and left me here alone—he took our only boy,  
 And if they perish, gone for aye, is all my earthly joy.”  
 Thus spake a lovely woman, upon the beach she stood ;  
 And o'er the troubled waters gazed in an abstracted mood ;  
 Her long dark hair unloosed was streaming in the gale,  
 The pouring rain had drenched her clothes, her face was deadly  
     pale ;  
 Full oft her snow-white bosom heaved with a deep heartfelt sigh,  
 And fast the burning tear-drops fell from her dark, anxious eye,  
 Her home she sought, and long she watched and looked for their  
     return :  
 Day followed day, and of their fate no tidings could she learn :  
 She knew not those she watched for could ne'er return again,  
 But lay beneath the foaming wave, within the boundless main ;—  
 That pressed by foes, hurt by the storms, they sunk beneath the  
     wave—  
 The daring Pirate and his son had found a common grave.  
 But when she heard the direful news, her heart-strings—strained  
     before,—  
 Burst at the blow ; she passed away : her grave is on the shore.

λ.

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[Several translations of Nursery Ballads have reached us, of which the following is, perhaps, the most favourable specimen :—]

There was a young lady of Norway,  
 Who occasionally sat in the doorway ;  
 When the door squashed her flat,  
 She cried “ what of that ; ”  
 This stoical lady of Norway.

IDEM LATINE REDDITUM.

Quondam sedebat janua frequentius  
 Norwegiana foemina,  
 Aequata opertis ostiis “ nil interest,”  
 Indifferenter ejulat.

## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*The "Observer of Human Nature" is thanked, but we hope he will see the policy of taking a wider range.*

*We wish to know, by an early post, where "A Politician" expects to go.*

*The Editors will thank the gentleman who signs himself in Persian to guarantee the continuation of his story, and alter its title.*

*Perhaps "A" will favour the Editors with the original of his translation.*

*Deltas are generally fertile,—our correspondent "Δ" is certainly not so.*

*Our dear "Cruentus" is too sanguinary, and will play the devil among the tailors.*

*The following contributions are reserved for consideration, "Sketches in Wales;" "Arnsfelt Castle."*

*The continuation of the "Story without a Name," will appear in our next.*

*"ω φ"'s Latin version of "Humpty Dumpty" reminds us of that in the "Arundines Cami." His French version is but poor. While that in Greek comprises, within its four lines, enough of bad metre, bad grammar, bad everything, to condemn a Charity Boy. We trust "ω φ" will, in future, "keep himself to himself."*

THE  
HAILEYBURY OBSERVER.

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READING MAKETH A FULL MAN, CONFERENCE A READY MAN, WRITING AN  
ACCURATE MAN.—BACON.

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MARCH 13, 1850.

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ARNSFELT CASTLE.

In the year of grace 1640, a single horseman might be seen pursuing his solitary way on the high road, which, uniting Strasbourg with the City of the Three Kings, winds along the left bank of the Rhine.

He was a man of about eight and twenty years of age, rather above the ordinary height, his figure exquisitely proportioned, and betokening great muscular strength and activity. A profusion of rich brown hair escaped from under his Spanish hat, ornamented with a single ostrich feather gracefully drooping over his lofty brow. On his upper lip he wore a moustache slightly curled, and his pointed beard was trimmed with some degree of care and attention. His dress consisted of a plain travelling costume of the finest grey cloth, with a falling collar of point-lace, and a short cloak of the same colour as the doublet, but trimmed with silver; and a sword with a richly-wrought silver hilt, together with a pair of holster pistols, completed his accoutrement. To his saddle also was attached a small valise, containing such articles only as were necessary for a short journey.

He had quitted the good town of Strasbourg about two days, and was now wending his way through one of the most picturesque parts of the Rhine-land, that country hallowed, as it were, by many a fiction and romance. It was a lovely afternoon, in the autumn, not a single cloud marred the purity of the deep blue sky, and the glowing sun shed a brilliancy which was heightened by contrast with the long shadows which already it began to cast.

On one side the road was overshadowed by a high wall constructed of loose limestone without mortar; the green leaves and tendrils of the vine, interspersed with bunches of its luxuriant fruit, already, in places, glowing with the rich tints of autumn, hung in graceful festoons over the grey stone. Wild flowers of the gayest hue grew in profusion around; the delicate hare-bell and lilac widow-flower, in all its varieties, were to be seen; whilst here and there the pale autumn crocus raised its head above the bed of mossy verdure whence it sprang. Above, the hill rose to a considerable height, clothed to its very summit with vines, terrace upon terrace, as may even now be seen on the banks of the Rhine. On the other side the river flowed on its current, owing to the narrowness of the channel, more rapidly than when threading its broad course through the verdant plains of Alsace.

A turn in the road brought him in sight of the little village of Arnsfelt, which, embosomed as it were, in the deep green foliage of walnut and chesnut trees, was situated at the foot of a lofty rock of limestone, whose lowering brow was crowned with the ruins of what had been an ancient castle, built on its summit.

The scene was one of peculiar beauty, and produced its due effect on the traveller. The lofty hills on either side of the river, the romantic position of the hamlet before him, and the massive donjon keep, which frowned on the joyous scene below, could not fail to excite in his mind feelings of admiration and delight; whilst the mighty Rhine rolling down its volumes of water, sparkling in the sun like a coronal of gems, and bearing on its proud bosom a spacious raft of timber, hewn from the forests of the Hartz mountains (which, during its course down the river, affords a home to whole families), lent enchantment to the view. He



reined up his horse for an instant to contemplate the beauty of the prospect, then dashing his spurs into its flanks, in a few minutes found himself in a long avenue of horse-chesnuts; thence he emerged into the village itself, and as he rode through the street, its picturesque houses, with their quaint gable-ends, might have attracted his attention, had not the ruined keep above first met his gaze. Perceiving that one angle of the building was still habitable, he formed the strange determination of passing the night there, if he could by any means gain admission.

In answer to his enquiries concerning the owner of the castle, he was informed that it was part of the extensive domain of the Counts of Rosenberg; that the present owner of the title and lands had resided for some years at the court of His Most Christian Majesty; and, moreover, that the landlord of the small hostelry in the village had taken a lease of the ruined edifice, and at his own expense had repaired and rendered habitable a small portion of it; which act of his, inasmuch as for it no sufficient reason could be assigned, excited great wonder and even suspicion in all the members of this little community.

He forthwith proceeded to the inn, and desired to see the landlord. A thin, tall, ghastly man, over whose head some fifty summers had passed, approached, and doffing his cap, begged the traveller to dismount. To the respectful solicitations of mine host, the latter, with a natural air of command, answered, "Hearing that some part of yonder ruin is fit for man's resting place, it is my desire to pass the night therein."

"Noble sir," said the host, "it is, indeed, true, that a portion of the building has been rescued from destruction, still there is but sorry accommodation within those walls, whose sole tenants are the owls and bats; and your comforts would be better cared for, your wants better supplied, under this my humble roof. Besides this, there are strange legends respecting deeds of blood committed of old within the donjon keep, from the like of which," added he, crossing himself devoutly, "the Blessed Virgin and Saints defend us."

"You had almost persuaded me," answered the other, "to give

up my intention ; but the prospect of an adventure, which your words intimate, has decided me in seeking it."

Perceiving that all his entreaties would have no effect on his noble guest (for such, indeed, a glance at his lofty mien, and the richness of his dress and sword-hilt, would show him to be), and, moreover, guessing by his accent that the stranger was from England, whose sons then, as now, were held both able and willing to pay well ; rather than lose one likely to be so good a customer, the host, with ill-concealed reluctance, acceded to his request. The stranger alighted, and having given orders that his horse should be well cared for, after a slight refreshment proposed starting for the castle, ere darkness came on.

The young Englishman sallied forth, accompanied by his host bearing his valise and petronels. They proceeded in silence through the village, then turning up a narrow lane, arrived at the massive wall surrounding the castle domains, which they entered through a small postern-gate, and after winding up the eminence for some way, reached a flight of steps cut out of the living rock : this admitted them to a broad platform, between which and the castle yawned a chasm of great depth, spanned by a heavily-ironed drawbridge kept down in times of peace and security. The pile of building was singularly irregular. The keep itself was Saracenic ; and that angle of the edifice which had been restored, by its heavy mullioned windows, and projecting drip-stones, claimed a Gothic origin ; it was flanked by a small turret similar in style to the buildings prevalent in France about a century before the date of our story. It would have been impossible to fix a period to the rest of the castle, on account of its ruinous and dilapidated condition. All below was in shadow, but the ivied tower was still bathed in the glow of sunshine, as the two passed under the large gateway, and found themselves in the castle yard.

Then unlocking a carved oak door, the host conducted his guest up a small staircase, and along a narrow passage, and ushered him into a large and comfortably furnished apartment. This had formerly been one of the reception rooms of the Counts

of Rosenberg, but a small bed in one corner of the chamber showed the use to which it was now applied. A fire was speedily kindled, and as the wood sparkled and blazed, a bright flame arose and illumined the apartment, spreading around an air of comfort far beyond the expectations of its noble occupant.

A substantial repast, and a flagon of the ruby wine of Assmanhauser, were placed upon the table: and the landlord, commending his guest to the protection of the saints, was about to leave the room, when he was interrupted by the latter, who (pleased with the accommodation provided for him) expressed his determination to make some longer stay there.

An hour elapsed, and the traveller had appeased the pangs of hunger, and at the same time done justice to the good cheer set before him, when the landlord returned, holding in his hand a key, with which he unlocked a door in one corner of the room. Having thrown it open, he disclosed a narrow winding staircase.

"These steps, fair Sir," said he, "are in one of the castle turrets, and conduct to the leads, whence there is a fine and extensive prospect. The moon is already risen, and for any alight exertion which you might make, you would most assuredly be amply repaid."

The young man arose, and by the aid of such light as the narrow loopholes in the turret afforded, mounted the winding stairs and emerged into the open air; then, leaning over the mossy battlements, surveyed the scene before him. Below lay the Rhine, sparkling in the moon's rays, on one side shut out from view by a projecting headland, on the other spreading far in the distance like a silver thread. Lights glanced from the village at his feet, whilst around rose castled crags, bringing to the mind those days of tyranny and oppression, when each petty baron built for himself a nest, and sallied forth on the neighbouring hamlets for plunder and rapine.

When he returned to his chamber, he was surprised to find the landlord departed; not feeling, however, much anxiety on this subject, he threw himself on the bed, and was soon in a deep slumber. Before many hours had elapsed, he was aroused by a

heavy sound, as it were the clang of a hammer on the anvil, thrice repeated. Ere he had time to spring from his couch, he perceived, by the uncertain glimmer of the fire, two forms clothed in white, and closely veiled, arising from the floor. His first impulse was to seize his petronels, and taking a calm and deliberate aim at the foremost of these intruders, he fired. No apparent effect being produced, he discharged his second pistol also, but with no better success. Discouraged by the unwonted inefficiency of these weapons, he hurled them from him, and turned to grasp his sword, which to the best of his belief, had been lying on the table when he retired to rest; but if this was then the case, it had since been removed. The warnings of the landlord presented themselves to his imagination, heightened by the prevailing superstitions of the age, from which even he was not entirely exempt, and he no longer doubted the unearthly nature of his nocturnal visitants. Nor was this belief lessened, when startled by a hollow rolling sound in the room, on casting down his eyes he perceived at his feet two bullets. He stooped to pick them up, and when he again raised his head found himself the sole tenant of the dimly illumined chamber. Lighting a small bronze lamp which lay by his side, he proceeded to examine the bullets of which he had just become repossessed in so mysterious a manner, and found them coincide with the bore of the pistols he had so hurriedly cast on one side, and this comparison he was the better able to make, from the remarkable fact that the balls were in nowise flattened.

Commending himself to Providence, our hero determined to keep watch throughout the remaining hours of the night, and depart with the early dawn of morning. Accordingly, as soon as the sun had risen over the opposite hills, he quitted the ruined pile wherein he had passed such an eventful night, and descended with rapid steps to the village below. Repairing to the inn, he desired his reckoning, which was immediately brought. He amply satisfied the fullest expectations of mine host, rewarded the pretty damsel who handed him the stirrup-cup with a few silver-groschen, adding, moreover, a kiss, which she seemed nothing

loth to receive, and quitting Arnsfelt proceeded on his journey.

\* \* \* \* \*

The sequel of this tale remains still to be told : Lord Amesham (for such was the title of the traveller), on his arrival in England, repaired at once to his noble mansion, situated in Kent, not many miles from the ancient town of Canterbury. There he remained in quiet and retirement for about two years, till, on the commencement of the civil war, his chivalrous nature was aroused, and he hurried to join the King's standard, which was raised at Nottingham ; he was present at the doubtful victory of Edge Hill, and during the whole of the contest which followed, ably supported both with his counsels, and his arms, the cause of his beloved Sovereign, till driven into exile by the subsequent turn of events—the success of the Parliamentary party—the sufferings and martyrdom of the royal captive.

One day, towards the close of May, 1649, being in the town of Coblenz, at the confluence of the Rhine with the Moselle, Lord Amesham bent his steps towards the Rat-haus, curious to hear the examination of two notorious coiners, who had for years past supported themselves on the fruits of their ingenuity, and had hitherto escaped detection. Great was his surprise when, in one of the accused, he recognised no less a personage than mine host of Arnsfelt. A sudden thought crossed his mind, that the present proceedings had some reference to that event, which had ever since retained so strong a hold on his recollection. He requested a private interview with the man, and, by dint partly of threats, partly of promises, elicited from him the following explanation :—

The Castle of Arnsfelt had been selected as the seat of operations by the two coiners, and the apartment which Lord Amesham occupied had been fitted up by the landlord for the use of his accomplice. They had for years remained undiscovered ; thus one of the reasons which induced the host to accede to the wishes of his guest, was to remove any suspicions which might have been excited in the village by a refusal ; and had not the latter expressed a determination to lengthen his stay

beyond one night, his slumbers would have been undisturbed. As it was, however, necessary to get rid of so unwelcome a guest, a plan of operations was speedily formed, and as rapidly put into execution. Whilst allured by the representations of his host, Lord Amesham ascended the turret; the former profited by the opportunity to draw the balls from his pistols, and remove his sword. Having thus provided for their safety, they dressed themselves in white, and, giving notice of their approach by three heavy blows on an anvil, entered the apartment by means of a trap-door with which they alone were acquainted. Being assured of the harmless nature of his weapons, they resolutely stood fire; then, ere he could test their corporeal existence, rolling towards him the bullets which had been extracted, they disappeared. The host forbore questioning the young noble on the next morning; and, had not chance led him at that time to the fair town of Coblenz, he would have found no reasonable solution of the mysterious occurrences which broke on his slumbers in the old Castle of Arnsfelt.

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### PALLIDA MORS.

FROM Scotia's furthest Highlands,  
From Erin's sea-girt strand,  
Thro' Britain's fertile Islands,  
We've felt our Maker's hand :  
O'er many a waving meadow,  
O'er many a humble shed,  
The life-dispelling shadow,  
Its baneful darkness spread.

We saw the mother languish,  
O'er the fondly-cherish'd son,  
The brother mourn in anguish  
For the sister that was gone :  
Throughout stern Desolation  
Proclaim'd our doom "to die,"  
"Till humbled—for Salvation,  
To God we rais'd our cry.

He heard us—aye, from Heaven,  
 He saw our fallen state,  
 And knew, lest help were given,  
 Our sad, approaching, fate :  
 All-merciful, He gave us  
 His own protecting aid,  
 He stretch'd his arm to save us,  
 And all our troubles stay'd.

“ Yes, men who, bow'd in sadness -  
 “ My acts of mercy claim,  
 “ Awaking up in gladness,  
 “ Shall bless my Holy Name :  
 “ Henceforth, in beauty beaming,  
 “ The earth with joy shall ring,  
 “ And the vales, so thickly teeming  
 “ With corn, shall laugh and sing.”

## A STORY WITHOUT A NAME.

*(Continued from page 111.)*

MERTON HOUSE was situated in one of the few pretty parts of Oxfordshire. It stood in the midst of a good-sized undulating park, and the surrounding country was thickly wooded, affording alike a good cover for game, with which the estate was abundantly stocked, and (a rare combination) an equally good refuge for that subject of the gamekeeper's malediction—the fox. The keenest votaries of the barrel were always satisfied with the sport which the estate afforded, and if a meet was fixed at Merton Wood, a blank day was rarely the result. Pug and the birds seemed to have entered into a solemn truce, and to live on as good terms with each other as the “Happy Family” which perambulates the streets of the metropolis. Such was the report which I had always heard from those who had had the privilege of sporting over the estate, and it was thoroughly confirmed by my own subsequent experience. But, pardon, kind reader ; I have mounted my favourite hobby, and if I don't speedily curb him up,

he will assuredly make a "*bolt*" with me over the fields of memory to well-known scenes, taking all the brooks and fences of intervening adventures at a fly.

Colonel Delville was a short, stumpy-looking man, with a face which showed that, at some time or other he had sacrificed pretty freely at the shrine of the jolly God. He had lost an eye when serving in India, and more than one scar could be discovered on his face; but, although all this did not tend to increase his beauty, nevertheless there was an expression of such sterling good nature which twinkled in the remaining eye, and such thorough good-heartedness (if I may be allowed the expression) in his manner and conversation, that any prejudice which a stranger might have formed from his personal appearance at first, was speedily done away with after being a short time in his company.

"Here we are, Sir," was Harry's exclamation as the Colonel confronted us in the Hall, "the nags have had to bring an extra weight home, you see—but, by Jove, I have quite forgot to do the civil—Monckton, allow me to present you to the 'Authority;' and, Sir, permit me to introduce to you Edward Monckton, Esq., late of the University of Oxford, now a sucking Chancellor, *i.e.*, at present reading for the bar, and a particular friend of 'your's, most obediently;' making at the same time a most profound reverence."

"I'm glad to see you come home in such good company, you mad scamp," said the Colonel, laughing, whilst he cordially grasped my hand; "you're as full of mischief and devilry now as you were at sixteen, and we want some one to restrain the flow of your animal spirits occasionally. You, Mr. Monckton, are, I suppose, used to his harum-scarum ways of old. He wants rough riding terribly; he is as restive now as a half-broke colt."

"There's a character for a father to give of his first-born son," said Harry, advancing from the other end of the hall, where he had been engaged in "peeling" as he termed the operation of divesting himself of the numerous great coats with which he had enveloped his person; "but remember the old proverb, Governor: 'Like father,' etc. It's all in the breed, you know, sir, but come



on, Monckton; let me put you on a pleasant and amicable footing with the ladies, for next to the cook, they are the people whom you ought most to conciliate in a house; and then I will shew you your room, where you may adonize to your heart's content, only let them see you 'en naturel' first, as you might overpower them perhaps, when prepared for conquest."

"What precious nonsense you do talk, Harry," said his father; "but come, get you gone; you will find your mother and the girls in the drawing-room, very anxious to see if you have returned safe from your lark. I must go down to the stables to see in what sort of condition you have brought my nags home."

"They hav'nt turned a hair, sir, I assure you. But come along, Monckton; it is not out of any particular regard for my safety I expect, that these fair ones are so anxious that we should appear before them, but because they have heard that I have got a strange craft in tow, and they want to examine his build; so make the most of yourself, my boy, and don't be shy."

Harry led the way to the drawing-room, and went through the usual form of introducing me to his mother and sisters, and also to two young ladies of the name of Vernon, who were staying in the house. Of course it was impossible that he could refrain from interspersing the usual formulæ with certain little piquant remarks of his own, which tended to provoke a blush and a smile from the young ladies, and to make me look particularly foolish.

Mrs. Delville was the very reverse of her husband in appearance, except that the same benevolent expression which lent a glow to his somewhat jovial countenance was modified into one of extreme sweetness mingled with dignity in her's. Her figure was tall and commanding, and her manner, though gentle and lady-like, possessed withal a something that would have awed the intriguer and abashed the coxcomb. Henrietta and Emily, Harry's two sisters, did not resemble their mother in personal appearance; that is to say, that although they possessed her regularly formed features and expressive face, they were on a much smaller scale, being of what the French term "*une petite taille*." These young ladies, though devotedly attached to each

other, were, as I shall have occasion to show hereafter, totally dissimilar in disposition ; the eldest, Henrietta, being remarkably prudent and careful, very sound in theory, but slow and procrastinating in action, which attributes procured her the *soubriquet* of ' Old Lady,' from her father and brother, who were perpetually rallying her on her old-fashioned peculiarities. Emily, on the other hand, was quick and impetuous in the extreme, always acting upon impulse, and carrying everything by a *coup de main*. And yet surely two beings were never better suited to each other, for while the cooler judgment and sound reasoning of the elder sister restrained the impetuosity of the younger, she, in her turn, made her love of action act as a spur on the somewhat sluggish nature of Henrietta.

Of the Misses Vernon suffice it to say, that they struck me as exceedingly pleasing, lady-like girls, and that the good opinion which I first formed of them was the correct one, will, I trust, be shown by subsequent events contained in this narrative. They had known the Delvilles ever since their childhood, and were in fact looked upon more as part of the family than as visitors.

Shortly after the ceremony of my introduction being performed, luncheon was announced. That being discussed, the next question was, what was to be done that afternoon.

"Now, young ladies," said Harry, "you must decide this knotty point, and we poor gentlemen must submit to your caprices. Well, Marian," turning to Miss Vernon, "what do you say?"

"Why, for my part," she replied, "I'll leave it in your hands, and then you cannot accuse me of caprice—isn't that the best way?"

"I won't take that advantage of you—most confiding of your sex. Don't you know that you ought to exercise your own will as long as you can. When once you have said that fatal word 'obey,' there's an end of it—" *c' en est fait*—"your free-will becomes a shadow then. I intend to publish a book soon, entitled "Hints to Young Women," or "The Spinster's Rights;" and I'll give you a copy."

"Now, for goodness' sake, Harry," interrupted his younger sister, "give over your nonsense, and tell us what to do. For my part, I think that we could not do better than order the horses, and take a ride somewhere."

"The ground is much too hard for riding, my dear," said the Colonel, from the other end of the room, "I wonder a young lady, who pretends to be knowing about horses, should propose such a thing."

"Well," said Agnes Vernon, "as the day seems clouding over, and likely to snow, why shouldn't we adjourn to the billiard room? But it is your turn to propose something, Mr. Monckton."

"I cannot improve upon a proposition of your's, Miss Vernon," I replied; "besides I hold with what Harry said just now, viz.: that we are bound to accede to your wishes."

"As long as they are not tinged with caprice, I suppose;" she replied, with an arch look.

"Now then," said Harry, "who's for the billiard room. Old lady, (to his sister) you have not given us your sage opinion, so shew your tacit compliance to our wishes by leading the way."

We entered the billiard room, which was hung round with stags' horns, old armour, and all the other nicknacks of the same description which are to be met with in an old country house. Bows, quivers, and tassels, with all the numerous et-ceteras appertaining to archery, were also scattered over the walls.

"Now, how are we to divide;" said Henrietta, "it seems very evident that we can't all play; so suppose, Harry, that you and Emily play against Mr. Monckton and Agnes, and Marian and I will look on."

"Oh! you must find Mr. Monckton a better player than I am," said Agnes;" besides it is not right that I should take precedence of my elder sister."

"A sly cut at your antiquity, Marian," said Harry, "but never mind, you don't look particularly venerable yet. You and Emily play together, and I will stand by and give you advice."

"No, no," said Marian, "your practice will conduce more to

the interest of the game than your theory. Besides, I like looking on quite as well as playing myself."

Our game went merrily on for some hours. My fair partner was, as she had averred at first, a complete novice, but this only tended to make it more pleasant. I had to direct all her play; nor did I find it by any means an irksome task to be continually called upon for advice, or to encourage her in making the stroke. She was full of life and spirits, and had a certain winning, unaffected manner about her which rendered her extremely attractive, and not a little sorry was I, when the dressing-bell warned us to break off our game. Ere we separated, however, she had easily extorted a promise from me that I would give her another lesson at some future period; and I began to think that if Delville were to ask me to prolong my stay at Merton, that he would not find me inexorable.

Our party was augmented at dinner by an old gentleman of the name of Somers, and a young Mr. Perceval, both of them characters in their way, but whom I must reserve for another chapter.

*(To be continued.)*

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## THE POWERS OF THE MIND.

### CHAPTER I.—ON THOUGHT.

AND that is, of all the things which are done upon earth, the one which is shrouded in most mystery, and which we least understand. It is a ceaseless, innate perception of what has or will be done, or is doing. Like the rolling ocean, whose blue waves tipped with the cresting foam, which now dances in the air, bestowing a feathery appearance on the motions of the inscrutable deep, and which again rolls onward—a sure warning to mariners of the dangerous rocks which lie hid beneath. So ever and anon the tide of thought turns itself to light and grave things, and shrouding its mystic operations with a veil of all-covering darkness, reveals to us the wonders of the past, and the deeds of the present time; enabling us to dive into the future, and attempt to

throw aside the impenetrable veil which hides the coming events from mortal ken. And like as there lie scattered, pearls often of immeasurable price, at the bottom of some seas ; so in the depths of some men's minds lie hid such riches of thought, as much more valuable than the pearly gem, as the gem itself is, than the fish who breeds it. Why is it that no one ever attempts to elucidate the theory of thought ? It is because they feel themselves awed at the gigantic prospect before them, and own that, talk of it as they will, it is more than they can comprehend. And, indeed, how could thought hope to find out what thought is ? Can a man make himself ? Is a house built of its own accord ? Then, as since thought is the most wonderful operation of the mind, there can be none greater. Like the wind, whose presence we recognise, yet know not whence it comes ; like the tree that springeth up we know not how ; like the bubbling spring, that sends its limpid waters from its cavity in the mountain's side, of whose rise none can tell : all these may be beyond our understanding—but they are all less wonderful than Thought. Will not the mystic power of thought carry us back to the times when the world did not exist, when all was one 'confusion on confusion heaped ?' and yet in order at the decree of the 'Self-existent,' will it not trace the world through the years that have rolled by ; can it not carry us on until the world is no more ? but there it stops. There it has its boundary : Eternity stretches before it, of which no time that it can think of, is any part : nor will it ever trust itself to the dreadful imagination, that there it shall have ceased to exist, at least as far as anything finite, of which it may lay hold. But the idea has bewildered us. We will think no more.

A. T. E. D.

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#### FRAGMENT OF SIMONIDES.

THE hollow blast was howling—the wave beat wild around,  
And the roaring ocean filled her with terror at the sound,  
And her cheeks were wet with tears, when with care and sorrow  
    wild,  
She cast her arms around him, and thus bespake her child :

"O Perseus ! little knowest thou the grief that I endure,  
Thou sleepest, my sweet infant, thy little breast is pure,  
And placid as the moonbeam, that rising doth illume,  
Our brazen-bound abode and this dark and cheerless gloom ;  
And o'er thy head do roll the billows fierce and high,  
But little know'st thou, Perseus, of the danger that is nigh.  
Thou sleep'st, my beauteous jewel, on thy mantle rich and warm,  
And little carest thou for the beating of the storm,  
But were this my bosom's sorrow, a sorrow, too, to thee,  
Then thou would'st lend thine ear, child, and listen oft to me.  
But sleep, my Perseus, sleep ; may the billows rest that roll  
Above, and may the grief sleep that rocks my troubled soul.  
Almighty Jove ! avert the evil that I fear,  
And make their dark designs vain and empty as the air.  
Oh ! give—though this my prayer seems too daring far and wild,  
Give—me to find revenge through the prowess of my child."

A.

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SKETCHES IN WALES.

AMONGST the beauties of ancient architecture, there are fewer achievements of human intellect and industry that can be looked on with more interest than many of the old ruins of castles in Wales : particularly when we consider the barbarous age in which most of them were built,—it was an age when science had not brought to bear many of those wonderful helps, which, in our day, cause buildings to advance so rapidly. Many of these castles in South Wales, particularly in Pembrokeshire, to which county I now confine myself, stand on small creeks or arms of the sea, in such a manner as to protect the inland country, testifying, too, by their exteriors, that their original masters had a knowledge of fortification which we ourselves might be proud of.

It was in the course of a very fine summer in 184—, that, in company with some others, I had a good opportunity of seeing some of these castles. Starting one fine morning from Pembroke Dock, we came, after traversing one street, to Pembroke itself, in

the very entrance of which stands the castle. It is in very good repair in comparison with most others, but it is so well known to all who have been in South Wales, that I will not delay my readers by a description of it.

Passing through Pembroke on the road to Tenby, we have Lamphey Court on our left, where are the remains of the palace of the Bishops of olden times, the later prelates have removed their residence to St. David's.

The road then carries us along the top of the highest ridge of country in Pembrokeshire, from which we can see nearly every town and village all round Pembroke, and as far back as Pembroke Dock Yard, and while you are gazing in that direction, a small ruined old building may be descried in the yard itself.

This, though of inconsiderable appearance, has given rise to many a discussion as to its original use.

Some consider it to have been a monastery, others an old church since repaired and used for other purposes, to which latter opinion I am myself rather inclined, for there still exists a high steeple tower, and moreover there remains a long ruin like the body of a church, one end being slightly elevated, with niches here and there in the walls, as if for some Catholic image.

But to continue, we followed the road along the ridgeway till within a couple of miles of Tenby, when we turned off to the right, and after half an hour's hard riding, arrived at our destination, Manorbier Castle. Passing through the village of that name, we see straight before us the Castle, frowning magnificently on us, the village, and the surrounding country, while on the other side it looked out to the Sea, as if to warn off the black sail of the pirate. The villagers we found a civil hospitable set, and although there was no inn in the place, we had no difficulty in putting up our horses, owing to the numerous offers of the villagers, each one more anxious than the other to do us a kindness.

The castle is built in a small valley, on the opposite side to which stands the church, and between the two, in the back ground, lies the village. The sea runs up one of those small sandy bays,

two or three of which comprise the whole beach on the south coast of Pembroke, with the exception of Tenby, where the coast consists of perpendicular rocks, rising some fifty or sixty feet, or even more, from the sea.

I very cleverly managed, with a friend, to get detached from our party, which, headed by a guide, had already begun exploring, we preferring to be our own guides.

About three hundred yards before us, as we stood in the archway, extended the court yard, overgrown, indeed, with grass, but still presenting signs of ancient grandeur; all around were the various rooms of the castle. Very few were the windows, loop-holes for the discharge of warlike missiles, being more in favour. There is one room, they show as having existed since Richard I.'s reign, a very improbable story, as it is evidently not a hundred years old; through this they lead you along various corridors till you find yourself standing at the head of an immense dungeon, which is built in the wall, and is carried to the depth of some feet underground. The reader will recollect we are now some forty or fifty feet above the court yard. Retracing our steps, we again ascend and find ourselves on the roof, along which it is possible to walk round the whole circuit of the castle; we accordingly did so, descending by a perfectly straight and excessively narrow stair-case, over the gateway, finding our way downwards an easier task than the ascent. There is a legend connected with the name of the castle, and which is still told; it is as follows:—a certain Baron, being condemned, as a punishment, to fight a bear, slew the beast, and called the castle *Manorbear*; and a couple of figures cut in stone in the church are shown to attest this story. The probable account is that the name is derived from the manor of the noble family of Berre; and with this I beg to close my present sketch.

B. E. A. R.



## THE MODEL HAILEYBURY MAN.

THE model Haileybury man  
At six ariseth—if he can ;  
For hours twain he works amain,  
And then perhaps will dress again,  
His lectures o'er, the youth will hie  
With eager footstep to the Rye ;  
And there propel with manly vigour  
The slight-built dangerous outrigger.  
But soon a strange peculiar feeling  
O'er the corporeal senses stealing,  
Reminds him that the public's near,  
And lustily he calls for beer,  
No sip sufficeth, at a pull  
The pot that once before was full,  
Exhibits to the wondering eye  
A void, betrayed by deep drawn sigh.  
Mark now the boat race, when, as stroke,  
With arm of iron, heart of oak,  
Your model strains his every nerve,  
Nor from his task is seen to swerve.  
Turn we unto that verdant green  
From D. and C. back windows seen,  
Where flying balls, with cannon force,  
Scatter the groups without remorse,  
Whose laziness precludes exertion,  
Whether at Cricket, or at Persian.  
Here too, th' applause of all his friends  
Towards one admired object tends,  
His bowling, straight with fell intent  
Against the middle wicket sent ;  
The skill with which he blocks a ball,  
Forms th' exulting theme of all ;  
The confidence which lights the face  
Of men, when he assumes his place,  
The certain score, th' endeavour vain  
Of those who bowl on yonder plain

To touch his stumps ; the wrath of those  
 Who play against the College, shows  
 That model men alone can be  
 The instruments of victory.  
 What follows next we cannot tell  
 With certainty, and perhaps 'twere well  
 To end at once our history  
 Of what the model man *might* be.  
 We hope he works, we hope he tries  
 To gain some Oriental prize.  
 We hope the evening he employs  
 In steady work, and not in noise,—  
 For self-denials constitute  
 Of mortal happiness a root,  
 Which, early sown, will always be,  
 In this short life, prosperity ;  
 But if he trusts entirely to luck,  
 He'll find himself mistaken,—and—go pluck.

Br—s.

### THE UNSTRUNG BOW.

[It was anciently customary in Britain to proclaim a peace by sending messengers throughout the country with an unstrung bow, and to proclaim war with a bended bow.—Compare the mission of Vich-Alpine's henchman —*Lady of the Lake*.]

THE unstrung bow hath passed along,  
 Like a flash from sea to sea,  
 And it brings glad news to every heart,  
 Of peace and victory.  
 Still joy is tempered by the dread,  
 Lest friends should number with the dead.

The monarch saw with joy the sign,  
 As swiftly it sped along,  
 And he bade them fill the goblet up,  
 And called for the sons of song :  
 He bade them raise their voices high,  
 And swell the notes of victory.

Hark to the sounds from yonder pile !

Hark ! how the old walls ring !

Hark to the organ's pealing strain !

And the tuneful choirs that sing ;

Hundreds of voices join to raise

The hymn of thankful joy and praise.

Gladdening and kind the sun looked down,

Upon the village green,

(There, too, the welcome bow had passed,)

Right merry was the scene ;

Fast glowed their mirth as the cup passed round,

And light the dancers tripped the ground.

The bow passed on, and the hunter left

The foot-tracks of the deer ;

'Twas seen by the herdsman in the field,

As he watched his milk-white steer ;

And homeward both direct their way,

To keep the joyful holy-day.

But hush to the boding voice, that speaks

Of sorrow and of death,

Complain not now, or if thou must,

Wail not above thy breath ;

First for thy country's peace rejoice,

Then may'st thou raise that warning voice.

Weave not now the cypress wreath ;

With myrtle twine the rose ;

Prepare a crown for the conqueror's brow—

The conqueror of our foes.

Come ! let us haste to yonder strand,

And welcome home the gallant band.

λ.

## A TALE OF THE CHOLERA.

THERE was not a prettier lass than Mary Burke at the Connemara gathering; all the lads were wild to dance with her, and many were the looks of disappointment when she took the proffered arm of an O'Neal instead of one of her own birth and kin. Meanwhile, a gay young Lothario entered the rustic throng, and the ready shout given by the O'Neals, with Feargus, the pride of the clan, at their head, proclaimed that the stranger was none other than the son and heir of the chief of the O'Neals. For some time he was a mere spectator of the scene, but, struck with our heroine's beauty, he obtained her hand for the dance repeatedly. The evening wore on, and the young chief still danced and flirted with Mary Burke, while every instant the brows of her numerous admirers and kinsmen grew darker: on concluding one of the spirited national dances, he ventured to snatch a kiss from her fair cheek. This was too much for the Burkes, a blow felled him to the ground, instantly the party cries arose, and the fight commenced in earnest. The O'Neals, under the gallant Feargus, made a rush like a tornado, to rescue their young squire from his hazardous position; Feargus, whose stout arm and shillelagh had brought him through everything, was the first to reach his side; and, despite of sundry blows he himself received, succeeded in bearing him out of danger, like a child, in his arms—bleeding and senseless he bore him to his father's humble cot, and, whilst the old peasant bathed his head, Feargus hastened to acquaint the Squire, and summon a Doctor. The wounds he had received were very severe, and would have been dangerous had it not been for the promptitude of Feargus. The Squire himself, who doated upon his son George, knew not, after his partial recovery, how to award Feargus and his father enough—he gave them a comfortable farm on his land free of rent, and fitted it up with stock. George was not less grateful than his father—Feargus, he made his chief attendant in his shooting expeditions, and made him numerous and useful presents. But this happy time lasted not long; George obtained a commission,

and left to join his regiment; shortly after which the Squire himself left to visit the Continent. Years rolled on, and the cholera, with all its horrors, arrived in Ireland, spreading its destructive influence round the abodes of her people; nay, the very labours of husbandry were stopped by the wholesale sweepings of the scourge. Feargus and his father were the good angels of their neighbourhood, their savings of past years were spent in relieving their famished villagers. To carry out their noble design their very cattle were sold, and medicines procured with the produce; but what could their scanty means do to alleviate the sufferings of the dying multitudes around them? They gave until they could give no longer, but no landlord's helping hand was there to support them in their charities. One evening, while he and his father were speaking over the horrors of the times, a faint knock was heard at the door, a poor cholera-stricken woman, leading a little boy, stumbled into their cottage on the door being opened, and gasped out a request to take charge of her poor child, and not let him perish in the cold snow, for herself she asked nothing but to lie down and die. They took them in, but the poor woman was too far gone to recover, and died within an hour. On the next morning Feargus took the body in a cart down to the village church to have it buried; he was delayed by others whom he had to visit longer than he expected, and returned not until the evening. On entering his cottage, how heart-rending was the sight that met his gaze; his aged father was lying on the pallet lately occupied by her who had writhed in disease unto death. The old man was insensible, but after some remedies had been given he shewed some signs of returning consciousness. Feargus was watching the symptoms of recovery with a fond and hopeful gaze, when he was startled by a loud knocking at their cottage door, and two bailiffs thrust themselves rudely in, presenting a paper to him, demanding the payment of back rents for five years, threatening that otherwise in one week he would be expelled from his farm, and an execution put upon his stock and property. He demanded the name of the agent by whom they were sent; they told him, and, not without fear of contagion, left the scene o'er

which death, in all his horrors, was hovering. Old O'Neal again relapsed, and before morning was gathered to his fathers. When the last sad rites had been paid, Feargus took the little boy with him to the village in search of a guardian for it; the guardian whom he sought was Mary Burke,—she was yet unmarried, not, indeed, from want of offers, but the only man she would have accepted was Feargus, and his offer had been refused for her by her relatives; he, although much mortified at this rebuff, the sole reason of which he well knew was but party feeling, immediately on the breaking out of the cholera forgot his displeasure, and attended, with the greatest kindness, those of the Burkes as well as those of his own clan who were infected. This generous and noble conduct brought him into favour with Mary Burke's family, and he again was allowed to visit her, while the skill with which he treated her brother—who was attacked with the fatal epidemic—raised him still higher in their good graces. To her, at this time, he went to seek a home for the little orphan of whom he had taken the charge. He told her the poor child's tale; he told her of his father's death; and, with flushed cheek, he told her of the Bailiff's visit. "Faith," said he, "it is not like the Squire himself to treat me alike that, either; but I will, my own self, go to the Agent's and see about it." Mary took charge of the child, and endeavoured to soothe her lover's grief. Feargus with a heavy heart returned to his now desolate cottage. A few things he prepared for his journey; took out the little money he possessed, and then set off to plod, on foot, his way to the large town, in which the Agent of the estate resided. O'er many a long Irish mile of hilly and rough road he walked, and, on the second day after his departure, arrived at his destination. His business told, Mr. Flaherty, the agent, said he was commanded to collect money for Mr. O'Neal, and, as Feargus had paid no rent for five years, he must now do so. In vain the poor fellow pleaded that it had been given to him free of rent. The Agent told him nothing of his unlikely story was contained in the rent-book; and that he must pay or be turned out; and that he could waste no more time in speaking to him. He asked,

"Where was Mr. O'Neal?" He was told, "Somewhere on the Continent." "Is it anywhere that I can find him?" said Feargus. The only answer was a burst of laughter from Mr. Flaherty, and his clerks, followed by a command to leave the office. He left it; and in that hour feelings were kindled in his bosom—feelings which he had never before felt. He returned to his native village; but, alas! on reaching his farm, he found the cottage unroofed and all his property gone. Curses involuntarily passed his lips, he fell on the ground and wept, for his trials were too great to bear. Such was his condition, when an old acquaintance—the blacksmith of the village—came by, and, hearing his tale, counselled him to drown his sorrow in revenge. "Come along with me," said he, "and I will teach you the way to live." Feargus arose and went with him. They reached, at last, a mean looking hovel, issuing from which were heard sounds of rude mirth; and, on the latch being raised, around a huge peat fire were seated a number of lawless ruffians, drinking. The blacksmith introduced his companion, who was immediately welcomed. Among them Feargus lived for several weeks, joining in their expeditions; when, one evening, he was called aside by the blacksmith (who was leader of the party), and informed that a very important duty was required of him; Flaherty, the agent, who had already been in some parts of the estate, was to come to this village next day, and Feargus was to shoot him. He remonstrated and refused; but they spoke to him of his revenge—of his despoiled farm: he yet hesitated. The epithets of coward, chicken-hearted, were hurled at his head, and, in a fit of desperation, he agreed to do it. But, as the destined evening drew on how fearful were his feelings, his conscience smote him down like a thunderbolt. He drunk glass after glass of spirits to give easier admittance to the Satanic influence. When the weapon of destruction was put in his hand, he shrunk from its touch; he was led to the spot from whence he was to fire almost mechanically, and when left alone his teeth chattered, and his whole frame shook, at the prospect of the enormity of the crime he was about to commit.

The sound of wheels was heard. He cocked his pistol, and the sound of it chilled his heart like a death-knell. The sound of wheels neared; his pulse beat, his lips tried to utter a prayer for forgiveness. The carriage came close, and with what feelings of relief did he see that it was a carriage and four, instead of the Agent's gig, and what was his joy when, on its passing him, he saw in it his young master and Squire, instead of the hated form of Flaherty. His first impulse was to throw his weapon behind the hedge, and follow the carriage up to the Manor-house; when there, however, shame made him turn to go away, but he was recognised and stopped by an old groom of his master's, who took him up to the Squire. Mr. O'Neal expressed his pleasure at again seeing him, and asked after his father and his farm. He told him of the death of his father, and the ejection from his farm. Mr. O'Neal was extremely angry and astonished at the latter piece of injustice; made him stop the night at the Manor-house and promised him a full remuneration for his loss and injury. It is needless to add that he was as good as his word, not only with regard to Feargus, but also with regard to all of whose injuries he was informed of through Feargus. The latter was in due time married to Mary Burke, and comfortably settled in a farm, the profits of which were ample to support not only themselves and the little orphan whom he had adopted, but also the family circle of olive branches which in time shot up around him. May such be the happy return of all absentee landlords!

A WELL-WISHER TO IRELAND.

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### TACITURNITY.

SILENCE! What is it? The test of dullness? No. Of Prudence? Yes. How, then, do fools possess it? The man of parts, and he whose mind is stocked with information, and within whom a vigorous intellect burns, speaks but little, through fear that the seed he sows may fall on barren ground, or that his pearls may be soiled and trampled under foot of swine.



On what grounds, then, do fools abstain from speech? No seed have they to sow, no pearls to be polluted. Them, too, noise, and noise alone, would rescue from oblivion! Not so—consider. A frivolous mind *must* speak frivolity—and the voice of the low and degraded man will emit nought but a sound destitute of point or sense; but prolific of what is to be condemned. As well hear the dog bark or the ass bray! To this character, silence is all-essential; all-necessary to the preservation of any place in the society in which he moves. Should he venture on conversation horror would be the result; since men do not gather figs off thorns.

Granting both these cases, let me ask—Does not the gloom of taciturnity outweigh the considerations advanced in its favour? Did gloom exist I would say, ‘Yes.’ But I deny its existence on the brow of intellect: perhaps it may hover round the fool, but with him it is the alternative,—and better gloom than merited ridicule. With the man of sense gloom is not the necessary concomitant of silence. A dull cloud can never brood over the brow of intellect, her countenance has an aspect too cheerful and pleasing, and rather seems to court than repel conversation. Can any one for a moment picture the gifted Addison with a repulsive and forbidding exterior! but rather with the bright and pleasing light of a noble intellect. Do you not admit then, any drawbacks attending Taciturnity? By no means. But the Taciturnity entailing disadvantages arises from a source distinct from that on which we have been speaking,—and that Taciturnity is (I use not too strong a term) a curse. Timidity is its origin; from at first a reluctance to express opinions, one at last becomes incapable of doing so. There is nothing so essential to an easy flow of conversation as habit—“practice makes perfect.” All more or less are impressed with what passes before their eyes. All rational beings, too, feel *within* themselves an opinion, whether good or bad, on every event of life; but few are able to give expression to that feeling, and thus acquire, in many cases, most undeservedly a character for insipidity and vacancy, whereas in truth the want lies not in the powers of conception, but in the

deficiency of powers of expression. In some this want is greater than in others, and many from repeated failures in conveying to others the feelings they themselves are conscious of, at last give up in despair any attempts to give them vent, and thus by indulgence increase the *disease* under which they labour.

L. R.

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### THE OLD VOYAGE.

It has been well remarked that difficulties and dangers increase the interest of an adventure, and add pleasure to its recollection. The travels of a fashionable man on the continent, unaccompanied by the slightest annoyance or inconvenience, are dull and frivolous when compared to the daring adventures of a Mungo Park or a Bruce. Hence is the reason that travelling has lost much of its magic influence of late years, for it has ceased to be accomplished only by the daring and adventurous, and has at length become open to all classes, from the hardy owner of the knapsack to him who travels in a lordly barouche.

The voyage to India now, although more luxurious than formerly, leaves but little for the imagination to dwell on in after years, as compared with the passage in the days of my youth. The romance then was augmented not only by doubling the stupendous promontory of the Cape of Good Hope, but also by the fact that we were then at war with France, and there was a strong probability that we might have to engage the foe before we arrived at our destination. I will, however, set before my readers the account of my voyage, which, though then by no means as interesting as most others, I am sure will be allowed to be more replete with incident than the usual road to India now.

The members of the Honorable Company's Civil Service used then to enter on their occupations at a much earlier age than they now do, but this manifest disadvantage has been to a great degree remedied. The early age of seventeen was the time appointed for my departure. I repaired, therefore, at the appointed time to Plymouth, but was nearly too late on account of the affectionate solicitude of an old friend, who lived six miles from Plymouth,

and who persuaded me to stay with him, by informing me that the vessel could not sail without a change of wind, which, he said, could not pass unnoticed by him. One fine morning, on my remarking to him that the wind was changed, he replied, with stoical composure, that I had better look out, or I should be left behind. I was not long in reaching Plymouth, but, to my astonishment, the fleet was under-weigh. It was, indeed, a sight; there went the majestic looking ships, with their sails filled by the wind, and glistening in the sun, and but poor seemed the chance of reaching my ship at all. Calling for one of the company's boats in I jumped; not a moment was lost, and the sturdy fellows, after a desperate pull, succeeded in coming up to my ship, on account of a brief lull of the breeze; few, perhaps, have had a closer shave, for I was the last man on board.

Young Englishmen, who have not experienced the fare I then did, cannot, perhaps, so well appreciate the fare on board the steamers. The tea, which had never seen China, and which would have been pronounced execrable by any one, however inferior to Mrs. Gamp or Mrs. Harris in tea experience, and the butter all liquid, which had to be scooped out with a spoon, of a savour, too, by no means agreeable to my olfactory nerves—both these articles, I say, were considered as luxuries, for which we could not be sufficiently grateful.

Nothing of interest occurred till we arrived at the Equator, where we were obliged to fee the sailors to avoid being ducked, or even worse treated; one man alone refused, and he was served out after the usual fashion. The operations of the sailors had hardly been concluded, when a strange sail was espied, which showed French colours; in an instant all was excitement, the guns were manned, and the ladies were politely stowed below. The little captain, who by-the-bye formed a curious contrast with a six feet two lady passenger, bustled about, rubbing his hands with delight, and giving orders to the men. For my own part I must confess that my feelings were not unmixed with a certain sensation, which I shall not name, and which was not diminished by the little captain's usual boast recurring to my mind, whenever

I playfully alluded to his Lilliputian dimensions, namely, that a ball which would pass over his head would take off mine; however, I stifled all my fears, and stood manfully to my gun. The engagement soon commenced, and cannon balls came whizzing around me at such a rate, that I showed that there was no chance of my "changing the pen for the sword," by falling down fainting among the wounded, consequently I saw or heard nothing more till the shouts struck on my ears, which hailed our party as the victors. The French vessel, which was battered to pieces, was easily captured; but a difficulty arose as to the distribution of the prisoners, for they were twice as numerous as ourselves, and we were far away from the rest of the fleet. The only plan which occurred to the captain was to keep the prisoners as separate as possible, in order that they might not perceive how small were the numbers of their vanquishers, and thus be incited to an insurrection. This plan succeeded beyond our hopes, and there was only one little tumult among them, which was easily quelled, and they were compelled to acknowledge that there was nothing of which they could complain, except, they said, that we gave them their cakes without plums. Afterwards, when we arrived at Calcutta, we realised a sum of £3,000 by the capture.

I have but one more incident of interest to relate, and I shall have done. Not long after the event previously related, the waves we observed to be peculiarly calm, and the sky to be unusually serene, which all the oldest hands declared the signs of an approaching tempest; and they were right, for as the evening approached, the storm began to rise, and was at its height on the following day. Well do I recollect that night; the sailors were aloft among the rigging, when the officer on deck ordered a man to fasten more securely the top mainsail; he was in the act of obeying the order, when, to our horror, the hurricane, tearing the sheet clean out of the ringbolts, swept away the unfortunate fellow into the dark and foaming ocean. Presently a flash came, lighting up the whole welkin far and wide, and a human being was seen vainly struggling with the mighty element; a momentary darkness succeeded, and when the next flash came, no sign of

our ill-starred shipmate could be discerned among the waters. In a day or so the tempest was over, but an impression was left on my mind, which years have not effaced; often do I even now start up in my dreams fancying I hear his despairing cry for help, and the horrible scene recurs to me with its full force.

The rest of the journey was very dull, and I was heartily glad when the spicy gales of Ceylon gave unmistakable signs that we were hastening to our destination.

#### AN OLD CIVILIAN.

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#### TOGÆ v. ARMA.

I've seen some flirts and flirting in my day;

And, though by no means difficult to those  
Who make it their employment, some display

Considerable talent;—I suppose  
Because their inclination paves the way,

And plucks the thorns which guard the rose,  
Conscience, good faith, regard for others' peace,—  
And gives full scope to pleasure or caprice.

Extremely wrong, no doubt; but still

The world, society's moral trustee,  
Encourages the fault, and always will;

Then wherefore blame what is, and must be?  
Besides, most flirts, when once they've had their fill

Of pleasure, settle ere their charms grow rusty;—  
Not so the victims of the *scarlet-fever*,  
Whom single bliss awaiteth (*vide* *LEVER*).

A canter in the park, an opera box, or card

For Lady ——'s soirée, in comparison  
With picnic parties in the barrack yard,

Or balls or concerts given by the garrison,  
No pleasure bring to her whose heart is barred

To aught save scarlet; though dear Captain Harrison  
With whom she had flirted all the day *sans cesse*,  
Displayed her portrait (faithless man) at mess.

In India, there 'tis just the same, I've heard,  
 Perhaps in Otaheite and Timbuctoo,  
 In one, the red coat, epaulettes, and sword;  
 In the other, scalps and elegant tattoo  
 Attraction form : in either, 'tis averred  
 Ill-luck attends these tasteless ladies, who  
 Prefer half-witted captains to civilians,—  
 Those who destroy, to those who govern millions.

Although a noble Roman\* somewhere says,  
 And truly, "*Cedant Arma Togæ*," yet  
 The Robe to Scarlet yields, and now-a-days  
 The tattered gown is gone, its glory set;  
 The full Pā,ejāmas†, and the tasselled Fez,  
 With flowered *robe-de-chambre*, are met—  
 What ladies love on others, soaring higher,  
 The gentlemen upon themselves admire.

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### TALE OF ROOKSVALE.

SITUATED in the midst of a wild and desolate tract of forest, what benighted wayfarer has not joyfully greeted his approach to the quiet village of Rooksvale with feelings similar to those which burst upon the senses of the parched and weary traveller, when, on raising his eyes from the sandy track he has been so long hopelessly pursuing, he first perceives the verdant oasis of the desert? The long row of white cottages, with their smiling parterres, form an agreeable contrast to the dreary waste or murky gloom of the forest, which for many a mile characterizes the approach to this secluded spot; the deep-seated good temper visible in the countenances of those in the prime of life, the demure appearance of the more aged, as well as the boisterous merriment of those who are but just setting out on the railroad

\* Cicero.

† A flowing garment of a scarlet hue much worn at Haileybury, and supposed (by the Students) to be oriental.

of life, alike conspire to re-invigorate the mind, which so latterly may have been turning its best energies against itself by peopling the wood or the waste with frightful goblins, summoned from the storehouse of memory by the fearfully appropriate surrounding scenery. One house there is, however, which the exquisite neatness of the adjacent garden, and its almost fairy-like appearance, as well as by the elegance of its fittings—as partially viewed through the half-open casement—shows the inhabitants to be endued with feelings of taste and refinement far superior to those of the surrounding rustics. Retiring but a few yards from the road, the light verandah is almost weighed down by the clustering blossoms of a magnificent westeria; which, on further examination, appears to spring from a double stock, which had some time or other been shattered almost close to the ground. The appearance was singular, and, seeing that I was examining it closely, a buxom, middle-aged woman volunteered to narrate its history.

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In the spring of the year 18—, one of those terrific storms, alas! so common in this part of the country, burst upon Rooksvale and the surrounding country. On that evening, in that very house I had noticed, might have been seen, in the little drawing-room fronting the street, a female, in face and figure such as is rarely met with.

Her raven black hair, neatly gathered off the brow, rendered more conspicuous the pallid hue and anxious expression of a face, the classical outline of which, the gigantic mind and exquisite sense of a Phidias, would have failed to conceive. Reclining on a low couch, within the bright glare diffused around by a warm and clear fire, one beautifully proportioned foot, just seen peeping from among the flowing folds of her robe, she, at one moment, appeared absorbed in the contents of the book she held in her hand; at another, whenever, with a gust more than usually strong, or, with a more terribly piercing scream, the wind shook the tender casements of the window within its mighty grasp; her full, dark, hazel eyes swept nervously around the

room, with a glance—as of the gazelle alarmed at the stealthy approach of the hunter,—whilst her lips parted, and her exquisitely modelled bosom heaved with a scarcely perceptible sigh.

A light tap on the door jars painfully on her over-excited senses; but, with a slight start, the lady, recovering herself and smiling languidly, bids the intruder enter.

“O! Agnes, I am so glad that you are come,” said she, as the opening door admitted a neat servant-maid, with small, black, sparkling eyes, the most restless that could be imagined, *nez, un petit retroussé*, and full, red lips, “the storm has made me feel very restless, and I longed for a companion, but did not like to disturb you; and Agnes,” she continued, turning a shade paler, and raising her eyes with a peculiar expression to her maid’s face, “do you know that I have been reading of Sisera, and I cannot help repeating to myself, although it makes me very, very wretched, ‘Why is his chariot so long in coming? why tarry the wheels of his chariot?’”

“Lawks! madam, you should not take on so;” and the restless eyes glistened with a tear of heartfelt sympathy; “master will never think of coming across the heath to-night, so don’t fret, there’s a dear, good lady.”

As if these few words had expressed fears which she had not dared own to herself, Mrs. Latimer first threw one startled, appealing glance on her astonished servant, then—burying her face in the cushions of the couch—gave vent to the agony of her anguish.

Such grief would have appeared insane to any one unacquainted with the previous history of Emily Latimer. The daughter of a stern and unloving father, she had early learnt to centre all her naturally warm affections on a doting mother and an only brother. Gradually had she watched this dear parent sinking, slowly but surely, into a premature grave, heart-broken by the neglect of her self-idolizing husband; and when the grave was closed over this victim, and when her father—from some caprice—had refused his once-passed consent to



her marriage with Robert Latimer, and forbidden him his house, she felt that there was but little happiness left for her in life. One night, one awful, never-to-be-forgotten night, the goaded tenants rose against their oppressors, to seek in arms that redress that the law denied them. They were repulsed, 'tis true; but the morning found her darling brother, Richard Maguire, a mangled corpse, and her father on a bed from which he never rose. An orphan, brotherless and sisterless, she was at length gladdened by the return of her Latimer; but who can blame her for exhibiting the most poignant anguish at the supposition of any accident fatal to him, whom—dearer to her, as he was, than her life—she had not called her own twelve months?

CROW'S FOOT.

*(To be Continued.)*

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#### A TOUR IN THE HIGHLANDS.

ON the morning of a beautiful day in June I started from Edinburgh, where I had arrived a short time previously, on my tour through the Highlands. The first place I directed my steps to was Perth, where I remained a few days to see all that was worth seeing, and then hastened on to Dunkeld, where I was invited to a friend's house. The country between these two places was so blank, barren, and uninteresting, that there arose in my mind considerable doubts as to the beauty of the spot we were fast approaching. I was, however, most agreeably disappointed. On emerging from the pass formed by the Tay, the most magnificent scene I had ever witnessed presented itself to my view. There lay in front, at some distance, the noble bridge, with the Cathedral on the other side embosomed in luxuriant woods, and the town nestling among the dark hills, beyond which again there rose the rich swelling woods skirting the silvery Tay, and stretching away in a long vista to the foot of Craigvinean, which, covered to its summit with verdant forests of larch, reared its proud head against the bright blue sky. Passing from this, my eye then rested on the varied outline of Craig-y-Barns, with its dark woods

now swelling to the light and again subsiding into shade, which formed the back-ground of this beautiful picture. Having dismounted at the inn, I walked with my knapsack to B—'s house, resolved to enjoy the scenery and his society as long as I possibly could. The next day, after a good rest, he accompanied me to point out all the beauties of the place. The first spot we visited was that whereon the old venerable Cathedral stands, all of it is roofless, but mantled with moss and ivy, except the choir, which is converted into a place of worship; in the vestry stands a statue in armour, of somewhat rude workmanship, formerly placed at the grave of the Wolf of Badenoch. As we came out, two large larches (the first introduced into Britain) were pointed out to me. We next walked along a path covered with the blue-bell and heather, which brought us to Ossian's Hall. We entered this hermitage, and perceiving a picture on the wall, I went up to it, and was looking at it intently, when suddenly the panel whereon it was painted was withdrawn, disclosing to my wondering eyes the cataract foaming over its rocky barrier, and roaring with a voice of thunder. I advanced further into the room, the sides and ceiling of which were covered with numerous mirrors, sometimes causing the waterfall to appear as if precipitating its torrents upon us, and sometimes as if rushing into the air; and after a minute examination of the building constructed in such a manner as to conceal the cascade with its walls, I discovered why I had not heard the noise of the fall as I approached it. From this we walked about a mile farther up to the Rumbling Bridge, where an accident befell me which nearly cost me my life. As I was leaning over the side of the bridge to look at the mighty torrent, I perceived a ledge covered with green moss (as I thought) and easy of access by a small path leading through some stunted brushwood. My adventurous spirit prompted me to attempt a descent along this to the ledge, whence I could see this great mass of water, pouring beneath the bridge at the other side, to greater advantage. I proceeded carefully along, catching hold of the shrubs and stumps on either side for support, till at length I arrived within a few paces of the brink itself. B—, who had been strolling on for a

short distance, returned just at this time, and seeing my perilous position, called upon me to return—but this was perfectly impossible, as I had already let go of my sole supporters, and was on the green slippery substance on my hands and knees. I endeavoured to retrace my steps, but in so doing I only glided nearer the edge of this awful precipice. All hope of saving myself was now gone; my head became dizzy; everything seemed to be swimming about me; I glided nearer and nearer the fatal edge; and at length, fainting, fell over. When I next opened my eyes I found myself lying in my room, propped up on all sides with pillows, unable to move either hand or foot. B— then told me the rest. It seems that when I had dropped about ten feet, I fell across the stump of a tree projecting from the rock, where I remained quite insensible till rescued with great difficulty by B— and some labourers he had brought along with him.

G. H. L.

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LINES SUGGESTED BY THE RETURN OF LORD  
GOUGH TO ENGLAND.

Heard'st thou that shout from yonder band?  
"Right welcome to thy native land,  
Brave comrade!" cry the soldiery;  
And as they cry, ten thousand more  
Repeat the noise they heard before,  
And fill the air with revelry.  
Hark! as the echo dies away,  
Bursts on the ear the minstrel's lay,  
That gently breathes some rapt'rous strain,  
Of warlike deeds on distant plain.  
E'en now, the carol pours along  
The glittering wave of noontide song,  
That mocks the pow'r of grim Decay,  
Nor changes yet, nor drives away  
Aught, but the sad sepulchral gloom,  
That broods around th' ephemeral tomb.

This be thy lot. No transient fame  
Shall blight thy mighty peerless name !  
But wreaths entwined with germs of bay  
Shall deck thy brow, with glory rife,  
Since ruthless foes thou didst dismay,  
And, braving danger, risk'd thy life.  
Welcome, again, from foreign shore  
Return'd, more honour'd than before ;  
Erst tried 'neath yon Hispania's sun,  
Where Albion blood-fraught battles won ;  
There myriads, bravely fighting, fell,  
Nor tocsin their's—nor passing knell—  
Unwept, unmourned, their lifeless clay,  
Doomed to become the carrion's prey.  
Let years roll on ! yet that renown,  
Once gained on Talavera's plain,  
From age to age will but remain,  
The patriot's tributary crown.  
Where India's blazing sun was shed  
Around the ghastly carnage spread,  
On parched up plains of reddening soil,  
Where Gujerat lay bestrewed with spoil,  
Reft from the Seiks, the swarthy foe,  
Whose courage British chiefs laid low.  
Where Jhelum rolls, with rapid stride,  
Her deep and dark blue waves, that glide  
'Neath mountain crags, thro' emerald fields,  
Whose flowery verdure fragrance yields ;  
Rippled by passing winds, she flows,  
Nor heeds the whisp'ring breeze that blows ;—  
This was the scene of victory—  
This the glad spot where wav'd on high  
The British standard, gallantly.  
Bold was the heart, and brave the band,  
That led the way to victory.  
Dauntless the chief at whose command  
Fiercely charged the cavalry.

Wide o'er the camp in the midnight air—  
When flash'd the bale-fires' restless glare,  
Muttering curses deep and low,  
Forth sped the fallen vanquish'd foe.  
This their last field—there last they met  
Our conquering flag—their sun has set—  
Worthy the victor's noblest meed,  
Were this thy only martial deed!  
But search the blazing scroll of fame,  
And see what glories gild thy name.  
Nor Moodkee nor Sobraon knew  
A braver hero. Ferozháw longs  
To tell of valour that belongs  
To thee—whose deeds the world admires.  
What chieftain he, of Eastern fame,  
That with thee from yon country came?  
See thousands kneel beside his feet,  
And strains of welcome there repeat.  
Hail! Edwardes! hail! from sea to sea  
Peace chants her note of harmony.  
Fit comrade, he, for that great mind,  
Not merely brave, but bravely kind—  
Endow'd with all those gems of gold,  
That gild the heart in virtue's mould;  
Forget not this—proud warriors all—  
' Virtue is true nobility.'  
Her praises fade not e'er away  
But last to immortality.  
" Welcome to thy native shore!"  
Gladly shout the soldiery—  
" Welcome now, to part no more!"  
Oh! for the days of chivalry.

"IO TRIUMPHE."

## THE DERBY DAY.

An me ludit amabilis,  
Insania?                      Hon. *Ode* III. 4.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

It was a fine Spring morning that I went out at an early hour in the forenoon, to amuse myself by parading the principal streets of the West End. I was struck by the pavement appearing remarkably empty, while, at the same time, I thought a rather unusual number of conveyances kept passing along. I was somewhat at a loss to account for this, when I suddenly recollected that it was the Derby Day. Never having attended one of these festive scenes, I determined immediately to procure a Hansom and repair to the spot, not so much to see the races, as to observe what passed on the course.

I shall not worry your readers with a detailed account of the equipages that lined the road, but suffice it to say, that conveyances of all sorts, from the sublime to the ridiculous, were wending their way in such numbers, to the races, that it was necessary to keep at a foot's pace for a couple of miles previous to arriving at the downs. Leaving my cab on the hill, I began to wander about and observe what was going on around me. I was not long in finding an old friend, who had come down for the same purpose as myself, and we therefore agreed to accompany one another throughout the day.

First then, we wended our way to the race-course, as yet crowded with persons moving about in all directions, waiting for the horses to be brought out to saddle. We here saw a crowd collected round a wretched, dirty-looking man, who seemed to be attracting the people by the loudness of his voice. We drew near, and there we saw an Irishman, holding in one hand a burning torch, while, with a fork he had in the other, he kept taking off portions of the flaming pitch, and putting it into his mouth. He seemed to chew this obnoxious mouthful, and then, beating his sides with his elbows, he emitted volume upon volume of smoke. During the intervals he kept crying out the number of mouthfuls he had already taken, and having,

to his great satisfaction, dispensed with *thirteen*, he commanded an unfortunate imp of a boy to perform the same feat. The miserable lad, however, no sooner took the first fork in his hand than he dropped it, in consequence of its intense heat. The man then gave the boy the torch, and told him to put the whole of it into his mouth at a given signal. Just as the man was about to open his jaws to receive this delicate mouthful, the bell rang for the course to be cleared, preparatory to the horses taking their gallop.

My friend and myself gladly moved off, disgusted at the sight we had just witnessed; in fact, the scene had worked upon his nerves to such a degree that he, to this day, believes he then and there saw Beelzebub, and, during the whole of that day, I constantly saw him casting a look behind to see whether the said demon was in any proximity to himself.

We next approached the Betting Ring, and there we heard all sorts of discordant cries; bets, from the highest to the lowest amount were being offered on the result; some were looking at their books, with down-cast faces, when they heard such a horse rise in the betting; here you saw a man offering the most frantic bets in order to hedge; there was another calmly and deliberately putting down the bets he had just made, with a look of the most lively satisfaction, as if feeling himself secure in winning his stake. Here was the young and rash sportsman, offering bets totally regardless of expense; there was the old calculating turfsman, slowly offering and not too rashly accepting, though the intense interest he felt was plainly marked by the almost supernatural lustre of his keen small eye.

But look, the horses are galloping; one by one they pass in review before the assembled ring, a shout of applause bursts involuntarily from their lips as two or three of the favourites gallop quietly past. But the sleek coat, and good condition of one, point him out as the favourite, while the known character of its rider raise him still more in the opinion of the critics; the bets, therefore, on him are more carefully offered, more eagerly accepted.

Enough, while the horses are starting, there is time to go to

the Grand Stand and take a survey of the Downs. Here what a sight meets you; here you meet the highest, the noblest of the land, shut off but by one slight railing from the concourse without;—so slender is the barrier which liberty, in its truest form, fixes between the highest and lowest of the people.

The state of the course, however, is a subject which would need the pen of an Eastern poet to do it justice. The whole ground for above twenty yards on both sides, from the Grand Stand to Tathnam corner, is crowded with human beings. The whole hill is covered with booths, partly for the accommodation of man, partly for that of horse. The floating flags and coloured banners inform you that the booth beneath is owned by Higgins, of Ewell—or Walker, of Epsom. In fact, the whole place presents more the spectacle of a camp than a race-course.

Look! The troop of horsemen galloping as hard as they can across the Downs, denote that the start has at length been effected. Every breath is hushed, not a sound is heard, silence pervades the immense mass, even extending to the great unwashed. Gradually the heads of the riders are seen as they gain the summit of the hill, a shout bursts from the assembled multitude. The favourite is far behind. But look yet awhile! His supporters have not yet given up hope; blue and red stripes may be first now, but there is yet a mile to run. They near the corner; the purple cap is gaining fast; the outsiders are beginning to lag; the race is becoming one of the most intense interest! Yet a little further, the favourite is still third! What can the jockey be about? Every instant lessens his chance; but look yet again! just as he reaches the distance-post, his jockey gives him his head; spur and whip and hand all go at once, the horse seems lifted at every stride, while rapidly gaining on those before him, he comes in handsomely by a length.

The race is over! the whole interest of the day is gone. In one minute and a half has passed that which has occupied the public mind for weeks, aye, months. The race was undoubtedly a good one, but how short was its duration! After all, the excitement seems more than the fact deserves. The Derby is the



theme of conversation for months before it takes place. The Derby is the groundwork of all sorts of schemes of pleasure for weeks before the day on which it is run. The Derby,—the young look forward to being present at it as the height of pleasure, they consider it a feather in their cap to have witnessed it; they talk of it as if it formed the very centre of their existence. The old consider it a duty to be present at it; the largeness of its stakes render it the object of every sportsman to win, and yet how fleeting is its duration! how soon is it past! Such are, indeed, the vanities of human wishes.

Scarcely had the race been concluded before a great board hung on the Grand Stand gives out to the expectant thousands, the number of the winner, on "Darling's Correct Card of the Races." No sooner is the number ascertained, than pigeon after pigeon is set free, the whole sky is black with these winged messengers, who soaring to a height, pass some few minutes in performing revolutions in the air, as though to survey the country around, and ascertain the quarter to which they are to return.

There being now plenty of time for observing passing events, my companion and myself left the Grand Stand, and mingled among the drags to look about us. The whole scene was now one of confusion,—every drag was pouring forth the contents of its hampers; laughter and mirth began to rise on all sides; champagne seemed to be quickly taking its effects on the heads of those who had been exposed to the heat of the sun. In the midst there suddenly arose a cry of "Stop thief," which some slightly intoxicated individual on the top of a conveyance close by, became very eager to accomplish, and began lustily to echo the cry, but was most effectually silenced half way, by finding himself suddenly beneath the vehicle, instead of at the top of it.

Leaving the said individual to enjoy himself, we proceeded to a booth pre-eminent among the rest for the largeness of its linen sign post (for we can call it by no other name) which we discovered to belong to Judge Nicholson, and which seemed to be one of most fashionable resort. The company was certainly not of the most genteel, while the provisions were tolerable, but

enormously dear. By-the-bye, *à propos* to dearness of provisions in these booths, I was informed that the proprietors had to pay the enormous amount of 2s. 6d. per square foot *per day* for the ground on which they are placed.

There are, however, other sights to be seen besides eating and drinking on these occasions. Here is a small number of persons amusing themselves with "ringing the bull"—one of the fairest games to be found on the course. Then comes another man, squats himself down with a piece of clay, a stick, and a sixpence; and having placed the stick on the clay, and the sixpence on the stick, offers the surrounding gentry a small bar of iron, with which to knock off the sixpence. Every time you knock the sixpence off the clay, he gives you three shillings; every time the sixpence falls on the clay, you give him sixpence. Very fair in theory, but not so in practice; the said owner taking very good care you never do knock the sixpence off without its falling on the clay. It was my fortune to see one of these gentlemen taken in by a very aristocratic-looking personage, who appeared to be well known among the community, though not to the individual in question.

It is useless trying to stop gambling at these places. I saw the police break many a *rouge-et-noir* table, but their number seemed not to diminish. Thimble-rig was carried on to a frightful amount; and numbers amused themselves with "three throws for a penny." While looking at this game, which, by the bye, is rather dangerous work, I saw a gentleman knock off the pill-box, or whatever it was at the top of the stick; and while the man was replacing it, he sent another stick, which caught the man on the fingers, and made him drop the pincushion rather sharp.

I am afraid you will think me too prosy, and so I will bring this to a close. I cannot, however, omit the scene at Tathnam-corner, after the races were over. There is only a narrow passage sufficient for one carriage to pass at a time, and it is consequently the chief object to get through as fast as possible. First comes a drag with four greys, trumpets blowing and ladies waving handkerchiefs; suddenly another four-in-hand drives up, and tries to

pass through before the greys. A race ensues; the grey leaders grow restive, and eventually seat themselves beneath the wheelers, who set to work to kick furiously; the ladies scream and faint alternately, and by the gradual concentration of vehicles, the scene soon becomes one of the most supreme confusion. Wheels are taken off, axles are snapped, and in some instances the whole vehicle is smashed to atoms; and yet curious to say, but few accidents to human life occur. How the people manage to extricate themselves is a wonder, but still there remains the fact—they do. Having passed the corner, and got on the high road, a conflict between two drags is by no means a rare or uninteresting spectacle. The drivers furiously belabour, first each other's horses, and then each other's heads; whilst the rest of the company add noise and abuse. Gradually, however, the whole mass moves along, and the approach of night brings silence with it, and thus closes the Derby Day.

H. U.

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TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

O Philomela, bird of tender strains,  
The magic of thy note each soul enchains,  
How sweet at eve to listen to thy song.  
When by the whispering breeze 'tis borne along.

The reaper who has toil'd the livelong day,  
At sunset loves to listen to thy lay;  
Thy voice he hears returning to his cot,  
And feels contented with his humble lot.

The sick man tossing on his weary bed,  
With feverish thoughts opprest, and aching head,  
Should he but catch the comfort of thy strains,  
Is soothed to sleep, relieved of half his pains.

But while all hearts thou ravishest with joy,  
Thyself deep sorrows for thy young destroy,  
And mourning aye their loss, thou heav'st thy breast  
To heaven, with plaintive melody opprest.

CANTOR.

## MANHOOD'S TEARS.

Quickly down childhood's blooming cheeks  
The burning tear oft flows,  
But soon the sorrow is forgot,  
For which the sob arose.  
The tears that burst from woman's eyes,  
Speak pity, love, or pain,  
No argument so sure as tears,  
A woman's cause to gain.

But manhood's soul is proud and strong,  
And manhood's heart is bold,  
On high it flies without restraint,  
It cannot be controlled.  
He will not pour his sorrow forth,  
For every painful blow—  
Intensely deep must be the grief,  
Before *his* tears can flow.

Manhood's strong soul is born to bear  
The common ills of life ;  
He comes prepared for many a storm,  
He's armed for many a strife.  
'Tis when the objects of his love  
Are placed beneath the ground,  
When dark remorse his bosom rends,  
He shows he feels the wound.

Perchance the happy bridegroom comes,  
To claim his lovely bride ;  
And ere the circling year has past,  
That beauteous one has died.  
With aching heart and tearful eye,  
He follows to the tomb  
Her dust, and o'er his future days,  
Is cast a settled gloom.

The hearse adorned with snow-white plumes,  
Tells of some hapless flower,  
Cut off by Death before it came  
To manhood's strength, and power,  
The father deeply wails the fate,  
That took his only son,  
The strong man bows his head, and weeps  
For his best loved one.

It is an awful sight to see  
A strong man's tearful eye,  
Oh, what a world does it disclose,  
Of untold agony.  
The other sex, another age,  
Have each some cause for tears,  
But manhood's tell of speechless woe,  
The inmost soul that sears.

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REFLECTIONS OF A VETERAN.—No. III.

DEAR MR. OBSERVER,

I had already jotted down several stray thoughts whereon to enlarge in your pages. Already had I sketched *pro bono publico* the frantic ardour with which politics are taken in hand by those two stanch Protectionists, De Courcy and Tom Brace, both of whom have, ever since I knew them, given Old England over to the dogs; the only difference being that the former says it is all owing to bread being so cheap, while Tom is inclined to the opinion that it is owing to the repeal of the Navigation Laws, adding, moreover, that if he was a shipowner "he's blowed if he'd stand it"; and while these two struggle for the leading sheet of the *Herald*, you may see in another part of the reading-room Young Dulledge consulting the *Post* for the state of the odds, which every now and then he kindly shouts out to any kindred soul, "I say, Jim, my boy, 30 to 1 at Manchester against the

Rummey One,—how do you like that, old fellow.” “Pooh! pooh!” says the other, “they can’t bet at Manchester; tell us what the odds are at the Corner, then I’ll talk to you.” Dulledge and ‘Jim’ bet, apparently a good deal together; I only hope the former may win, because then I shall, perhaps, get what he owes me, or leastways a part of it, for one mustn’t expect too much at a time from these young capitalists.

But, Sir, all such characters and a score more must be reserved for another season. At present, allow me to give you a few of the reflections I have made while reading a book entitled “Letters from Madras, by a Lady.” Great was my delight, Sir, at seeing this work advertised. I flatter myself I have read a good deal on India; of course I have. Is not my manhood to be passed there? am I not there “to administer civil government to thousands of subject Hindús”? am not I one of that chosen band under whose guidance the Company’s rule “is to be rendered a blessing, not a curse, to India,—a glory, not a shame, to Britain”? To be sure I am. Being alive, then, to the importance of my future office, I have made it my business, Sir, to take an interest in everything Indian from the sober Brahminical text-books and wilder legends of the Sanskrit Epic Poems down to the latest improvement in the culture of Tapioca. Nor is this all. I have endeavoured also to realize English Society in the East, and hand-books, guide-books, and such like, have been the companions of my lighter hours. But in all my reading, I had not as yet stumbled on a book which pretended to give a sketch of Madras, and as I don’t care to own that Madras is my destined presidency, you may guess what pleasure I anticipated in the “Letters from Madras, by a Lady,” that lady, too, as I saw when glancing at the book, *the wife of a Civilian*. Come, come, thinks I, this is charming!

How does the fair writer open the book, was the next thing to learn,—not with an ode on losing sight of “my native land,” let us hope! no. She heads her first letter “Bay of Biscay, August 17th.” Now, it may or it may not be a remarkable coincidence; mind you, *I* think it *is*, but I shall be in the Bay of Biscay next

August, that is, if I am not plucked or rusticated. Dear me, I wonder whether she was on board the "Telugu," Commander Hopkins, because that is the vessel I go by; indeed, Hopkins's mother is a Snooksleigh, and he was by consequence related to my late aunt Barbara; nothing could be kinder than Hopkins's behaviour; he has helped me to select my outfit, ordered his broker to keep a sharp look out for a serviceable set of cabin furniture (second hand), besides taking off £ 20 from the passage money. What shall I buy with this £ 20, I wonder. Muggins suggests "books." No, no. I'll tell you what I'll do with it, Muggins. I'll try to get *somebody* to sit for *her* miniature for me, and then I'll suspend it round my neck next to my heart with a braid of *somebody's* hair. Yes, yes, and I'll —. Well, well, Mr. Observer, let us follow our authoress's track, and not give way to hopes perhaps never to be realized. Pardon the momentary weakness. The voyagers had a pleasant time of it up to their very arrival at Madras; but the sixteen pages which record the intervening time contain ample proofs that our fair friend imagines that she has a fund of great powers of satire, and moreover that such satire is of a pleasant and lady-like style, to which opinion, however, we cannot subscribe.

The arrangements of the ship were, as indeed they are in all Indiamen, complete: good eating, good cooking; and, in case you overfed yourself, a good doctor; not that I shall trouble the latter much on board the *Telugu*—for have I not got my deceased relative's medicine-chest?—the invalid's *vade-mecum* she used to call it; and is it not full of the family physic: 'One spoonful before breakfast, two between breakfast and lunch,' and so forth. Bhoo—h! how bitter it was. How glad I am that the recipe for it died with the dear old lady.

Our authoress, meanwhile, describes all the novelties and wonders of the new land most graphically, and seems to be enchanted with all she sees and hears. But, of course, her satirical propensity must be directed to some object, so she brings in the following piece of lady-like fun:—

"After dinner the company all sit round in the middle of the

great gallery-like rooms, talk in whispers, and *scratch their musquito-bites*." Well, Mr. Observer, what do you think of that? Live and learn, they say; I think so, too. We could not have believed that an English lady, for the sake of smart writing, could have written anything so ridiculously untrue and so disgustingly vulgar.

Again: "Sometimes there is a little music, as languid as anything else." Is there, indeed? This was written in the cold season, at which time of year we have been heretofore given to understand the Governor gives two weekly balls, that every one in the service is asked, and that besides innumerable private "swarries," etc., are the order of the day.

But now we come to the climax: "Concerning the company themselves, the *ladies are all young and wizen*, the *gentlemen all old and wizen!!!*" What does she mean? Unfortunately for her credit, too many have returned from the gorgeous East with *unwizen* exteriors. Just step this way, ma'am, to the Oriental Club House. Ah! you needn't point out those two old fogies in the corner so triumphantly. *They are wizen*, I allow. But do you happen to know, ma'am, that those two are neither more nor less than Colonel Mulligatawney and Brevet Major Mangoes—they both landed in India at sixteen years of age, and began with thirty cheroots a day, and spirits *ad libitum*—and for each wizen we can show you fifty unwizen. As to the ladies getting wizen, we won't hear of it for a moment. It is a gross libel on your own sex. We leave you to the tender mercies of the maligned ones.

We will quote another similar passage, where our authoress thus generalizes:—"The Civilians' ladies are generally very quiet, rather languid, speaking in almost a whisper, simply dressed, always lady-like, and *comme il faut*; not pretty, but pleasant and nice-looking, rather dull, and giving one very hard-work in pumping for conversation. . . . The Military ladies, on the contrary, are almost always quite young, pretty, noisy, affected, showily dressed, with a great many ornaments, and chatter incessantly from the moment they enter the house



. . . . . and when the gentlemen come up into the drawing-room after dinner, they invariably flirt with the men most furiously."

If our readers will peruse the work themselves, they will regret, as we do, that such a book should be spoiled by passages so perversely absurd and vulgar. Let us conclude with this advice: "Dear Madam, You are, doubtless, vastly clever, witty, and agreeable. We think your letters, when read out only to the family circle, must have amused your dear relatives excessively; and there you ought to have been content to stop. If at any other period you should be bent on rushing into print, pray suppress all such desperate specimens of vulgarity as are here pointed out, and oblige, Your's truly,

VETERAN."

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## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*We would call the attention of the gentleman who favours us with a dissertation on Sanskrit to the old adage "Sorte tuâ contentus abi."*

*The author of "Glimpses of the Past," is sincerely thanked for his remarkably well written article, and we hope he will turn his attention to subjects more suitable to our pages than are paraphrases of Scripture History.*

*G. we hope will write again ; at present his ideas soar too high.*

*A Protectionist should extend his protection to old fables.*

*E.Y.E.'s optic is certainly not a piercer.*

*باب signifies his surprise at his word not being taken incognito, the Editors are equally surprised at his not placing confidence in their given word cognito, and beg to assure him that they are determined not to print the first number of any story until they are satisfied that it will be finished : his story, therefore, is very unwillingly reserved.*

*Matutinus writes prettily, but is too excursive ; besides which we must refer him to the preceding answer.*

*Humbug speaks for itself.*

*We shall be happy to insert L.'s contribution if he will add to it.*

*"Todgers," K. K. W., φ., &c.. Septimus, Codfish, Briggs, Spes in Futuro, Nunkey, &c., are cordially thanked for their suggestions and complimentary remarks on the welfare of the Observer. As some reward for our toil we hope to hear from all our Correspondents again after Easter.*

THE  
HAILEYBURY OBSERVER.

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READING MAKETH A FULL MAN, CONFERENCE A READY MAN, WRITING AN  
ACCUERATE MAN.—BACON.

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MAY 1, 1850.

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THE BALSHAM BRASSES.

(FOUNDED UPON FACTS.)

ON a beautiful summer's morning in the year of Grace 1643, two horsemen might have been seen wending their way to the picturesque little village of Balsham, in Cambridgeshire. They were dressed in the puritanical and sober-coloured doublet and cloak of the period, and further ornamented with sugar-loaf hats, calf-skin boots, and huge basket-hilted swords. The elder was a man of some forty years of age, harsh-featured and sour-looking, with a peculiar malignity of expression, heightened by the hypocrisy which was sufficiently apparent in much of his manner. The younger was tall, and though equally imbued with the precision of the other, seemed to be, at bottom, far more mercurial, and better disposed, than his companion. William Dowsing, the elder, seemed in high spirits at his undertaking, which was the too-common practice of ridding, as the puritans supposed, the country churches of all Popish and idolatrous images; but the younger, Mark Fenton, seemed rather to deplore his having been sent on any such errand, and sighed as he saw the steeple

of the old church rising in the distance. "There," cried Dowsing, in an ecstasy of enthusiasm, "there, Mark, another nest of Popery rears its head, as a landmark and guide for the purifiers of the land; but it shall not remain so long; no! we will cleanse it even unto the poorest emblem, that nought may remain of the Popish superstitions that have so long oppressed this ungodly land." His companion made no reply, and they rode into the village in silence. Quickly dismounting, Dowsing called imperiously to one of the surrounding cottagers, and desired to be instantly furnished with a crowbar and pickaxe. The man obeyed in sullen silence, and departed to procure them, but, at the same time, despatched a little boy to the Rectory for the clergyman, Dr. Templer, a man universally beloved by the villagers, and their constant resort in trouble.

The good Doctor questioned the boy as to the appearance of the unwelcome visitors, and fearing the worst, (for he was no stranger to the daily desecrations that Cromwell's emissaries were committing,) without delay, proceeded to the churchyard. He found the vestry-door beaten in by the pickaxe, and hastily entered the Church, where the men were already beginning their labours. He immediately addressed Dowsing, and demanded his authority for so doing, and received, as answer, that the Parliament had appointed him their unworthy servant to purify the land from abominations, and that he was not to be deterred from so doing by the men of Belial. By no means daunted, the good Rector opposed them in their project, besought them to desist, pointed out that the images contained no proof of Popery, that they were not worshipped, and, finally, that while he stood there they should not be broken. All was of no avail. He was rudely pushed aside, and the work of destruction began. The beautifully painted glass windows were broken, and their fragments trodden under foot; saints, and images of the angels on the wall, ruthlessly splintered with the crowbar; the pictures (redolent of superstition, as Dowsing termed them,) torn and disfigured; the chancel steps levelled, and the crosses, and other sculptures, pulled down and completely destroyed. The Rector, in the meanwhile, leaned in

despair against one of the pillars of the church, and surveyed, with the most agonising feelings of regret, the destruction of the ancient and beautiful decorations. At last, having completed their work upon the walls, the men looked round for further objects of their vengeance. On the pavement of the aisle lay a most magnificent brass, whilst another, equally splendid, adorned the chancel. They were to the memories, respectively, of Dr. John Blodwell, and John de Sleford, both priests of the parish in ancient times, and for more than two centuries, had formed the principal ornaments of the church. Perceiving that the intricacies of the canopies were filled in with representations of the Holy Trinity, the twelve apostles, and various saints, Dowsing immediately resolved upon their destruction, and began to prise up the one in the chancel with his crowbar. But the Rector, starting from his position, rushed forward : he resolutely opposed it, and expressed his determination to defend them, if necessary, with his life. "Men ! he cried, men ! dogs rather ! desist ! touch not those memorials of our forefathers ! on your peril touch them again !" he cried, seeing Dowsing recommencing his work, and, rushing upon him with almost superhuman energy, he wrested the crowbar from him. "What can there be in these works of art to excite thy impious malice ? Can the figures of saints offend thee ? Dost thou suppose they are worshipped ? Do not the people tread upon them as they enter the church ? Sirs," he exclaimed, suddenly subsiding into entreaty, "for pity's sake, harm them not ; all else is destroyed ; surely ye can spare these monuments of skill and humble piety, and respect the sanctity attached to the resting-places of the dead."

"We may well leave them, Dowsing !" interposed Mark Fenton, "the old gentleman is fond of them, and they be not so offensive as most."

"Fool !" thundered Dowsing, "thinkest thou that I will leave one atom in this church that savoureth of Rome ? That were truly wise council to leave the root, when the stem and branches are cut down. Hinder me not, old man, or thou wilt repent it !"

"Well," said his companion, "I care not for them, and if thou

are bent upon it I will stand by thee ;” and with these words he gently drew the old man from the spot. But the Rector had perceived the forms of several villagers loitering about the churchyard, and, undaunted, shouted at the pitch of his voice, “ Help ! Help ! if ye be men ! are there none who will aid me in expelling these persecutors of the church ? ” Several men rushed in, and, springing upon Dowsing, forced him away. He drew his sword, as did also his companion, and they defended themselves desperately ; but, overpowered by numbers, they were dragged into the village by the exasperated rustics, several of whom they had wounded ; and were glad to fly ignominiously from the stones, mud, and brickbats, that were plentifully showered upon them.

The old Rector was assisted to the Parsonage in a most exhausted state from his exertions ; but his object was accomplished ; he had saved the brasses ; the authorities did not believe implicitly all that the two puritans alleged against him ; the church was considered sufficiently purified ; and the brasses to this day adorn the pavement of the chancel, beneath which the good old Rector sleeps in peace.

BR——S.

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### AN HOUR'S CONTEMPLATION.

SIR,—On Sunday night, about twelve o'clock, I was sitting at my room window, enjoying the calm and balmy breeze, and listening to the song of the nightingale, that had just arrived. I think, and have from childhood always thought, that the whole face of nature seems to wear a different aspect on the Sabbath to what it does on other days. If the sun is shining, I fancy that I have never seen it so bright before ; if, on the contrary, its cheerful orb is obscured, I feel within myself a corresponding gloom, which, being a man of business, God forbid I should experience on a week day. I always conceive that there reigns on the Sunday, even among the elements, a peculiar stillness, and which, with me, produces *contemplativeness*, and hence it is, Sir, that I have now reconciled myself to those gentle reveries in which I

find myself indulging every seventh day at eleven a.m., and sometimes, ah, woe to me, a *little* later still. Well, Sir, I said that I was sitting at my room window at twelve o'clock p.m. on one of these *contemplative* nights,—my window, Sir, commands the most extensive view of any in College, and I am very much attached to it, for it has often done me a great deal of good; many's the time that I have groaned over a page of straight and crooked marks representing consonants (not a single vowel, Sir), the component parts of words, and, therefore, the representatives of ideas (you see, Sir, I reason in my *contemplations*), and when unsuccessful in arriving at those, alas! far-far-to-be-fetched ideas, in disgust I have hurled away the book, and broken out in some such complaints as these—"Is it for the sake of *one single* consonant that you are destroying your eye-sight—is it for this that you braved your good father's groan when he added up the items—

	£	s.	d.
To one Persian Dictionary—Persian and English .....	9	9	0
To     "     "     "     English and Persian .....	5	5	0
To one Inverary Sawley (as my father pronounced it) ..	4	4	0
To one Gulistan, <i>i.e.</i> Rose Garden .....	2	2	0
(Thorns! thorns! declared my father, not a d——d rose in the whole).			

To two Persian Grammars, &c. &c.

To ditto Ugly Moonshine,

(I should say it was, too, considering I never saw but eight pages of the whole).

"Five fip-pins," as I live, quoth the good old man, and drew the check.

"Is it, I have often argued, for the sake of acquiring the ennobling title of Highly Distinguished—when thirteen out of nineteen enjoy the same honour—that you are ousted out of so many joyous games of cricket, so many pleasant hours with your friends;—is it for this that you are deprived of the opportunity of making new friendships, and finding congenial spirits among those with whom you are destined to pass the best of your life." Thus *contemplating*, Sir, I should often have been in danger of doing

something very wrong—perhaps swearing a round oath at the whole concern—perhaps *cutting* the subject, and taking a P—if it were not for the salutary effect of this view. Yes, many's the time that thus wrought into a frenzy, when once my eye had ranged over the prospect from my window, I have instantly sat down and worked away till I had accomplished the desired quantum, and dispelled all such propensities (unless in Persian, just to practise myself in *speaking* the language), from my tongue, and all such desires from my heart.

You may perhaps, Sir, be anxious to know what there could be in any view from this College to raise such proper feelings in the bosom of the beholder—as in that case you might (pray don't, as it would be fatal to the hopes of my intimate friend, who has *two* rooms—happy, happy, happy, happy, happy—five is the number in Dryden, I know—man, with an exactly similar view), you yourself might, I say, in that case wish to come to this envied quarter; or, if you be in your fourth term, you might recommend your brother, or your cousin, or director's godson, to put his name down for a room so conducive to keeping him straight in his College career. I will tell you the whole, Sir; I am a liberal, and have been so from a child; too fond, my old master used to say, as he raised the cane above me when on the point of administering to my (oh, then, too controlled limbs) “too fond,” the first blow, “of having” (2nd) “your” (No. 3) “own way” (4) “of knowing” (a stinging 8, 9); I used always to count, and either through nervousness, for which I think you will allow there was every excuse, or through a desire to raise commiseration and augment my reputation among my companions, I had a knack of missing out a unit or a ten here and there), “no” (10) “control” (11, 12) “and I have won't have it” (here a whole volley, and a tremendous one to wind up with). It certainly was very true—of that I have no doubt—and I sincerely hope, Sir, that I now know that before I can command I must learn to obey. Howbeit, Sir, as I said, I had a liberal mind (B— never thoroughly knocked that out of me, he only mollified it—extremes meet they say—by the harshest of all means). Hence when I first came into



College, and trod the learned, though extremely dirty soil of the quad., I, *contemplated* that a front room certainly would not do for me—there was no freedom it—no distant prospect of life to come—all every day scenes—hall, chapel, or the lecture rooms—Haileybury, Sir, no world—so I chose a back room, luckily not a downstairs one, with a wall six yards off the window (where the only living creatures I should have seen would have been lame ducks, bloated to a most unwholesome extent with food ejected from divers windows with a view to their bodily destruction), but, Sir, a room—the room, Sir, with *the* view—on being shown into which I instantly *contemplated* that here it was that I would live my Brahmachári's life—here I have now continued—I, a picture of my future course in the world—"the bars," bah! they would be to me like a dandy's under-waistcoat, the setter-off of the next—"a cricket field!" how many a happy hour does it contribute to the men, thought I, though now and then, to be sure, one does get maimed a little;—"a wood," ah! I hear the birds singing even now—it's true, I dare say, a viper or two may creep insidiously among the fallen leaves, and now and then a heartless hawk invade the sanctuary of the dove;—"a boundless plain," of which I could scarcely distinguish all its varied features, or count the many occupations I saw there carried on—so, *contemplated* I, will parts of your life be; the Creator has most wisely hidden from you the future, but as, in this plain, you may see his hand in every object, so be assured that you will not be overlooked wherever you may go. Lastly, I could distinguish in the distance the "tapering spire of some modest village church." There, said I, are births, and deaths, and marriages celebrated—the two first are certainly your lot, and, I thought, (you know, Sir, I am *very contemplative*), perhaps the third also. The church is an emblem of life, and so is the whole view. When you look from hence you will remember that you are a *man*—you will see in it your beginning and your end—it will teach you to remember that man's course is a chequered one—that he is always subject to the will of his Maker, but that that Maker is good and gracious.

Such thoughts, Sir, did the view raise within me on the first occasion of my beholding it. I have never for-

gotten them, and I felt their influence with, perhaps, more keenness than usual on Sunday last—a day, I say, on which I am more *contemplative* than on others—nor is the hour of midnight calculated to make one less so. I felt romantic, Sir. It is not often I commit that weakness, and, therefore, I hope I may be excused this time. I heard the nightingale sing as if he were thankful that he lived—thankful for all the blessings that he enjoyed—thankful for the bright day that had just passed, and the lovely night that was waning. I had the temerity, Sir, to compare myself with him (not in a musical point of view, for even at that hour I had not so far forgotten myself), but I *contemplated*, “I am going whence you have come, God grant that I may be as contented as you are now when I return.”

I was thoughtful, Sir, very; and the mere *contemplation* of that day so far removed, made me liken the intervening years to the boundless night I saw before me, and I grew melancholy—when, lo! the bright full moon shone forth from behind a cloud—told me not to despair—told me that life is a chequered scene, and thus reminded me of the old view that I could not see with my eye, though engraven on my mind.

Whilst thus enrapt in *contemplation*, our romantic clock chimed (forsooth) the hour of one, and I remembered, what I had seemed so long to have forgotten, that I was a *man of business*—must go to bed—to *buckle* on the armour for the ensuing day, and moon no more.

C.

#### LINES SUGGESTED BY THE BATTLE OF JHELUM.

’Twas morning, on the plains below,  
 Accoutred stood the hostile foe,  
 And clear as crystal was the flow  
 Of Jhelum rolling rapidly.

But woe be to the dastard white!  
 Jhelum saw an unwonted sight,  
 Before the Sikhs—in rapid flight—  
 A troop of English cavalry.

By word and gesture, eager made,  
 Each captain, with his out-stretched blade,  
 Pointing to foemen, vainly staid  
     The Britons' flight disorderly.

Then was the world with wonder riven,  
 And nations to amazement driven,  
 With eyes and hands upraised to heaven,  
     Gave utterance reproachfully.

But soon again the world shall know,  
 That England fears no mortal foe,  
 And bloodier yet the stream shall flow,  
     Of Jhelum rolling rapidly.

For ne'er again shall yonder sun,  
 Behold such scenes of courage gone,  
 When furious Sikh and fiery son  
     Of Briton meet in rivalry.

The deed is done—rush on, ye brave,  
 And wipe with glory, or the grave,  
 The stain from off your country ; save  
     The honour of her chivalry.

Urge on your steeds—where many meet,  
 But few shall part, the iron sleet  
 Shall soon make need for winding sheet,  
     Hurled forth by fierce artillery.

I. E.

## VACATION RAMBLES.

*(Continued from page 157.)*

MY DEAR OBSERVER,—Having in a previous number given you a cursory account of “lion hunting” in Dublin during the space of eight-and-forty hours, I will now proceed to detail my rambles in the interior. The second morning after my arrival in Dublin, having nothing to detain me, I started for the Irish

South-Western Railway Station. The same taste that has been shewn in the building and erection of our principal termini in England has been transplanted to Ireland, and is especially manifest in the station now in question.

Having taken my ticket I ensconced myself in a carriage—somewhat inferior to those which luxurious Britons, or Saxons (whichever they call us), are accustomed to. If there be one quality more striking in John Bull than another, it is that he likes to get his penny's-worth for his penny; this is perhaps more strikingly manifest in a Scotchman. Having a little of both blood running in my veins, it may be perhaps excusable in me to growl a little on the above score. The line of rail runs within *three* miles of the famous Curragh of Kildare, the best race-course in existence, not excepting Newmarket-heath itself,—a spot “pre-eminently calculated,” as “The Veteran's” friend, “Young Dullage,” would say—“for a smart thing across the flat.” It also passes over the celebrated “Bog of Allen,” one of those curious freaks of Dame Nature so common in Ireland. Whilst stopping at one of the small stations on this part of the line, I saw a veritable specimen of an Irish bogtrotter. At a particular turn in the line may be descried the Rock of Cashel, famed in all the country round as a prominent landmark. The tract of country through which I passed, with the exception of the above few localities, is peculiarly dull and uninteresting. A journey of seven hours, during which I had accomplished 140 miles or thereabouts, brought me to Mallow where I disembarked—if such a term may be applied to railway travelling. Here I adjourned to the only hotel (?) in the town, and halted for the night.

Mallow is a straggling town, with not a decent house in it. The shops are small and poor, but the publicans appeared to be doing a thriving trade. Mallow is well known for a mineral spring, the waters of which are particularly beneficial in cases of consumptive tendency. Here is a curious remnant (I know not what other word to apply) of old municipal law, which is—that all bad characters, of either sex, found loitering in the streets

after ten o'clock p.m., are immediately to be located for the night in a lock-up, and taken care of by the police force. The police, therefore, are so well acquainted with "who's who," that there is no fear of any respectable person finding a night's lodging in the cage. Following the good example set by the authorities of Mallow, I retired to rest at an early hour. My room faced the street, and in the early part of the night there was no possibility of obtaining sleep from the unearthly wailing of the watchman, to whom the old London watchmen "could not hold a candle," as the phrase goes, in dolefully crying the hour. As the night waned so did his voice—but yet no rest. The "early village cock," as Shakspeare has it, began his crow; and many times would I have wished watchman and poultry at Jericho, had not my predilections in favour of eggs exempted the poultry from so uncharitable a wish.

The morning dawned bright and fair. The clerk of the weather had evidently ordered Sol to give us an excursion week, *i.e.*, plenty of fair weather, and the next question was how to proceed. A car luckily turned up, and the horse having been put to, luggage stowed and self inside,—“Will you pay now?” said the proprietor, just as I was starting. “By no means,” said I. This seemed to cause evident disgust to the man, but I brought to his mind that there were two kinds of bad paymasters, the one those who paid before hand, the other those who never pay at all. Not being able to afford futher time for parley, away we went. From Mallow to Killarney, a distance of 40 odd miles, the country is peculiarly uninteresting, an air of barrenness and poverty is for the most part upon the face of the land, but within two or three miles of Killarney the aspect of the country changed; then the hills appeared well clothed with foliage, and the fields assumed an appearance of cultivation; the estates of Mr. Herbert, of Newcross, and Lord Kenmare, being on either side of us as we entered the town. Shortly afterwards the car stopped at a small inn, the “Kenmare Arms,”—as I imagined for the purpose of watering the horse, since I knew that the great hotel, the “Victoria,” was by the lake side. But no! according

to the carman, this was my destination,—according to me, it was not. On informing the carman that he *must* go on to the “Victoria,” the man said that he had orders from the agent, *i.e.*, the master at Mallow, to proceed no further. Considering that I had a right to choose my own abode, I got out and informed the carman that I should proceed on foot to the Lake shore, and that unless he followed not a farthing would he get, and away I went. After proceeding half a mile I heard a lumbering of wheels, and lo, the car was approaching. I got in again and was at last safely at my journey’s end, housed under the roof of the Victoria Hotel, within a quarter of a mile of the lower Lake of Killarney. Evening was fast drawing on by the time that the inner man had been refreshed, and there was nought to do but to look out for a good guide. These abound at Killarney, but we were lucky enough to obtain one Stephen Spillane, a bugler to boot, who has the reputation of having the greatest power over the echos on the Lakes and Mountains. Having secured his services, I sauntered about the grounds, down to the Lake side, and there regaled myself with a view, in which, prominent in the back ground, stood the Magillicuddy Rocks, washed by the water of the Lake, whose surface was studded with islands for the most part teeming with luxuriance, verdure, and foliage; the broad shadows of the mountains contrasting strongly with their summits, now golden tipped by the rays of the setting sun. The view had already, as I stood musing, raised expectations in my mind, which were heightened the longer I gazed on the landscape before me, now being fast shut out from my sight by the shades of evening. Slowly I strolled back to the house, and the morning proved that I was not doomed to be disappointed.

Here I may as well give you an idea of the town of Killarney. It is a straggling, poor-looking place, much about the extent of Hertford, but not so thickly studded with houses. There seems a lack of bustle,—save at the Kenmare Arms there are few places where any concourse of people are to be seen. Here they assemble to talk over the town gossip and scrutinise the fresh arrivals of travellers. The town boasts of a Roman Catholic

Church and Chapel, also a Protestant Church, a Convent, a Market-house, where the Temperance society holds a weekly meeting. In Killarney, I am told, the "Apostle of Temperance" did much good by his visits and addresses, proofs of which were extant in the persons of men, who had been noted drunkards, now gaining an honest livelihood. A Roman Catholic Cathedral is now in course of erection just at the entrance of the town on the Miltown road. It is now half finished, the works being stopped from want of funds, there being about 15,000*l.* more wanting. There is a considerable trade carried on in manufacturing fancy articles of arbutus and bogwood. All is generally pretty quiet except once a week, on the market day, when the farmers from the neighbourhood enliven the town by their arrival, and a little business seems to be doing.

A.L.R.

## THE WHISKER.

BY WHISKERANDO.

*Rise and Progress.*—When a youth, the proprietor is seen frequently before the glass anticipating their growth, at the rising of the morning, and the setting of the evening, star the search is renewed, till at last, on the appearance of a thin, soft substance, he rushes frantically about, exclaiming, like the philosopher of old, "*Εὕρηκα, εὕρηκα,*" on the subject being confidentially communicated to his friends, several witty remarks are made thereon; one facetious relative observing that a plaster of cream and the cat's tongue will remove all; nevertheless, the youth, nothing daunted, proceeds to its—

*Cultivation.* — Mechi at once receives an addition to his capital by an outlay on razors, the youth innocently trusting in the puff of—"Warranted to shave without strop or water," makes his first essay, but desists on the infliction of sundry gashes. Having lost all confidence in his own skill, he solicits the assistance of one of his more experienced acquaintances, and the unfortunate "lanugo" reaps the fruit

of its untimely appearance. Emboldened by his success he is one day seen in deep conversation with a barber, and several minutes afterwards he is discovered with a towel tucked under his chin, and the hairdresser at work, with a look of supreme content, on the harvest in prospect; the operation being over, the barber, with a few admirable allusions to the strength of the beard, recommends some shaving soap, which, being purchased, he departs satisfied. In the course of a few months or so, the beard arrives at—

*Maturity.*—When it presents the appearance of a narrow line at the top, bushy in the middle, and, as though meditating an attack on the chin, it dives under the throat, at which point we lose all trace of its further progress.

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### NOVEL READING.

Is it not from the most worthy motives that I now attempt to wield my pen (pardon the hackneyed phrase) in defence of the subject I have selected for discussion, when I inform you that they are the same with those which actuate the generous in defence of the unjustly oppressed; and that Novels are such victims, I am more and more confirmed in my belief, by the daily insinuation I hear cast against them by the indirect praises of those who, when allowing them to be very amusing, deny them any other claim to notice.

Novels, indeed, follow the law of all sublunary things, rewarding those who appreciate their merits, but revenging themselves on such as give them not justice. In fact, it is from their *use* that profit springs; the reverse is the result of their *abuse*. Men talk of the *tone* of their mind being injured by the perusal of Novels, and from this I can scarce resist tracing an analogy (however undignified) between the tones of the mind and the tones of the digestion. What food is to the body, Novels *may* be to the mind. Gluttony and indiscriminateness beget nausea



with its concomitants, and the like treatment to Novel reading engenders weariness and harm.

I remember seeing it remarked by the author of an article in some previous *Observer*, that from the study of Novels the mind rises jaded. In my opinion, such a state can proceed but from two causes, either inattention to the style of the Novel read, or from too constant reading.

I doubt not but that the works of an inferior author would produce weariness, since their books would want what a Novel before becoming a standard work should have, namely, vigour of style, originality of thought, and natural imagery. Possessed of these, it would fall little short of poetry. The phrase is not uncommon of calling prose, poetical; and it would not be misapplied in reference to a work with the above requisites.

The first thing to be considered in a Novel is the plot, whether it approaches nature or not, whether it be forced or not, and whether it is mainly determined by the scenes in which it is placed; since what would be perfectly *natural* in the Isle of the Pacific, would be so *unnatural* here as to qualify the perpetrators of similar experiments to a candidateship for Bedlam, or a trip to the gallows.

But I find no objection in a Novel with unnatural details, provided they be acknowledged. Thus even Baron Munchausen's adventures may be relished for their humour and absurdities. It is only when that which is against nature is palmed upon us as facts, that our understanding rises against the insult, and more so now than formerly, the days of the "*Mysteries of Udolpho*," "*Castle of Otranto*," and others of that stamp, are gone by, and a present age, while it has become more requiring in what is natural, has not abated one tittle of its claims to be amused.

But a good plot is only to a Novel what a rich soil is to a garden, or a good canvass to the picture—it remains with the author to work out his narrative with skill, garnishing it with the originality of his ideas; for here the author is left to himself, so that provided his plot be true to nature, it matters not with what episodes he sees fit to complete his tale. The author, too, is un-

fettered in his delineation of characters, but he must have a care that he do not overdraw them; in the conversation of these characters, he is at liberty to introduce what maxims, what ideas, what information he chooses, but he should be cautious lest, in attempting to instruct, he fall into the error of wearying.

The great failing point, I conceive, in Novels, is in the catastrophe at the point they are *either* carried away by the desire to create an effect to startle you, (as in the last scene of a play, stage effect deeming it necessary to suffocate you with a profusion of unnatural light, in order to astound you with the splendour of the finale), into the error of an unnatural conclusion; or they have, perchance brought the "*Dramatis personæ*" into such impossible circumstances, that nothing but the interference of gods (as was the custom of Homeric times), can get them out of the scrape, or some interposition scarcely less miraculous, as is the custom of later days, by which one half are consigned to a premature death, and the remainder hurried into the scarcely less dreadful alternative of matrimony.

On the above grounds, were I asked to what Novels I gave the preference, I should give the palm to Sir Walter Scott and Bulwer. In them, I think, one finds more nature, and more mind than in those of any other; and of these, perhaps, the Heart of Midlothian of the one, and Eugene Aram of the other, are most favourable. For Eugene Aram I have a great admiration; however, of that another time.

And now I come to the second point, which I considered necessary to the full appreciation of a Novel, viz., the not spending a length of time over it.

I do not mean to go so far as to say but that a whole work might be enjoyed at a sitting, but then it stops. And how common it is to hear a person remark, who, perhaps, may in quick succession have read over two or three productions of one author, that he gives the preference to the one first read, although criticism has before granted no such superiority; the reason is not that there is any real inferiority in the one later read, but that the reader's mind was more fresh, more readily impressed

with true beauties when he read the former, and not being jaded, it did not grudge the time it lingered over it, but studying the deeper parts, it was more ready to derive improvement. As he proceeds, he gradually gets more wearied, and even as it were irritated at a pause in the narrative, skims lightly over the reflections that caused the break, and thus, having but an imperfect idea of the characters, feels not the 'à propos' of these observations and situations; moreover, even when at the narrative, his palate becomes morbid and requiring, and the humour and adventures that before would have provoked a smile, or rivetted the attention is now scarcely equal to keep him to his seat; still he reads on, in the hope it will improve, forgetting where the real fault lies, till on reaching the end, he throws down the book with a peevish "Tut! not half so good as his former one."

Believe me, a Novel worth reading, to be appreciated, is not to be jumped over, it is the characteristic of the superior class, that the matter within them not only imparts, but requires *reflection*—they are not written merely for amusement, and although a refuge from the severer studies, they are only so because the same instruction in the one case imparted in a straightforward unvarnished style is here instilled in a light and pleasing form.

H. R.

### REMINISCENCES OF A BACHELOR;

OR, "THERE'S MANY A SLIP BETWEEN THE CUP AND THE LIP."

MR. OBSERVER,—I am an old bachelor—a crusty, gouty old bachelor. I will not seek to conceal what every one knows already, so I candidly confess myself to be so. I have tried many times to marry, but although Cupid has been lavish of his darts in this poor bosom, Hymen has on every occasion most spitefully withheld his wished-for assistance. With your permission, I will now relate to you one of those tantalizing occasions, when I was so *near* being married. At the close of a London season, many years ago, when I was a young man, and, as I fancied the glass told me, by no means ill-looking, I was strolling near the river re-

flecting upon the numerous chances of matrimony which had somehow slipped out of my hands, and to dissipate these melancholy reflections, I took a boat and pulled towards Richmond. I had not rowed a quarter of a mile, before I heard some one hailing me. I turned round, and saw a boat a little a-head containing a friend of mine accompanied by two ladies, to one of whom I knew he was engaged to be married; but with the features of the other I was totally unacquainted. When I came nearer, he begged that I would accompany them to Richmond, as the other young lady, to whom he introduced me, a Miss Hoggins, was in need of a cavalier. I confess I was startled by the name, which was certainly not euphonious; but the magical words—"Heiress—£6000 a year—father great on 'Change"—muttered *sotto voce* by my friend, quite altered my opinion, and I began to think her flaxen ringlets were decidedly becoming, and her large eyes, if "suffused in tenderness," would be "most exquisitely blue," as Byron or somebody writes. On arriving at Richmond I attached myself to *ma petite blonde*, and during the *recherché* little lunch my friend had ordered, I was most assiduous in my attentions, so that, by the time it was ended, we were on the best possible terms; and when S. and his betrothed proposed a stroll in the Park, Miss Hoggins made no hesitation in accepting my arm. As we rambled on we soon separated from our friends. Now, thought I, is the time, "Faint heart," &c.; so I commenced a series of sighs, and a poetic comparison between the empty state of town and my own desolate condition; but my advances were quite thrown away, and on making some obscure allusion to the ignited state of my pericardium, my charmer, with the most provoking *naïveté*, took it in a literal sense, and staggered me by saying—"Lor, Mr. M., I know what that heartburn is; I had it once, and Ma gave me such a dose of that nasty magnesia"!! However, I was not to be done out of £6000 a year by such trifles as these, so I set to work again rhapsodising, and so broadly, that the dear girl perceived my drift, and suddenly proposed rejoining our friends; but, rendered bold by desperation, I seized her hand, and drawing her gently to a shady walk, I poured

forth into her ear the tale of my *disinterested* affection. "I am not rich," I said, "but, dearest, I possess a competence which will surround us with all the comforts of life." I then drew the hackneyed but glowing picture of a cottage with woodbine and all the rest of it, where would everlastingly reign affection and contentment. Miss Hoggins objected to this with the most imperturbable composure, on the ground of those 'orrid cottages being always so damp! But I was resolved to persevere, and for want of words, dropped down on my knees, and covered her hand with kisses. A sudden shriek made me apprehensive of having bitten her; but turning round, I beheld the cause of her alarm in a thin shabby looking man in green spectacles, who had just started up from the bushes;—he stared at us without speaking, and when I abused him for his impertinence, replied, with an abominable leer, that he could keep a secret; was up to a thing or two, etc. I advised him to keep his secret, and be off, or he would find that I also was up to a thing or two, etc. He then shuffled away, and we resumed our walk in silence, my companion being much shocked at our unlucky interruption, and insisting upon seeking S. and the other lady. I submitted, quite giving up all chance now of success. We wandered on for some time without finding them, till at length we arrived at the margin of a pond. Miss Hoggins here said she was much fatigued, and must rest awhile. I was not at all sorry to hear this, and when she was seated I stood on the brink of the pond, and occupied myself in meditating a fresh attack. My situation suggesting the idea, I blurted out something about Narcissus, quite forgetting that that young gentleman admired only himself, I expected some cutting repartee to my mal-allusion; but alas, or perhaps luckily, the dear girl had never heard of him. I then, as she happened to be looking into the water, was assuring her that the bright mirror contained therein had never before reflected so fair a face, when, woe is me! the bank gave way, and I slid in a dignified manner into the water, which I found to my cost anything but the bright mirror I had described it to be. Miss Hoggins screamed with affright; but when, by dint of the most ungraceful endeavours, I scrambled

out, one mass of mud and duckweed, her screams were changed to those of laughter, while I alternately spluttered out dirty water and execrations upon my ill-fortune. We returned home, and amid the grins of the waiters, I asked the landlord if he could accommodate me with a pair of unmentionables. He very civilly produced his wardrobe, but as he was a man of five feet in girth at the least, I beheld with dismay the capacious dimensions of its contents: however, as none others were to be obtained, I accepted a pair, and entered the presence of Miss Hoggins a smart London dandy above and a Dutchman below. As I expected, I got most unmercifully quizzed; but I put a bold face on the matter, and sat down to have a talk with my fair one. By dint of skilful manœuvring, I turned the subject from my melancholy accident to a theme more favourable to my endeavours—namely, that of love at first sight, and Miss Hoggins became much interested in a tale I was passionately relating to illustrate my theory, and adapting the case of the hero and heroine to myself and her. I was gradually proceeding in the old track, when—the door opened, and the waiter popped in his confounded head with “Please, sir, master says he’s very sorry, sir, we couldn’t help it, sir,”—“What couldn’t you help, you fool?” shouted I, in exceeding wrath.—“Why, sir, please sir, a feller in green spectacles,—he’s been and bolted with your BREECHES, sir”!! Here was a climax,—an end to all my wooing. I sunk back utterly confounded, while Miss Hoggins screamed with uproarious merriment. At this juncture S. and his friend returned and joined in the laugh. I fumed with disappointment and vexation; but as every one was laughing, from Miss Hoggins down to the little wretch of a pot-boy, who grinned from ear to ear, I tried to put on a miserable semblance of mirth, but it wouldn’t do, so I handed down my easy chance of 6,000*l.* a year into the carriage by which they were to return, with a most rueful grimace which was intended to represent a good humoured appreciation of the joke. I then drove home, and hastily packed up my effects, I fled to the mansion of a country friend, where, after a short time, I had the pleasure of seeing in the papers that my *loved* Miss Hoggins had

favoured with her hand and fortune a Sir Somebody Something, who possessed a longer pedigree than rent-roll. And now I ask you, Mr. Observer, if I have not good reason to be a *crusty* old bachelor ; and having related to you this specimen of my matrimonial *sells*, I trust you will sympathize with, and commiserate your most devoted and miserable

CŒLEBS.

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A SONG.

FAIN we'd know where Cupid sleeps,  
 To crop his wings and stop his ranging ;  
 But a watch he closely keeps,  
 Altho' his choice is ever changing :  
 All the day he roves about ;  
 And all the night he's restless tossing ;  
 Doating now, and then in doubt ;  
 His head and heart each other crossing.

Eyes of black, bewitching glance,  
 And eyes of blue, divinely languish ;  
 Both the god, by turns, entrance,  
 And give him bosom-burning anguish.  
 Raven tresses, clust'ring rich,  
 And auburn locks, luxuriant flowing,  
 Poor young Love alike bewitch,  
 And keep his little bosom glowing.

Can we blame young Cupid, then,  
 Or lecture him on bonds and duty ?  
 Thus beset by Venus' train,  
 And hemmed about by brightest beauty :  
 No—like bee and butterfly,  
 Young Love e'er will be a rover :  
 Still some maid with wild'ring eye,  
 Will wound him ere he can recover.

“SMIKE.”

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## THE POWERS OF THE MIND.

## CHAPTER II.—ON MEMORY.

AND that is, the placing before you, by the aid of thought, visions of things which are passed and gone by. Yet it is not thought itself. The sun, with its glorious radiance, illumines the world, and gives light and warmth to the globe: but the light and heat which it diffuses are not the sun itself. The warmth of these rays, sprung from the glorious orb of day, create a life in the beauteous flowers with which the world is ornamented: but as the rain also is necessary to this life, so actual events for the mind to rest on are necessary to that train of thought which constitutes memory. Memory, a power which is in action when other powers are at rest, calling up visionary phantoms to sweep before us in the stillness of the night, now presenting to us a distinct embodiment of personages whom we have known, and true representations of things which we have done; or mixing up many events into one confused whole, leaving us doubtful, when awake, as to what the visions of the night meant. Often, indeed, dreams are the mere creation of fancy, involving no operation of the powers of memory, but, nevertheless, evidently derived from one general source, our ideas of things we have seen. Dreams are no longer the messages of the Supreme, pointing out coming events; yet even now some credulous people think they see some presentiment in the events of a vision of the night. Some men have powerful memories, and such are generally possessed of the highest attainments; others again are empty-headed, and whatever they hear they soon forget. Yet even these have an advantage: that the power of their memory does not create pride in their acquirements, inducing them to think themselves better than others, and to hold little converse with the world below. There are some things one would wish to know thoroughly, and to bury them deep in the recesses of the mind; other things, generally the more necessary, the common deeds of life, one only wishes to remember while useful. In the same way silver is dug from the earth, and gold obtained



by much labour from the sand, but the common products of the soil by which we sustain life, and which endure but for a short time, are got with little toil from the surface of the earth. Or, as the mighty Amazon rolls its resistless volume of waters to the Atlantic, little indeed in its rise, but increasing at each step from the various streams that contribute their waters to swell its tide, so, little by little, Memory increases its stores by various additions at different times. Small memories are rather like the streams that run the opposite way from those mighty mountains, which, with little augmentation, roll at once into the mighty ocean. But Memory, with all its wonders, lasts but for a short time; it cannot, like Thought, carry us back to the beginning of the world by imaginative force, for imagination is no part of memory; nor, think we, will it accompany us to a future world, save when the books are opened on the last awful day, and each man remembers, to his shame or gladness, the works done here; shame indeed for his works, but perhaps joyful that he trusted to the mercy of his Saviour. Can we suppose Memory to last beyond this? Nay, rather let us suppose that happiness is so great as to leave no remembrance of sorrow here; and we fear that that misery is so great as to leave no thought of happiness on earth, often the cause of the future woe, to alleviate its pains. When we live in eternity shall we think of time? When we wander in infinity, shall we think even of this system of stars? Or lastly, shall we remember men, when in the presence of the everlasting God.

A. T. E. D.

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“ALL’S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.”

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—Having the welfare of the *Observer* at heart, I sat down the other day fully intending to write a “slashing article,” one which, while it raised the number in which it appeared to a height never yet attained, would render its author immortal. As is usual in such cases, I paused for a subject, felt “stodged;” but, on dashing off a glass of *Peter’s* port, I burst into the following anacreontic:—

Oh ! for the joys of the red, red wine,  
 As it flows from the bottle of glass ;  
 All other pleasures I'd gladly resign,  
 For what can old Bacchus surpass !

Here I stuck, I bit my pen, scratched my head—in fact, resorted to all those expedients made use of by poets, to excite their imaginations, but I signally failed. I thought I would try another tack, and remembering an old uncle of mine, whom (owing to the low state of my cheque-book) I wished to propitiate, I began the following lines :—

Who gave me first the name I bear ?  
 Who tipp'd me when my heart was sair ?  
 Who took me oft to Greenwich Fair ?

My uncle.

Here my Pegasus again stumbled ; the lines were touching, as far as they went, but after all the subject was not one of universal interest. I bethought me of "Shop." How could I be so stupid, of course,—the Industrial Exhibition. Here goes—

Oh, have you done your Essay,  
 Your Essay have you done,  
 On th' Industrial Exhibition  
 Of eighteen fifty-one ?

And if you've done your Essay,  
 Pray how d'you make it run,  
 About this Exhibition,  
 Of eighteen fifty-one.

Sir, you would have been astonished to see with what a flow I wrote off these lines ; more, I am sure, I could write on the subject, but I remembered that I must reserve my efforts, so, hastily running my pen through the production, I tried my hand at a ballad. Here is my effort :—

Edith, the moon is beaming,  
 And the stars do brightly shine ;  
 And, by yon light that's gleaming,  
 My heart, sweet maid, is thine.

Then meet me in the gloaming—  
 In the gloaming of the dell ;  
 There, Edith, I'll be roaming,  
 Where tinkles the sheep bell.

This, you will allow, when set to music, would be pronounced a "sweet thing;" the effect, however, in print, would not, perhaps, be so good, so I dropped it, and, with a bold effort, began the following:—

THE SONG OF THE BRIGAND.

I'm a brigand, bold and free,  
 Dash my tights! I'll have a spree.

I again ignobly stuck, my pen blushed red ink; I would not try a new subject, but read over all that I had written, and thinking your readers might be amused at my maiden efforts, I have dared to send in the above.—Your's truly,

"EMBRYO."

LUCERNE AND ITS VICINITY.

METHINKS I still see the clean and smokeless town of Lucerne; the "glad waters of the dark blue" lake sparkling in a thousand sunbeams; and the crowd of lazy prattlers standing opposite the Hotel des Suisses, where we were located.

We had just arrived at Lucerne, after a journey of about sixty miles from Basle, which was rendered pleasant by a truly marvelous variety of scenery: now uprose the towering woods planted on the mountain heights, with the road far beneath; now was heard the stream meandering below; and now burst on our view the cottage and fields of the peasant, which, to all appearances, presented a true picture of rural felicity. It may be truly remarked, I think, that the chief beauty of Swiss scenery consists in its variety. I must, however, say that I think the unqualified eulogiums lavished on Switzerland very absurd; for most of these writers, as I have frequently noticed, are no very great travellers, and how ridiculous must it appear to hear men praise a country, however beautiful, far beyond countries which they have never seen.

But to continue—in spite of all these accompaniments, we felt rather tired and hungry, and were, therefore, not sorry when informed that we were just in time for the five o'clock table d'hôte. As the foreign etiquette regarding dressing is not so strict as our own, we soon found ourselves seated at the "table d'hôte," surrounded by individuals of many different nations; there was the slim Frenchman, all *politesse*; the German, with his bushy mustachios, and his beard trimmed to a point like a nanny goat's; and the Englishman, alas! completely metamorphosed. It is, indeed, a remarkable fact, that the moment an Englishman (I speak only of the generality) sets his foot on the Continent, he lets his beard and mustachios grow wild; sports his comical wide-awake, with tassels; dresses in the most grotesque garments of the foreigners, and finally assumes foreign manners, vieing with Frenchmen in bows and scrapes.

On the following day we went to see the famous sculptured Lion, which is situated in a retired spot, a little distance from the city, and surpassed all our expectations. Imagine, then, a clear stream trickling into a stone basin, high above which is a lion of colossal size cut out of the living rock, with the end of a lance in his side, and just about to expire, yet struggling to preserve uninjured a shield inscribed with the Fleur-de-lis of the Bourbons. The design, with the exception of one paw, which is considered too large, is perfect, whether we look at it as a tribute to immortal heroism, or as an inimitable work of art. The names of the officers who fell are engraved on the rock underneath the lion. One veteran, the last of the heroic Swiss band, who fought in defence of the martyred King of France, when deserted by his republican subjects, alone remained to tell the direful tale. He was an old man, dressed up in a red coat, and ever and anon the martial spirit would burst forth, when telling the oft-recited tale; a soldier not only in dress but also in reality!

On the following morning we jumped into a boat, and embarked at the little village of Weggis, from whence we began our pedestrian ascent of the Righi. Many, no doubt, will fancy us scrambling up the mountain's side often on our hands and knees.

They will form, however, a more correct notion if they picture to themselves the gravel walks of the quad, winding up the mountain's side; for though, perhaps, they are not quite so immaculate, yet they are nearly as smooth. After about two hours hard labour, we arrived at the Culm, and at once secured beds at a place which was called, as if by way of bitter irony, "an hotel," but was in reality nothing more than a large hovel. After thus making sure of our bodily comforts, we went to the edge of the Culm, where a scene awaited us, which baffles all description. Beneath us lay thickets and shrubs undulating down to the plain, while many a dark blue lake sparkled afar; above and around us were to be discerned the snowy peaks of mountains rearing themselves up to the sky; or, to quote the language of the beautiful epic poem of the Mahábhárata, "they were regular cloud scrapers." It was the contrast between these varieties that formed the principal charm. A very gruff and unusually bad specimen of a John Bull informed us that the view had been clouded with mists for several days, during which time he had been waiting expectant at the top of the Righi, and being about to depart in despair (probably, I guess, because he had come to the end of his linen), this view was vouchsafed to him by kind heaven. Dinner-time being arrived, we were agreeably surprised at the entertainment afforded us in this hovel at the top of a mountain, and "far from the haunts of men." Upwards of forty people sat down to a repast as plentiful as that which would have been supplied by most of the large continental hotels. After dinner I experienced an ignominious beating at chess by the gruff Englishman, who staid despite his linen; but let us hasten to the scene at sunset, when an unusual phenomenon occurred. We were encircled by a mist, which reflected the forms and motions of those present; but this gradually rolling away, we beheld the setting sun tinging with red the snowy tops of the distant mountains. Gratified with the scene, we had retired to rest, and "all nature slept," when, hark! a band of musicians struck up their instruments; many of musical taste listened delighted, but not so the gruff Englishman; he wanted to sleep, so he practised the following harmless

stratagem :—He went to the landlady, and told her that the “dames” could not sleep on account of the music; the landlady informed the musicians, who being gallant fellows, and in obedience to the proverb of “when a lady is in the case, etc.,” instantly put up their instruments, and trundled off much to the regret of their audience. At daybreak every one jumped out of bed, and wrapped in the warmest clothing they could get, such as plaids, blankets, &c., rushed down stairs to behold the sun rise, which presented, indeed, much the same view as the sunset on the preceding evening.

After an hour and a half’s walk we arrived at Weggis, and returned by boat to Lucerne; and it was not without regret that soon after we crossed the rippling waters, and bid adieu to the town, as a turn of the lake shut out that pleasing prospect from our view.

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### STORY WITHOUT A NAME.

*(Continued from page 192).*

WHEN I re-entered the drawing room I found the whole party assembled, and was formally introduced to the new comers. Mr. Somers was a figure which, once seen, was not easily forgotten, and his portly figure stands before me as plainly now in imagination as it did then in reality. Picture to yourself, kind reader, a tall largely built man with a face about the tint of mangel-wurzel; a corporation which Silenus himself might have envied, supported by a pair of “understandings” which might, perhaps, at one time have threaded through the intricacies of the mazy waltz. I say, ‘might have,’ as it was uncommonly difficult to entertain such an idea, when I contemplated their elephantine proportions. Imagine, then, if you can, such a figure as I have endeavoured to describe, and old Somers will stand before your mind’s eye. He and the old Colonel had been boon companions in their earlier days, and though age and its attendant train of infirmities had compelled him at the time I am now speaking of, to deny himself somewhat more than had been his wont formerly,

he still entertained a profound veneration for the bottle, and as profound a contempt for any one who shirked in his presence what he considered to be a fair allowance of the generous juice. He was continually bewailing the degeneracy of the rising generation, and alternately execrating the doctors and the gout who had reduced him to the meagre allowance of three bottles per diem !!!

And yet this man, strange as it may appear, was deeply read, amusing as well as instructive in conversation, and a perfect gentleman to boot. He moreover possessed great kindness and good nature—except when he was put out, and then—whew ! Neptune's "Quos ego," to the refractory winds was a joke to it.

Mr. Percival was attired in the extremity of fashion, and lisped his words, and fluttered a strongly scented handkerchief in the most approved dandified style. Of him I shall say nothing more, leaving him to speak for himself in this narrative.

"Well, what do you think of the re-inforcement to our party ?" said Agnes Vernon to me, as we sat playing chess together after dinner.

"Why, Miss Vernon," I replied, "I have hardly yet had an opportunity of judging. Mr. Somers, I confess, strikes me as somewhat eccentric and ——"

"Oh ! yes," said she, "but that is merely a first impression. I am sure you will like him when you know a little more of him."

"I am sure that he could not have a fairer or better advocate to raise him in my estimation, if, indeed, that signifies. I wonder if you would ever give me such a good character ?"

"Check"—said she, slightly colouring ; "we have known him ever since we were children, and he is a sort of cousin of our's—checkmate."

"Excuse me, Miss Vernon, but you are checking me with my own bishop."

"Dear me, how foolish I am to night. Well, Mr. Monckton, what do you think of that most elegant young man who is now lounging so gracefully on the sofa ?"

"Monckton," cried out Delville, from the other side of the

room, "What say you to a day's hunting to-morrow? I see old Drake meets at Chilton, and though it is rather a close country, still we might have a little fun."

"Oh, I am sure I shall be delighted," I replied; "but will not the ground be too hard?"

"No, I think not, the wind is westerly to-night. Mr. Percival," continued Harry, "will you ride to-morrow?"

"Thank you," he drawled out, "my hunting in Leicestershire has quite spoiled me for any other country."

"Ah! of course" said Delville, with a slightly perceptible sneer, "we can't show you such sport as you meet with at Melton Mowbray; but still Drake's hounds are inferior, I believe, to no pack in the kingdom, and we shall be in a stiffish bit of country to-morrow."

"Oh! surely, Mr. Percival," said Marian, "a Leicestershire man would not be the only one left at home, when there was anything in the way of hunting going on. I always understood, from what I have heard you say, that you were passionately attached to it."

"Aw—yes—so I am—but then you see I have more attractive metal here, as Macbeth said," casting, as he said this, what was intended to be a most killing glance upon the four young ladies.

"That is a speech of Hamlet's, is it not?" said Agnes, while an ambiguous smile played on her lips, which might have been interpreted that the attractive metal in question could well dispense with such a ludicrous piece of absurdity.

"Aw—well—perhaps it was Hamlet, if it wasn't Macbeth; but you see I have left all my—my—hunting equipment, in fact, at Melton."

"Oh, don't let that disturb you," said Harry, "I'll tog you out capitably—it would be a shame to lose a good day for the want of a pair of tops."

"Oh! then, of course I can have no objection—in fact, I shall be delighted," said Percival, with a face about as cheerful as an undertaker's.

"Well, then," said Harry, "that's settled; and now, young



ladies, I suppose you want to see them throw off; you'll be disappointed, I'm afraid, as the governor is going to town, and there is no one to drive you. Well, you needn't look so black, for if my mother will come too, I'll drive three in the carriage, and Emily and Agnes can ride."

"Oh that will be delightful," said Marian, "but then you will lose your hunting."

"Oh, never mind that; besides, Mr. Percival is going to ride my horse."

"Oh! indeed, I beg you will not put yourself out for me," said Percival, with more animation than I had seen him display before. "Really, I beg—I hope—in fact, I had rather not ride to-morrow."

"Nonsense, my dear sir, I want your opinion of our country, and how our hounds are hunted; old Drake will be quite proud of having a Leicestershire man in his field."

After we had separated for the night, Harry came into my room, sat himself down in a chair, and burst out laughing.

"I say, Monckton, old fellow," said he, "did you ever see such a compound of lies and conceit as that fellow Percival? I am awfully sorry that I am not going to ride to-morrow, but I didn't like to disappoint the girls. However, I depend upon you to take him over the stiffest piece of country you can select. If everything else fails (which I don't expect), try Chilton Brook. My old nag will do it easily enough, but I strongly suspect that he will leave his rider in the water, even if he has not got rid of him before."

"Oh! you may depend upon me," said I; "with you, I rather think that he has been drawing the long bow."

"Think! my good fellow—I'm sure of it. I thought it would have sent me into fits, to hear that muff talking in the way he did about Leicestershire."

"Well, never mind, Harry," said I, "we'll take it out of him to-morrow. By the bye, which of the Misses Vernon is going to ride?"

"Oh! I don't exactly know yet—they must decide for them-

selves. It doesn't signify, does it?" said Harry with a peculiar smile.

"Oh! of course not," said I, trying to look unconcerned; "I only wanted to know."

"Oh! of course not," repeated Harry, mimicking me, "and you only wanted to know—eh? Well, good night. I say," said he, opening the door again, "rather a peculiar game of chess that was you played to-night—checkmating with each other's pieces. I was looking at you, and so was old Somers. Take care of him, or he'll write to old Vernon, and "la belle Agnès" will have to go home, if she is seen flirting with you."

I was about to make some indignant reply, but Delville had gone, and I retired to rest, being fully convinced that, though Agnes might not be totally indifferent to me, still, that it was an absolute absurdity to cherish the idea of her caring for me. However, I did cherish it, and lay awake for some time, thinking over it. What fools the women make of us!

*(To be continued.)*

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### SANTIAGO! SANTIAGO!

THE sun shines clear upon the corn fields green,  
And from the earth dispels the misty damp;  
Bursting with splendour on the silver sheen,  
Of corslets glancing in the busy camp.

The gallant soldiers of that camp prepare  
Their arms, this day, to meet the Moslem foe,  
Which lo! approaches o'er the mead so fair,  
With pennons fluttering, and with spears couched low.

Forth to his post each mail-clad warrior springs,  
With dauntless heart, and gleaming, fearless eye;  
The earth beneath their tramp with armour rings,  
And rival shouts of war mount to the sky.

Soon as the clarion loud the charge doth sound,  
Forward they rush with on-sets, yells, and crash;  
The wounded shriek, and darts from shields rebound,  
And war-steeds madly through the carnage rush.

With waving falchion, and with targe poised high,  
Whilst splintering blades on brazen bucklers sound,  
They gain the hard-earned victory, or die,  
And deep the purple dye imbues the ground.

High poised in air the keen-eyed vulture soars,  
And views with joy the contest from afar;  
He hears his feast proclaimed 'midst fearful roars,  
Which shake the air from that dread field of war.

Then, as a lordly lion backward bends,  
When pressed by hunters from the shepherd's fold;  
Smarting with wounds, he growling turns, and rends  
Those who too close upon his traces hold.

So backward bend the stalwart Turkish band,  
When pressed by vigorous Greeks, determined foes;  
Yet turn, and for a moment make a stand,  
Then sink beneath the overpowering blows.

Meanwhile Apollo's sol-diffusing light  
Sinks from its azure vault, beyond the plain,  
The moon, then mistress of the dreary night,  
Sheds its pale lustre o'er the heaps of slain.

It shows the jackal, snarling o'er the dead,  
The friends who seek their kinsfolk in the field;  
The vulture's beak dyed deep in gory red,  
Whilst strewed around lay mail and dinted shield.

## RETRIBUTION.

“Raro antecedentem scelestum,  
Deservit pede pœna claudo.”

HORACE, Lib. iii., Carmen ii.

IN one of the northern shires of Scotland there lived, many years ago, a family belonging to the powerful Douglas clan; it consisted of an aged dame and her grandson, a young man of about two and twenty: there lived with them, besides, a cousin of this Evan Douglas, for such was his name, to whom he was betrothed; she was a girl of about nineteen, her face—for I suppose I must describe her—was of the *blonde* description, so common in the North, her eyes blue, her figure faultless, and her light brown hair was confined by a silken snood soon to be untied by her cousin and affianced husband. The latter was tall and powerful in make, with a handsome, careless face; his chief fault was an obstinate determination, which he carried out in everything upon which he had set his mind, whether good or bad. His grandame was a tall, thin old woman, verging on the advanced age of ninety; but, though comparatively strong in body, her mind was fast becoming unsettled by age, and, as the neighbours said, by some fearful occurrence which she had witnessed in her youth. Such were the principal characters in my tale. Evan Douglas, although he boasted a direct collateral descent from the famous house of Douglas, was merely a small farmer; but, being the man of most property in the small hamlet where he lived, he was generally addressed as the Laird, and looked up to with respect.

The season was winter, and the frost had set in for some days with so much keenness that the waters of the neighbouring Loch were frozen over, and a curling match having been agreed upon between the parish in which the Douglasses lived and the next, the young men on both sides looked forward with great anxiety to the time when the ice should become firm enough for their amusement. Evan was a skilful curler, and therefore his presence at the match was indispensable. His grandmother had a singular antipathy to the Loch, occasioned, as the neighbours

supposed, by the loss of her son—Evan's father—who had been drowned in it. When, therefore, she heard of his intention to join in the diversion, she endeavoured, in her rambling, disconnected manner, to dissuade him. To these solicitations he paid no attention; but, on the morning when the match was to come off, as he was preparing his stone and besom, etc., for the game, his grandmother came up to him, and, holding him by her thin, withered hand, implored him not to go. As she spoke more lucidly and clearly than she was accustomed, he listened, but tried to convince her that his assistance was greatly relied upon by his side, and that therefore he was obliged to go. “Dinna gang, Evan, dinna gang,” replied the old woman, “I hae seen the deadlights flittin’ yestreen owre the Loch, and they’re no come for naething; its fifteen year sin the boat o’ yer puir father coupit owre on this same Loch, and auld Meg, who lies hersel noo i’ the Kirk-yard, saw the same sicht whilk I hae seen mysel, and ye ken what came o’ t.” “Hoot, granny,” replied Evan, “yer aye daffing about deadlights and siccan like things, the ice is aboon a foot thick, and a’ the deadlights betune this and the Border wadna brak that I trow.” The old woman shook her head, while Jeannie Graham—his cousin—alarmed by her vehemence joined in his, entreated that he would not go. “Jean, Jean,” replied he, impatiently, “wad ye hae a’ the folks i’ baith parishes ginning an pointin’ at Evan for desertin’ his aw freends, and for naething but the claverin’ o’ an auld doited body who doesna just ken what she says?” So saying, he seized his curling stone and rushed out of the house. Old Mrs. Douglas returned to her accustomed seat by the fire, muttering “Aweel, a wilful man maun hae his ain gate.” Jeannie, startled by her grandmother’s warning, and yet not knowing whether to place any reliance in it, endeavoured to extract something more on the subject from her; but the old woman had returned to her usual state of imbecility, and only gave irrelevant answers to her questions. Anxious and uneasy about Evan, she set off for the Loch, where the game was just commencing. The tees had been marked out, the ice was strong and good, and what with the eager shouts of the players, and the constant ringing sound of the

stones as they went swiftly gliding along the rink, the usually dull surface of the Loch presented a most gay and animated appearance. The game had proceeded for a couple of hours, and, carried away by the general cheerfulness, and the intense interest which this fascinating game always excites, Jeannie Graham forgot her fears about Evan, and her grandmother's warning. Although the ice on which they were playing was very good, yet Evan fancied that a still better spot might be chosen some little distance off. Most of the players objected to this change, but Evan, with his characteristic obstinacy, overruled all their arguments, and finally gained his point. The stones were taken up, and they adjourned to the other place, where a fresh rink was made. When they commenced playing, Evan, as he was one of the best on his side, had to hurl his stone last, and—there being a close ring of stones all round the tee—it required great force as well as dexterity to penetrate to the centre; he, therefore, made a tremendous effort, but, his foot slipping just as he delivered his stone, it missed the tee altogether and continued its course along the ice for three or four hundred yards. Two of the young men proposed to race with Evan to recover it; they started off, and on arriving—all three at the same time—fell over the stone in their endeavours to gain possession of it. This happened, unfortunately, in a place where a spring run into the Loch, and the ice was for that reason much thinner, and being unable to bear the weight of the three, suddenly gave way, and they disappeared from the view of their terrified companions, who hastened to their assistance. Jeannie saw it all, but with that wonderful presence of mind which women often display in such emergencies, she neither fainted nor screamed, but threw a rope to some of the men, which although her alarm had been removed her anxiety prompted her to provide herself with. The rope was immediately thrown into the hole, and one of the unfortunate men had sufficient consciousness left to grasp hold of it, and was immediately drawn out; but it was some time before the others were found; Evan was brought out last, and who can depict Jeannie's anguish when she saw her betrothed, who was but a moment before in the full vigour of manly strength and

beauty, lying now motionless and *dead*; for, tearing open his coat, she placed her hand on his breast, but that heart, which once beat so fondly for her, had now ceased to vibrate, and those eyes, to which she had been the dearest object on earth, were now closed in death. While the men were engaged in looking for the bodies, she had stood with clenched hands and agony quivering lip, her eyes intently fixed upon the ice; her silence ten times more fearful to behold than the most piercing shrieks and lamentations would have been. But when she knew that he had indeed perished, and there was no more hope left, her unnatural calmness left her, and, with a wild scream, she sank back, senseless, into the arms of those round her. A litter was soon constructed, on which was laid the corpse of poor Evan Douglas, and borne on four men's shoulders; it was slowly carried to his home, followed by another, containing Jeannie Graham, whose deep swoon resisted all their endeavours to revive her. When they reached the household Mrs. Douglas was seated by the fire, but in her usual imbecile state, and did not seem fully aware of the calamity; but when, after a while, she asked for Evan, and some one told her he was dead, the truth suddenly flashed across her mind. "Dead" shrieked she, "Evan dead! ay I mind it a' noo—he's drooned—drooned—father and son—the last o' his race—that curse, oh! that curse," muttering disjointed sentences like these, she continued moaning and rocking herself to and fro, paying no attention to anything around her. It seemed as if this shock had entirely removed the small remnant of sense she before possessed. When Jeannie returned to consciousness, she, with wonderful firmness, subdued her own sorrow in order to watch over her grandmother. But, after the remains of poor Evan had been consigned to the grave, a great change became visible in her. Although she did not give way to violent outbursts of grief, her once bright eye was now dim; her fair complexion haggard; and her former bounding step was now feeble and tottering; her anguish was consuming her, and her heart was fast breaking. One of the neighbours had kindly offered to stay in their house and assist Jeannie in looking after her grandmother, and one or other of them never left the old woman's apartment. One day,

shortly after Evan's burial, they were both in the room together, when Mrs. Douglas suddenly sat up in her chair, and addressed them in a perfectly coherent manner—"I hae been sleeping," said she, "and I hae had sic a dream; I thocht that Evan"—a sob from Jeannie interrupted her—"What, Jean," cried she, "it's a' true then, Evan is"—"Dead," replied the poor girl, with a burst of tears.—"Ay, I ken it a'," said the old woman, "I ken it a', it was his fate, as it was his father's and his grandfather's before him. Listen to me baith o' ye," continued she, in a low distinct voice, while her eyes glistened with unnatural lustre, "tak heed and I'll tell ye a fearsome tale, for I'm no lang for this wurld, and I maun tell it some one afore I die. Mony years sin, soon after I married yer grandfather, we lived together in this house, but we were vera puir; there were nae kine i' the byre, and there was nae a boll o' corn i' the barn, and the gude man was owre proud to tak a day's wark on ither folk's land; sae we were nigh starvin', when a young Southron cam amang us—a painter body, and he asked us for lodgings, which we were unco ready to let him hae, and he paid us weel for them, puir as they were. He was a braw and well-spoken young callant, but he was rich and we were vera puir; we coveted his money, and, Jeannie, we MURDERED him, the twa o' us!! I mind it weel, he used to gang oot i' the gude man's cobbie, to take paintin' views o' the Loch, and, ane moonlight nicht, he was out, and I was wi' 'em i' the boat when yer grandfather strak him wi' the oar, and I—I pushed him owre into the water. Ay," repeated the old woman, in piercing tones, "I mind weel his fair face and curly brown hair as he lookit up frae the water, and implored us to save him, as we hoped to find mercy ourselves. But there was nae mercy for him, and there has been nae mercy for us. Yer grandfather drooned himsel in that Loch, for though we prospered and got rich agin, he was aye thinking of the young Southron, till he wearied o' his life, and flung it awa. Yer uncle was coupit frae his boat in that Loch, and yer ain Evan—I thocht he might have been spared, sae brae and sae young—the last of his race—the vera last." After a pause, she started upright in her chair, and grasped Jeannie's arm with convulsive



energy, her eyes starting from their sockets, and her whole frame trembling violently. "Dinna ye see't, lassie; dinna ye see't," she said; "its comin nigher and nigher; keep it aff; its himsel', he's a' wet, and the bluid still on his brow; awa, awa; save me! oh God!" With these words she sank back in her chair; a shudder passed through her frame; her jaw fell, and she was a corpse, her face still retaining the expression of intense terror, which had animated it at the last moment. This terrible shock was too much for Jeannie's feeble strength; fit succeeded fit, until at last all consciousness left her, and, before morning, she had passed away from the scene of her sorrows, we trust, to a happier one. They buried her with Evan. The house being deserted, soon fell to ruins, but the memory of crime and its awful retribution, long remained as a fearful realization of that Scripture which saith—"I will remember the sins of the fathers upon the children, even unto the third and fourth generation."

SCOTUS.

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## TOUR IN THE HIGHLANDS.

*(Continued from page 215).*

WHEN I had recovered from my severe fall at the Rumbling Bridge, I heard that there was shortly to be a gathering of the Highland Clans, at Blair Athol. Never having witnessed such a sight, though I had lived some length of time in Scotland, I resolved to borrow B—'s horse and accompany him there. One fine morning, after an early breakfast, we set off at a sharp pace, knowing we had full twenty-one miles of hilly country to ride over before arriving at our destination. Our road lay for some distance along the side of a mountain covered with forests of larch, presenting a monotonous and dreary aspect, except that now and then an opening among the trees exhibited to our weary eyes glimpses of the surrounding beautiful country. After about two hours good riding we passed through Pitlochrie, and a little further on came upon Fanaskally House, which standing at the junction of the deep valley between the Tummel and Garry, is encircled on all sides by wooded hills, forming on the whole a

most romantic and attractive scene. Proceeding onwards we soon entered the well-known pass of Killiecrankie, which stretches for about a mile along the river Garry; the hills on both sides are covered with wood and descend in rugged precipices to the deep and rocky channel of the river. As we emerged from this beautiful pass on the north side, B— pointed out to me a stone on the right, which marks the spot whereon Dundee received his death-wound from the silver bullet. Passing Lude we then descended into the valley, and, crossing the bridge of Tilt, arrived, a little further on, at the village and tun of Blair. Seeing some Highlanders lounging at the door of the Hostel we enquired the time the amusements were to begin, and, finding we had upwards of an hour to spare, B— proposed that we should visit the falls of the Bruar, about three miles off. We arrived there in a very short time, and having left our horses at a small inn close by, ascended on foot through a fir plantation to the falls where

lofty firs and ashes cool  
The lowly banks o'erspread,  
And view, deep-bending in the pool,  
Their shadows watery bed.

When our curiosity was satisfied, we re-mounted and rode back to Blair. As we approached the plain we saw in the distance carriages and equipages, forming an immense circle, within which were enclosed the several clans. The music sounding cheerily from many a bagpipe aided to enliven the scene. Shortly the feats of agility and strength began, viz., putting the stone, cabhur, slinging the hammer, sword-dance and foot-racing. Cabhur is rather difficult to perform;—the object is to overturn a large pine stripped of its branches; for instance, any one of the competitors takes up this pine tree and, having balanced it, throws the end in his hand up in such a manner that it makes a complete summersault in the air and falls with that end farthest from him. The prizes were then distributed to the best men, and the assemblage broke up and dispersed on all sides. I returned with B— to Dunkeld whence I set off by mail next morning. The road lay through Logerait to Aberfeldy. Here, of course, I stayed to see the falls of Moness, which have been celebrated by Burns in the following lines :—

The braes ascend thro' lofty wa's,  
 The foaming stream, deep roaring fa's,  
 O'erhung in fragrant spreading shaw,  
 The Birks o' Aberfeldy.

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,  
 White o'er the linn the burnie pours,  
 And rising meets wi' misty showers,  
 The Birks o' Aberfeldy.

I will not now delay to describe the beauties of Kenmore or Taymouth Castle, neither will I comment upon the scenery surrounding Loch Tay, nor compel the reader to accompany me over the rugged tract of country between Killa and Loch Earn, which latter, though small, yet surpasses most of the lakes in beauty, the hills around it are bold, lofty, and rugged, rising in "majestic simplicity" to the skies, abounding in precipices and masses of protruding rock, in deep hollows and ravines, in course of innumerable torrents which pour from above and as they descend become skirted with trees till they are lost in the deep waters of the lake below. Between this and Callander nothing interesting presents itself, except the wild pass of Lubnaig and the "braes of Balquither," known as the burial-place of Rob Roy. The next place I arrived at was the Trosachs, so strikingly described by Sir W. Scott, in his *Lady of the Lake*, that I shall not pause to give my meagre delineation of the scenery. After a good night's repose, I joined a party who were going to Loch Katrine. We set off in the morning in carriages of various kinds, and arrived at the lake in a very short time. A boat manned by sturdy Highlanders was ready to receive us. When we emerged from the creek where we had embarked, the magnificence of the scene burst upon us,—there lay the lake extending as far as the eye could reach without a single ripple on its surface, surrounded by lofty mountains whose tops were encircled with wreaths of mist—presenting the same wild view as the Trosachs. The rays of the morning sun had not yet reached the water—but were bathing the summits of the hills in a rich flow of light; all was still save the rippling of the water against the boat as it glided softly over its smooth surface. When we arrived at the other

end we hired some diminutive ponies (at least, seated on mine, my legs touched the ground) and galloped over the mountainous country between this and Loch Lomond—and here we had that stillness and solitude which create such peculiar feelings in our minds,—feelings which it is impossible to describe, but which, nevertheless, add immeasurably to our enjoyment:—all this, however, is destroyed by the passage being made in a steam-boat—the hissing of the steam, and the unpleasant smell of the oil on the engine, drives away at once all romance and sentimentalism from one's thoughts. In the middle of this lake stands an island, Tùch Caillìach by name,—here the boat stops for about half-an-hour to allow the passengers to climb to the top of the isle, whence a splendid view of the surrounding scenery is obtained,—the hill is a very steep one and the ascent is accomplished by the aid of twigs, bushes, or anything that one can lay hold of. At the foot of Ben Lomond again they stop; some few took the opportunity and landed, intending, no doubt, to climb to the summit, if possible,—but their prospects were most unhappily frustrated by an event which might have been serious in its consequences had it not been for the prompt assistance rendered by the guides. This side of Ben Lomond slopes down to the water's edge and is covered with grass. When they had ascended a short way up this—one of the ladies, who did not seem at all an adept at climbing, slipped, and rolled with such rapidity down the shelving bank, that she disappeared in the deep water of the Lake, but was quickly rescued from her perilous position when she rose to the surface; she was soon restored to animation, when she declared most positively that she would never go up another hill, because foorsooth “there is naething to see after a’, and I canna be fasht puffin’ and blawin’ a’ the wa’ up just to cam’ doun agin; it would be just a perfect temptin’ o’ Providence.” And, consoling herself with this idea, she made a most vigorous attack on the contents of rather a large hamper, which she had along with her. When we landed I went away to Dumbarton, thence to Glasgow, and thence to Edinburgh, which was the finale to my “Tour in the Highlands.”

G. H. L.

## REFLECTIONS OF A VETERAN.—No. IV.

UPON my honour, dear Observer, it costs your "Veteran" much more trouble to give you his reflections than you would probably "go for to think." Not, of course, that any one of us, more especially one who loves the College as I do, would for a moment grudge any toil in its service; but I might, I mean, send in contributions which undeniably take up much less time and labour, obtaining at the same time a fair share of applause. For instance, one might, with the aid of any average encyclopædia, very quickly work up readable articles (as, indeed, one ingenious gentleman has already done in the case of "Chess,") on the various games in use. Again, think how easily one might earn one's reputation by joining the gallant band of "College Tourists!" What heroic young fellows these must be, sir. Easy going men, as some of them undoubtedly are, still do they, animated solely by the patriotic wish of enriching our home literature, buckle on their knapsacks, and trudge off now to the snows of St. Bernard's, and now to the heights of Plinlimmon.

Some people do indeed insinuate that they are much indebted to the hints of former travellers; and, in good truth, when I was congratulating a "tourist" friend of mine on his "Nine days at the Lakes," which, you may remember, lately appeared in your pages, he owned he had not visited Westmoreland since his tenth birth-day, and "By Gad, sir, if it had not been for Black's Picturesque Vade-mecum, which you see on my shelf there,—why, I really don't know how I *should* have managed." Gracious mercy, thought I, and then that article would never have appeared perhaps! What a narrow escape!

However, without further preface, let us see what has lately occurred in College circles worth chronicling. Clearly the greatest and most important event has been "the visit of a certain learned and eccentric peer," as the papers would say. I vow, since one of the Royal family, to wit, the Duke of Cambridge, came down here in December, 1847, never have I witnessed so complete a *furorè* among the gownsmen. During chapel, during hall, on that eventful Sunday, no one had eyes but

for Lord B. Men lingered at their dinners, staring ever at him ; indeed, I believe Green thought that there would be probably some sort of speech making. "What kind of a dinner did he make? Is it true that he said it was the best mock-turtle he had ever tasted?" enquired I myself eagerly of Mr. J—n—s; (not the learned professor) but the absent-from-Chapel J—n—s. "Quite true, sir," replied that functionary; "in fact, sir, it were to me he said it. I'll explain to you how it happened, sir. I was a moving his lordship's plate, as it might be so (here J—n—s made a show of reverentially abstracting one of my books off the table), and, says my lord, smacking his lips, quite affable-like, "My man, that's tip-top soup." I didn't *say* nothink, sir, but I *bowed* in course." "Ah! that was quite right J—n—s," said I, "very proper indeed." But Lord B. left us that same Sunday, and lo! in Tuesday's "*Times*" there was a flaming panegyric on us pronounced by him from his place in the House. Oh! who shall describe the enthusiasm of the College? Some went so far as to propose a testimonial; while even the calmest said he ought certainly to be written to and thanked:—and while on the subject of testimonials, what a source of gratification it is that the one we are about to present has been voted with such unanimity and readiness. It is not always so, I know that very well, for I speak from experience. When the Rev. Dr. Howler left Calliope House Academy for a Prebend's stall in the neighbouring Cathedral of Bullocksmithy, in the secret conclave convened by moonlight in Grimes', the head boy's room, what a Babel of opinions arose. Not that I was one of that august band; but being stationed as "small-boy" at the door to sing out the "cave"—for all such midnight assemblies were illegal—I of course could hear what was going forward. At last Grimes said what he should propose would be this, "that all the seniors should *dub up* (that was his expression) five bob each, the juniors half-a-crown, and that the proceeds should go to a silver ink-stand; that of course, for the honour of the school, the inscription must be in Latin, and therefore that he (Grimes) and Wapshot, the second boy, together with old Wigsby, the usher, should be empowered to make one." Well, this was agreed on; but unfortunately, early the next

morning, in the Greek Grammar class, old Wigsby inflicted on one of our committee the ignominy of pulling his hair; the other committee man grew warm on the matter, ironically muttering "That it was just as well for somebody that *his* hair had not been pulled." "What's that you said, sir?" roared out the usher, "say it again, sir, if you dare." Of course no answer was given to this challenge; but they were both handed over to the chief in the course of the day, and got both "jolly well caned" for mutiny, — and I am sorry to say that the upshot of the testimonial business was but a paltry strip of parchment.

I very often wish that the old doctor were here with his sweeping cane, to mow down one or two of the little extravagancies now flourishing amongst us. That eternal betting, for instance; I don't, mind you, object to the sharp hands of the College trying to "do" one another therein. No! in such a game let the best man win, I say; but how on earth can that little witless young Green, who, I should suppose, knows the art of "making a book" about as much as my late aunt Barbara did; how can he, I ask, ever think of betting with that shrewd old card Beauclerk, who actually boasts a correspondence with a couple of Newmarket jockies? He must know that he will inevitably lose. But so it is; every one makes up his book now, from the graceless Peterson (N.B. his worthy father is a hard-working Welsh curate), who actually struts about, bragging that "he is in to win a cool 300 (halfpence, let us hope) on the approaching steeplechase, down to that harmless pair, Rawlins and Bull, who lose or win sixpences to each other on bets purely local; such, for instance, as that Tomkyns walks into Buck for the "Law Medal," and so forth.

Even our best men, I grieve to say, are getting infected with this mania. It was only yesterday I heard that steady old coach Stevenson ask Beauclerk if he was disposed to give any odds against the "Bumble Bee, cos, if so, I'll take you, my boy." What can Stevenson know or care about the "Bumble Bee." I always thought he had higher objects; but the fact is, I begin to suspect that Stevenson now finds it the best policy to adapt his views to those of the person he is addressing. For instance, when

brought into contact with our excellent Principal he will put on a solemn face, and say "how he could wish the men here would endeavour individually to adopt a higher *tone*, and think more sensibly of the reality of the value of their College studies;" and he will then listen with great deference to, and chime in with, any hints thrown out to him for his guidance in the promotion of so laudable an object. He will next take an opportunity of telling the Dean that he considers the Greek play now in hand "a most judicious selection;" and, at the end of most lectures, you may see him remain behind to have some points explained which he "couldn't quite catch," while, at the same time, he gives the learned Professor to understand that *his* subject is the one above all others the most interesting to him. Oh! bless you, he has his eyes open.

But enough, Sir, "*tempus admonet ut jam vela contraham*," as we used to say in our essays. Yet, stay, I must just notice a most alarming innovation. On opening an envelope addressed to me last Tuesday, out fell a card with

"Mr. Arthur Littlejohn,

At home, nine o'clock Tuesday morning."

Oh! he's going home on an *exeat*, thinks I; we are great friends to be sure, but still it's odd enough he should communicate the news of his '*exeat*' to me in this way. Still ruminating, I sat down to my coffee and roll. By and bye, up rushed the waiter from A. with a "Please, Sir, and won't you come to breakfast, Mr. Littlejohn's been a waiting for you." Yes, that was what he meant, and I am told the fashion is getting universal.

So that, when next, Mr. Observer, you ask me to breakfast, as I have no manner of doubt you shortly will, in return for this lengthy contribution, you must please to do it in this '*slap-up*' style; not, mark me, that I consider it half so agreeable a manner of putting it, as simply to say, "Jack, old fellow, you'll take a chop in my room at nine, won't you, and we'll get Dick to meet you there?"

Hoping to see two more numbers of the *Haileybury Observer* out before the summer vacation, I respectfully make my *salám*.



## Editor's Portfolio.

THE Editors had met to settle the destinies of the forthcoming Number, when it was mooted by one of the learned trio, that we should not forget our valuable Portfolio. Quite aghast at the immensity of the idea of having to compose one ourselves, we began to scrutinize the rejected contributions, under the hopes of obtaining some sparkling gems, which would enable us to gratify the unfortunate author by seeing some portion of his work in print. But no! among the mass of papers before us, the plurality were too good to be treated in this off hand manner, while the rest contained no sentiments worthy of appearing in our paper. We, therefore, began to contemplate seriously an attempt at versification, and already some lines had been uttered by one, respecting Houris and Paradise; when another, whose brain was not so prolific, suggested a last excursion to the box; and there we found "A Dream." This was eagerly recited, aloud, by one of the number, while the others as eagerly listened.

### A DREAM.

Before me stood

A damsel, beauteous as a flower of spring :  
 A sweet-ton'd harp was in her snow-white hand ;  
 And as she played, a song of love she sang,  
 That stirred and melted me. Her brilliant face  
 As heaved and fell her bosom, might appear  
 With smiles now brightening, darkening now with sighs—  
 An atmosphere divine—the breath of love,  
 Like glory round the sun, encompassed her—  
 Her face was radiant as the pearly cloud  
 Of summer's dewy dawn : her hair like night,  
 When no star shineth. As she lifted up  
 The dark-fringed curtain of her lustrous eye,  
 'Twas as the glance of moonlight through swift clouds—  
 Her voice was soft as cooing of young dove  
 In a spring evening, when the nightingale  
 Singeth alone ; yet breathed voluptuously  
 As the warm south, when flowers are in their bloom,  
 And the rain softly droppeth. My fond soul  
 Was melted at her voice ; her lustrous eye  
 She turned upon me, then passed away.

C. N.

While we acknowledged the power of the verse, and were enraptured at the thoughts of the damsel's "brilliant face," and "atmosphere divine," we could not but think that our readers would agree with us in regretting that after so enchanting a dream, nothing should come of it.

"Dear me," quoth an enlightened Editor, after having become quite awake to the effects of the dream, "what has become of those Historical Anecdotes, I wonder?" A search being made, the required article was at length produced, and, as the author has silently, but respectfully, declined favouring us with any more like information, we are obliged to present our readers with what we have already got.

### HISTORICAL ANECDOTES.

**THE LATE DINNER.**—It was in the year 1555, and on the memorable day on which the venerable and excellent pastors, Ridley (Bishop of London during the reign of Edward VI.), and Latimer, were to suffer death at the stake, that Gardiner, Lord Chancellor, refused to dine until the messenger came from Oxford with the news that the fagots which surrounded them were kindled. The old Duke of Norfolk, who supped with him that day, was kept waiting from eleven—the usual dinner-hour—till three. The messenger who was to convey the wished-for intelligence, at length arrived; but Gardiner had no dinner that day, for he was suddenly seized with an illness which compelled him to seek his bed, and from which he never recovered. L.

**TRUE GREATNESS.**—In a dark and gloomy dungeon sat the youthful Louis XVII., the titular monarch of France, for whom hundreds were daily yielding up their lives, and whom the best and noblest in the land hailed as their sovereign. His remorseless jailor, whose sole amusement seemed to consist in reviling and taunting his innocent captive, in the most virulent and cutting manner, stood by him, scowling heavily beneath his huge and dark eyebrows, on the Representative of a Hundred Kings: "If the Vendéans were to set you at liberty," one day enquired this intruder on his solitude, "what would you do?" "I would pardon you," instantly replied the noble Prince, raising his soft blue eyes, to meet the astonished gaze of his unprincipled tormentor. L.

THE  
HAILEYBURY OBSERVER.

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READING MAKETH A FULL MAN, CONFERENCE A READY MAN, WRITING AN  
ACCURATE MAN.—BACON.

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JUNE 5, 1850.

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SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF ADOLPHUS PLANTAGENET CHARLES (MORE COMMONLY KNOWN AS JOE) JONES, ESQ.

BY HIMSELF.

CHAPTER I.

IT was on the—upon my honour I can't quite recollect the day of the month;—I am not quite clear about the month either—or the year,—what a confounded ass I must be, but for the life of me I cannot remember the year. Woh! what an uncommon bad start!

What is to be done? I might, to be sure, invent a date, but I cannot bring my conscience to tell even such a small falsehood as that, when I call to mind what trouble my fond and anxious mother took to impress upon my mind these three principles (indeed the only thing she ever succeeded in teaching me in addition to my A B C), “to honour the king, speak the truth, and hate the French.” Consequently this, my first fence, is decidedly a

stopper, and there is nothing for it but to turn round, dig in the persuaders, and cram over in a smaller and easier place, or rather, to use more intelligible language (for from what I know of the Editors, they are none of them great across a country), I must begin again, and accordingly here goes for a fresh start.

In the middle of "the street" of the delightful market town (so called, because there is nothing in the shape of a market within ten miles of the place, barring the grocer's shop, which smells uncommonly of cheese and red herrings) of "Stumpemrather," in the county of Sussex, there is situated an elegant building of red brick, with no particular feature about it, beyond its immense quantity of chimneys, which might lead strangers to suppose that the owner of the establishment must of necessity be a coal merchant. But if the strangers did so they would be mistaken. My father—for he it was who was the happy possessor of the above-mentioned abode—was **NOT** a coal merchant.

He had been a stockbroker in the City, and, thanks to the railroads, and other lucky speculations, had managed to scrape together a considerable amount of capital, with which he had retired to the rustic security of Stumpemrather. Unluckily for the peace of mind of his family, he had taken it into his head that farming was a profitable employment, and on the strength of four hundred acres of what he called "arable," but what I call "dirt" (and that uncommonly hard to get through on anything not up to fourteen stone) he used to array himself in low-crowned hats, drab breeches and gaiters, and talk of sub-soil ploughing, draining, drills, turnips, seeds, and "those cursed wood-pigeons," just as if he had been born and bred a farmer, and had never so much as heard of the stockbroking business. Such was my father, and when I say that, like all retired City men, he was short and *fat*, that he rejoiced in the patronymic of "Richard Jones," and that he did not possess *quite* that regard and admiration for his son's talents, etc., which is common to the race of fathers, I think I have said all that I need say of the old gentleman, and may safely proceed to the description of my much respected mother.

She was what I should call—if I might be allowed to use such an expression of my mother—a jolly little woman. Unlike my father, she was never tired of admiring and talking of “her darling children,” as she called them; how “Adolphus (your humble servant) was by far the prettiest baby she had ever set eyes on,” and how “Mary Eliza Jane talked and walked at least two months earlier than any other child;” what a treat it was to see “her own handsome boy coming home from hunting between Lord —— and Captain Blazes, talking so affable, just for all the the world as if he had been born a Lord;” and how “Mary Eliza Jane might have married any body she liked, if the dear creature would only choose to leave her present happy home; for with her beauty and accomplishments, what could not a girl do in the world, you know.” She was in the habit of talking in this way for hours together; indeed, I am afraid that the old lady is *rather* too fond of talking. She had a most undeniable failing for scandal, and what between praising her children, talking scandal, and administering medicine to all the unsuspecting poor people that were fools enough to ask for it, she managed to spend her time very comfortably. My father was always mysterious about my mother’s family,—why, I know not; but from what I have contrived to collect, I think I may safely tell you, Mr. Editor, that my mother was closely connected with the John Smiths, of Liverpool.

Mary Eliza Jane was not, in my opinion, a beauty. She was short,—say four foot nothing in her shoes,—her hair was auburn (*I have* heard it called red), which she wore in little corkscrew curls, six each side of her face; her nose—(*I will use the words of an opposition young lady of Stumpemrather*)—“her nose was a decided snub, and her eyes rather green than otherwise.”

In addition to all this, Mr. Editor, she was twenty-eight,—at least that was her age in private life; in public she only answered to twenty, and I believe she has never quite forgiven me for once, *in an oblivious moment*, making a mistake, and saying that she was six years older, instead of two years younger, than myself.

She had a smattering of French, Italian, and all that sort of

stuff, and she knew a little music—a very little, I confess—the Battle of Prague, I think it was, with a running accompaniment of 1, 2, 3, 4; but at the same time, in the opinion of Stumpemrather generally, and my mother in particular, she was decidedly clever. She was *dreadfully* refined in her ideas, screaming at the very mention of a flea, and fainting very prettily at the sight of a black beetle. To add to all this she was of a decidedly sentimental turn, which misfortune was productive of innumerable colds, from stargazing, or as she herself called it, “feasting her eyes on the luminary beauties of the firmament.” It was from the same cause, I imagine, that she would now and then poke into our faces a very dirty packet of letters, and say “Oh!” which proceeding generally abstracted from me a doubt as to her sanity, a grunt from the governor, which sounded uncommonly like “stuff,” and a request from her mother “not to take on so.”

But, regardless of all this, the young lady declares she will never marry; and gives it as her firm opinion that all men are wretches and that she would see them somewhere first before she throws herself away.

If this is true I want to know why she dresses so uncommonly grand on Sundays, and always looks so hard at Stobbs, our surgeon’s assistant. By the bye, a short time since, Stobbs, looking very red, in fact rather redder than usual, met me, and, after sundry hems and haws, said—“Your sister a—a— is not a—a— a beauty, but a—a— such a mind!!” And from a further remark which I caught about “*funded property*,” I have reason to believe Stobbs is smitten. I hope he may succeed in his suit, for they would make a very good match, as far as size or colour goes, and that, you know, Mr. Editor, is a great thing in looking out for a pair.

And now last, but, in his own opinion, not least, I come to myself. My naturally retiring disposition prevents my attempting to describe myself, and I will content myself by saying that I weigh 10st. 7lb. as I walk. Fancy I ride across country rather, am no end of a judge of horses and weeds, and am con-

sidered by my friends as "an uncommon good fellow," "rather down the road," "up to a move or two," and "decidedly fly."

And now, Mr. Editor, having described, to the best of my powers, the family to which I have the honor to belong, I will pull up for a short time, in order (as we hunting men say) to get "second wind," and I shall then be ready for a fresh burst in another chapter.

## CHAPTER II.

About ten o'clock on a fine January morning, the "happy family," who have just been introduced to the reader, were seated at breakfast.

The governor, like a thorough-bred farmer, had already taken a walk round the farm, and had met with some of his old friends the woodpigeons, which had not improved his temper, and caused him to grunt and growl more than was consistent with the quiet demeanour of a country gentleman. Although his temper was spoiled, his appetite was *not*; he had already devoured four eggs to my one, and, to use a racing term, I was "beat off" as far as concerned the cold boiled beef. Mary Eliza Jane had a bad cold as usual (*mem.*, January evenings spent at an open window don't agree with sentiment), and was wrapped up in her own thoughts and an immense quantity of cotton wool and handkerchiefs.

Conversation was at a discount, and I was just thinking of hazarding a remark on the weather, when the door opened, and an unpleasantly-cold wind and John with the post-bag came in. The bag was opened with all due solemnity by my father, and I observed that Mary Eliza Jane looked with breathless excitement at his hand as it descended, and I have no doubt thought of Stobbs. But the poor girl was doomed to disappointment; one letter only made its appearance, and that, with a muttered "why the deuce has not Smithers answered my note about the gypsum?" was hurled at my head. Now a letter was a rarity to me; indeed, beyond a few bills, I don't know that I ever did get such a thing; and so like others to whom a letter is a matter of rare occurrence, I began to study the direction very hard to see if

I could find out who could be the deluded individual who had thus favoured me. But I could make nothing of it, and, although not an advocate for casting back, I was obliged on this occasion to try back, or, to speak more clearly, to examine the seal. That also was a failure, and I then thought it might be as well to open the letter. This was done in fear and trembling, for I thought it more than probable that it might be a dun, and it was not till I saw "yours, Dick Hodgson," that I felt quite safe. Before laying the letter before my readers, I think I may as well describe the gentleman himself.

Dick had been bred to the bar, and, as far as hunting permitted, was fast becoming a very promising lawyer. He had had *two briefs*, when a maiden aunt died and unfortunately left him 800*l.* a year. Now Master Dick thought that 800*l.* a year was a sum that could never be got through, and, to support his theory, succeeded in spending about 3,000*l.*, and at the end of four years found it advisable to try what change of air would do for him. In other words, he was obliged to retire to France, in consequence of a desire existing amongst certain gentlemen to present him with sundry little scrips of parchment.

This department was a subject of great lamentation not only to the above-mentioned individuals, but also to his friends. He was a general favourite; the young ladies in a body considered him "a little wild, but *so* handsome and nice;" the old ladies thought him "a very gentlemanly young man, but a sad scamp;" and all his male friends agreed in saying that a better fellow never lived. He had long been an intimate friend of my own, and consequently this letter was received with great delight. It was concise, and ran as follows:—

24, *Rue de la Pépinière, Paris.*

DEAR JOE,—I have heard nothing of you for an age. Are you dead and buried, or alive and kicking? If the latter, come over and look me up here. I can give you a bed, mount you with the Paris staghounds, &c., &c. We will do weeds, and brandys and waters, and talk over old times. Remember me to the Gov. Your's

DICK HODGSON.



Here was a joke. The idea of getting off a frost in the country, and seeing old Dick again, was too much for me; and I jumped up to the detriment of the crockery, and danced round the table, exclaiming "I'll go," "Won't I just," "I'll do it," "I rather believe you," an ebullition of feeling which produced from my father a "What the deuce is the matter with the boy? Where's he going? What's he going to do? Hang himself—Good thing for the world if he did," turned my mother white with astonishment, whilst my sister's face became black, not so much from astonishment as from a bit of bread and butter which went down the wrong way and very nearly choked her. This, and the excitement of patting her on the back, brought me to my senses; and, by the time she had recovered, I was sufficiently quiet to explain the contents of the letter, and to ask the governor for funds.

This was rather a rash proceeding, considering the state of mind he was in at the moment; but he was so overcome by the suddenness of the request, and the idea of his son going to France, that he immediately said that he would let me have anything in reason; and that point being settled, I rushed out to give orders about physicing my horse and packing up my traps. Within three hours from that time, having arranged myself in sundry great coats, I descended to take leave of the family. This was not done without some difficulty, for, it being the first occasion that I had ever been absent from home for any time, and my mother's idea of France being rather vague, nothing could persuade the old lady that I should not be "ate up, or something horrid," and that she should "never see me again." However, this was got over in time, and having promised my father that I would tell him about the French farming when I came home, and my sister that she should have the 'latest fashions' to finish Stobbs, and also that I would not "disgrace myself by eating any of those nasty dirty frogs," I put a cigar in my mouth, and was soon rolling along in the only fly that Stumpemrath could boast of on the road to the 'Stumpemrath Road Station,' where I was to take the train to convey me to London.

## CHAPTER III.

My journey to the station was accomplished without any particular accident beyond the breaking of a spring and the disjointure of a wheel. To be sure the horse came down twice on his nose, but then, as the man said, "that's a way he's got" and so we did not make any account of it. I obtained a first-class ticket, and took my seat in a carriage with two maids, an antique Quakeress, a man that looked like a retired butcher, and a Methodist parson, the which not promising to be lively, more particularly as I could not smoke, I thought the best thing I could do was to go to sleep. I did sleep in a sort of way, for sleeping in a railway carriage is always the pursuit of pleasure under difficulties, and I was not sorry when the welcome sound of "Tickets, Gents," proclaimed the arrival of the train to its destination.

Having got to London, I thought it was the thing to have, what all young men delight in, "a spree," the aforesaid spree consisting in dining at Very's, going to the theatre, cyder cellars, and several other places of amusement, patronised by Young England, going home with the milk, examining your purse, and thinking you have been an uncommon fool for your pains.

The next morning, by the aid of soda water and devilled kidneys, I managed to sally out by eleven o'clock to get my passport, and had the satisfaction of waiting in a little dirty hot room from twelve till four, when my passport was delivered to me, and I was informed by a communicative old gentleman in a red waistcoat, that I had got it in "very seasonable time considering."

Having obtained this important document, and despatched an epistle to the "Home department," I (having had quite enough of sprees) kicked my heels about and whistled till bed-time, and at nine o'clock on the following morning found myself steaming down the river on board the "City of Hereford," bound for Boulogne.

Having always an anxious thirst after knowledge, I obtained, for the ransom of half-a-crown, a lecture on steam, from a very

dirty party, who called himself the engineer, which lecture I thought dear at the money, as at the end of half-an-hour I discovered that I did not know quite so much about it as when he began. Finding that I did not obtain that instruction and amusement which I had expected, I left the engineer, and went to the side to look at the ships, but it struck me that one ship was very much like another, and consequently that excitement did not last long. By the bye, talking about the river and ships, reminds me that there is something very pretty due here about commerce, stupendous wealth, and that sort of thing, but for the life of me I can't recollect it. After leaving the side, I tried some nautical remarks on a very mild looking individual, but failed signally therein. Next I lit a cigar, but was told that was not allowed. I then made faces at some children, but was discomfited by the nurse, who requested me to "go along, and not try to make myself uglier than I was." Altogether it was getting serious, and I was at a loss to know what to do next, when I marked down a very knowing little straw bonnet sitting in the forepart of the vessel, and I immediately walked forward to make my observations. I discovered underneath the bonnet a very pretty face, and such a pair of blue eyes (don't you prefer blue eyes to black, Mr. Editor), and, in short, a very neat little filly. I walked up and down three or four times for the purpose of creating an impression, but "the party" did not seem to be so utterly overcome by my personal appearance, and at last finding the fascinating dodge did not pay, and recollecting the saying, "Faint heart never won fair lady," I had just extracted my own handkerchief with the intention of asking the young lady if she had dropped one, just by way of making a beginning, when I discovered to my horror, but to the *too* evident amusement of the young lady, that we had got into rough water, and moreover that that rough water did not agree with the internal economy of my body. I beat a precipitate retreat into the cabin, where I was soon joined by many other unhappy wretches. I will pass over the rest of the voyage, as I feel sure that my readers would find it as unpleasant as I did, besides I should be sorry to remind those who

have suffered sea-sickness of what they have gone through, and it would be a pity to discourage those who have the pleasant prospect of sea voyages in store for them. Suffice it to say that on our arrival at Boulogne I crawled on deck and collected my luggage, only to suffer fresh miseries on shore at the hands of touters and custom-house officers. However, everything must have an end, and at last I had the satisfaction of finding myself and luggage safe in an hotel. I ordered dinner, which was a matter of some difficulty, considering my knowledge of the French language is confined to "*oui*," secured a place in the "*diligence*" which was to leave at midnight, and walked out in order to give my opinion on France generally and Boulogne in particular. I thought Boulogne very dirty, and that it smelt of fish, wondered what my mother would say if she saw what short petticoats the women wore, saw a regiment of soldiers, and thought that Waterloo was *not* such a wonderful thing after all; wondered why the men wore so much hair on their faces, supposed razors were scarce; thought of my dinner, whether they had got any pale ale at the hotel, and finally thought it expedient to go and see. There was some pale ale, but very bad, and the dinner was still worse. When twelve o'clock arrived, I mounted into the "*coupé*" of the "*diligence*" and left Boulogne without the slightest feeling of regret, and a firm hope that I should find Paris a better place.

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#### A REQUEST.

SURELY the age of Dulness now is o'er,  
And stupid mortals now are known no more;  
"Tho' born a Goddess," all her chains are riv'n,  
And she has fled like justice, up to heav'n.  
Ah! tell me, pitying hearers, tell me where  
To find the votary of that Goddess fair;  
For nought but Genius blazes on my sight,  
Soon, I feel sure, to make me blind outright.

*New Powers of Mind* unfold in ev'ry page,  
 And *Mem'ry*, too, some drag upon the stage ;  
 As if to say how well I understand,  
 From self-experience, the theme in hand.  
 An *aged wanderer* marks, without a hint,  
 Your every word, and puts it down in print ;  
 Poor man ! he sees his juniors seeking fame,  
 At all events he'll try and do the same.  
 Upwards I look, a giant I behold,  
 With features haughty, and with aspect bold,  
 I look me down, a pigmy meets my view,  
 "At least I shall find humbleness in you ;"  
 No ! each by self-sufficiency opprest,  
 Thinks himself far the cleverest and the best,  
 And if one wretched being turn away,  
 Nor join the silly prattle of the day—  
 "How proud the fellow is, how mighty high,"  
 Bursts from each lip, and glances from each eye.

As wand'ring where those tall horse-chesnuts grow  
 Before the pillars of our portico,  
 I chanced to meet (for fate will have it's way,  
 Altho' I did not wish to meet that day)  
 A goodly youth, in limb and feature spare,  
 Dark was his eye, most curly was his hair,  
 Ruddy his face,—for whiskers he had none,  
 Altho' 'twas said (but sure 'twas said in fun)  
 He knew their treatment, as a barber, well,  
 And every symptom he was best to tell ;  
 His brow capacious, aye, and brains were there,  
 As he will tell you, if to doubt you dare.  
 Another youth was walking by his side  
 Whom I will leave my readers to decide ;  
 They hail'd me straight, to meet me almost ran,  
 Clearing his brow, the former thus began :—  
 " Ah ! yes, my friend, as just to B—— I said,

Opprest with learning is my weary head,  
 The midnight lamp has often wan'd away  
 And left me staring at the dawn of day;  
 But yet"—and here instinctive rose again  
 The watchful hand to guard his truant brain—  
 "Not one regret arises, no, not one,  
 When I reflect what wonders I have done."

"Indeed," his neighbour said, "indeed, you know,  
 'Tis truly great to be *Distinguished* so,  
 Each wondering relative amazement shows,  
 Claps spectacles on her sagacious nose,  
 Peruses close the Monthly. How they stare  
 To see me sixth, and ask *how* I got there."  
 A third arrived, his conversation too  
 Changed not the strain, nor brought a topic new.  
 Whate'er he did was without care or pain,  
 He carried all in his capacious brain,  
 A fourth was coming, when away I fled,  
 Rejoicing to escape such torturers dread.

Then grant us, kind friends, this little petition,  
 Pray keep to yourselves your dreams of ambition.

C.

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### THE SOURCES FROM WHICH THE ANCIENTS DREW THEIR CONCEPTIONS OF A DEITY.

WHEN we cast our eyes over the surface of created things, and see them abounding in all that can please and delight us, as well as fill us with awe and wonder, knowing and feeling that such things—things so elegantly minute, and yet so majestically awful—could not be created by man: our thoughts will immediately ascribe them to some higher power, some stronger mind, which, after having called them forth in all their beauty, still presides over their motions and guides their actions. Such,

indeed, is the idea which naturally suggests itself to a reasonable, a thinking man, whether he views creation in the vast globes which stud the firmament—the lasting symbols of their Maker's power—or in the smallest insect which wings its flight through the air, and perishes in a day. In all alike he will see beauty and regularity far too intricate for human foresight, far too lovely for human creation; the power which called them forth into being, far exceeds the utmost bounds of his imagination, humanity is too limited to contain it; and he will accordingly ascribe their formation to some mightier hand, some deeper foresight, than could be found within the limits of this world.

There is in man an innate desire to find some object to which he may look for help in time of need, for succour when surrounded by difficulty. Who, then, could give him surer assistance, who could render him more effectual, more powerful aid, than the creator of the universe, or those mighty but invisible beings, who, as he supposes, rule, with an ever watchful providence, the motions and actions of all created things. Such, I think, would be the natural train of reasoning which would arise in a mind on which the light of revelation had not shined; and such was the position of the ancient Greeks. Born in a land upon which nature had poured down a double share of her choicest blessings, where the eye could feast with unmitigated delight upon the varied landscape, intersected with rivers and streamlets, adorned with forests and groves of richest coloured trees, and bounded in the far distance by the mighty masses of Olympus or Parnassus; where the ear met the murmur of the mountain torrent mingling symphoniously with the songs of sweetest birds; where the cool breeze was wafted laden with the richest perfumes through the air; born, I say, in such a land as this, the Greek would naturally seek to account for the existence of all these beauties and the causes which kept them all in existence, and he would assign a presiding deity to each river as well as to the foaming ocean, to each mountain as well as to the fertile earth; and the growth and transformation of the smallest insect would be directed by a divine power, as well as the changes and revolutions

of the mighty orb of day. And if, in the stillness of the night, he raised his eyes to the deep blue firmament, and watched the intricate and mazy dances of those glittering orbs, which, as it were, keep watchful guard over the world when its inhabitants are wrapt in slumber, he would involuntarily exclaim, "There is, indeed a divine power in existence, which guides the motions of these glorious systems, which has led, now leads, and ever will lead them to the end of time, in the same unvarying and changeless course, and which, while on this earth generation yields to generation, and whilst successive empires and kingdoms crumble to the dust, will still watch over them and keep them the same."

From these productions of nature, from the smallest as well as well as the greatest, the fanciful mind of the civilised Greek would draw its conceptions of a Divine Power. But as time rolled on, the mind, before darkened by ignorance, would become more enlightened by civilization, and not now satisfied with merely examining the beauties of the external world, it takes a higher flight, and seeks to penetrate the clouds of obscurity which envelop the future state of man, attempting with daring hand to draw aside the veil which conceals from its enquiring eyes the state of the spirit of the departed in another world. They had a sense, a feeling within them which told them that the good in this world would be happy in the next; but that the wicked would meet with punishments such as their crimes deserved. But here, too, they thought there must exist some Divine Power, gifted with the power of discerning all the inmost thoughts of the hearts, which when the spirit is placed before him for judgment, shall, glancing back over his past thoughts and actions, weigh as in an infallible balance his good deeds against his transgressions, and shall, as either predominates, consign him to everlasting punishment, or grant to him to dwell in an eternity of blessedness in the Elysian plains.

But, besides these, there was another kind of Deity, which they supposed had the direction of their lower passions, as well as of their higher sentiments. They imagined that every thought, every word, every action was guided by some power, and know-



ing by daily experience that it was not in the power of man to act as he pleased, they would ascribe it to some more powerful influence, some divine direction. Hero-worship speaks for itself. In the early ages a man arose famous for his corporeal atrength, and illustrious beyond all who went before for his skill in arms, and he would be immediately numbered among the Gods, to him they would tender their worship.

Such are a few of the sources from which the ancients derived their ideas of a Deity, and to these ideas when embodied by the powerful chisel of the sculptor, or the graceful brush of the painter, in the living marble or the breathing canvass, did they bow their heads in humble adoration; from these did they ask for all blessings for time and for eternity, and from these alone they hoped to obtain them. The light of Divine revelation had never shined upon their paths, to guide them as a pole-star to the truth; they wandered from the true road amongst the bye-ways of error and superstition, relying for present and future happiness only on those ideas which they could, with their feeble conceptions, form from a view of the external appearance of nature, as well as from their vain attempt to pry into those secrets which it is not for man to look into.

### ANTIQUUS.

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A FREE RENDERING OF THE CELEBRATED LINES OF FIRDAUSI,  
IN THE "SHAH NAMAH," ON THE OBEDIENCE OF  
FARIDUN, WHEN ORDERED TO SPARE ZOHAK.

WELL hast thou done; for short the time will be  
That good or evil may remain to thee:  
Fitting is praise for him who virtue keeps;  
In whose remembrance virtue never sleeps.  
Great be thy wealth and mighty be thy power;  
But will it help thee in thy dying hour?  
For all thy palaces and halls of state  
Death, when he comes, will not a moment wait;

But as good words in mem'ry oft remain,  
Let not the wise have written words in vain.  
The just Farídún by his acts fulfilled,—  
First of mankind,—what Providence had willed ;  
The first to purify this world below,  
By righteous acts, from wickedness and woe.  
Happy and fortunate throughout the span  
Of mortal life, he yet was but a man ;  
He was no angel, formed from Heavenly flowers,  
From musk and ambergris, or scented bowers ;  
'Twas his own actions wrought him endless fame,  
His royal justice celebrates his name ;  
Generous and kind, and famed throughout all lands,  
For strict obedience to his God's commands.  
Be thou so kind, obedient, just, as he ;  
Perchance thou may'st a new Farídún be.

SULTAN.

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### A TALE OF HAILEYBURY.

(FOUNDED ON FACT.)

It was a fine morning in June, at which my story commences. Not a speck was to be discerned in the wide expanse of the dark blue sky ; the birds poured forth their "untaught melody ;" the cattle gathered in groups under the shady trees ; and, in short, all nature seemed to share the universal joy. The clock struck one, and the various lecture rooms poured forth their trains of gallant youths "destined to become the guardians of our Eastern empire." The different dispositions of the youths were shown by their different pursuits : some, with praiseworthy devotion to the pursuit of literature, hurried to their respective apartments to continue their studies, and thus rejoice their fond parents' hearts ; others repaired with no less alacrity to the cricket field to practise their favourite pastime ; while others, either walking or driving, rushed headlong to the Rye. In a few minutes the quad, which

had so lately been the theatre of bustle and confusion, was enwrapt in silence as of night; and not a human being was to be seen there, save one solitary youth, who forms the hero of our tale, This youth, with "thoughtful aspect and pensive brow," took the way to Hoddesdon; but the most careless observer must have seen that his footsteps were not bent for the Rye. But while he is pursuing his solitary path, we must endeavour to give the reader a short account of his previous history. James L—— was the son of a poor curate, who lived "far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife" in a retired spot in the south of Wales. The pastor's income, though small, was amply sufficient to furnish him and his family with all the necessaries of life, but no more. It is not surprising, therefore, that his son, unlike most boys of his own rank in life, was never sent to school (not even to a private school, of the memory of which some eccentric men in this college seem so unaccountably proud), but was educated at home by his father, and taught by him the rudiments of Latin and Greek, together with the other usual branches of a gentleman's education. Mr. L——, not wishing to put all his sons into the church, was somewhat at a loss for a profession for James, till the letter of an old and faithful Indian friend conveyed to him the joyful intelligence of a promise of a civil appointment for the boy. L——'s life from thence up to the period of which we are now speaking, it would be superfluous to describe, for all will readily imagine how he was crammed up for the India House, how he passed that terrific ordeal, and how, at last, he became a student of the East-India College. But we have been digressing so long that if our hero were not walking very slowly, we should never have caught him up. There he goes, but he seems irresolute, and every now and then pauses; at last he seems to summon up courage, and rushes forward—into a public-house. What does he want there? Have patience, gentle reader! "A glass of beer, Susan," says our hero. Susan brings it, but, strange to say, J. L. does not seem to want the beer, for he only sips it; his mind is evidently absorbed. Cannot the reader guess by what? It is the black hair and black eyes of Susan, answers the reader, and

he is right. Nature had, indeed, lavished on Susan no ordinary share of beauty; she was known far and wide as the belle of Hoddesdon; many a heart had sighed in vain for her, she had refused innumerable offers. Our youth still sips his beer, but he is interrupted in his love-sick meditations by the somewhat noisy entrance of some Haileybury men, who lustily call for beer. "Hollo! where have you been, L——," say they; "what a miserable piece of mortality you are; I suppose you have been saying pretty things to Susan," and out they rushed. L—— followed soon after, but not before he had said good bye to the pretty barmaid, whom he would have given worlds to have taken leave of in a somewhat warmer way, but he had not the courage. It would be useless to describe all the visits of our hero to the lovely fair, for the results of all were much the same; suffice it to say, that before leaving England he was able to summon up courage enough to bid a tender farewell to the lovely barmaid; and then, thinking with the poet, that

All farewells should be sudden, when for ever,  
Else they make an eternity of moments,

he tore himself away.

\* \* \* \* \*

Ten years have elapsed since the events took place which we last narrated. A solitary horseman wends his weary way to the Blue Boar of Hoddesdon; he dismounts and enters the house; the jaded appearance of the steed, and the tired looks and dusty exterior of the master, showed that there had been no lingering on the road. This horseman is no other than J. L——, who walks in, and oh! breathless suspense! he looks about for the pretty Susan; at last he espies her; this time no modesty overpowers him; and, to cut matters short, he makes a free tender of his hand and heart.

A month after this, the bells of Hoddesdon were ringing merrily (for our hero was not ashamed of the humble birth of his bride), and although many a pair of greater wealth or rank may have knelt at the altar, yet I will venture to say that there never was a happier couple than J. L—— and his wife.

I am unable to trace our hero further, and therefore am deprived of the usual ending of the novelists, who seem generally to make up to their heroes and heroines for the lengths of their engagements, by the numbers of "little pledges" they allot to them.

TRISTIS AMATOR.

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### ON DREAMS.

THINGS that we have seen and experienced from our infancy, naturally cease to convey the ideas of wonder and astonishment to our minds which they otherwise would have done; it is at all times, however, a wholesome study to reflect on their latent wonders. Were a man transported from one of the neighbouring planets to this earth, perhaps there is nothing at which he would be more astonished than the sight of a man asleep; he would, in all probability, be hardly able to distinguish the state of sleep from that of drunkenness or of death; and he would start with undisguised horror at becoming subject to the same process.

It is a common idea that the mind is not always at work, but is sometimes in a perfectly quiescent state: a little reflection, however, will enable us to see the falseness of this supposition. Firstly, then, are we always thinking when we are awake? How can a man not be thinking? The very existence of the soul contradicts this supposition,—for thought is the life of the soul; thoughts are the functions of the soul, and if, therefore, the soul ceased to perform its functions, it would cease to exist; for we know that all things in common life die, when they cease to perform their functions; when the blood ceases to flow, the body dies; when the sap of the tree ceases to mount the stem, the tree withers.

When the body is in the most torpid state, the mind is most active; this may be illustrated by the most familiar instances. Many men while walking stop and think, when a subject is mentioned in which they are much interested; many when in deep thought stand still, fixing their eyes on some object; and many

fall into reveries while sitting or standing. People seem always to seek the most convenient attitude for thought, and for that reason choose the most torpid; and what attitude can be more convenient than sleep? The body is then prostrate, and the mind at ease continues its uninterrupted progress. Perhaps no greater instance can be adduced of the grandeur of the soul than the fact that the body is a clog upon its free action; for what in sleepless time is most difficult, in the time of sleep is the easiest, I mean the faculty of invention. Seldom in sleep does any scene occur to the mind without some invention totally out of place. Dreams, it should be recollected, are but the thoughts of the soul, when the body is in a state of sleep, and the arguments which applied, therefore, to the former case, must apply also to this. People think that they have not been dreaming, merely because they don't recollect their dreams; but this is but a poor reason to justify such a conclusion; for if they look into their own minds, they will find that they recollect but a small portion of their thoughts of any hour in the day, and perhaps none; why should they recollect better the thoughts of sleep? It is, indeed, a circumstance for which we should be most grateful that we remember so few of our dreams; for where the case reversed, what disastrous results would take place! We should mistake the wild fancies of our dreams, which are presented to us with such inconceivable celerity, for the results of the more sober meditations of our wakeful moments; the necessary consequences of which must be conceived by all.

SOMNIOSUS.

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### THE COLLEGE CLOCK.

THE grey tints of morning have just begun to tinge the eastern sky; the melodious note of the nightingale and blackbird is heard re-echoing through the deep woods and valleys; the cool summer breeze lightly fans my cheek. I chime out the third hour of the morning, yet all is still—the minutes fly by—the sun rises in all its splendour, throwing its genial rays o'er

hill and dale. I call out the fifth hour—a few figures appear—some enveloped in the folds of a loose gown and the far-famed pajamas—the fume of tobacco, even at this early hour, diffuses its refreshing odour through the air. And as the time wears on, more figures appear, until, at the second quarter after the eighth hour, a bell, most discordant in its sound, drowns my melodious voice. Suddenly, from every outlet round the square, issue figures in gowns—some whole, some in rags—and rush frantically towards one part of the building opposite to where I am stationed. This seems to be the beginning of their excitement, for then I see an individual appear at the steps of the central gate, with a bundle of papers in his hands, folded up into a variety of shapes; around him there they throng, and when these have been distributed, they diverge by the several paths to their own abodes. Once more there is a comparative silence, except every now and then a voice from some one of the windows, uttering most peculiar sounds, is heard—which is answered almost immediately by the few figures (standing about here and there) running with a sort of shambling trot towards that point whence the unearthly sounds proceed. Then for the three next hours are to be seen these same robed figures going from place to place with books in their hands—from one room to another—shouting, smoking, and making various noises. When this has ceased the flowing dress is then laid aside, and the curious square cap is exchanged for others varying from a hat to any nondescript covering for the head. From this time till five the place is again abandoned by all. At this hour the same black-gowned figures again appear, and throng to another part whence they go backwards and forwards for some little time; this, after due investigation, I found out to be the room where they have sumptuous dinners. A languor then seems to spread itself over the inmates, until nine, when there is the same kind of indiscriminate rush as in the morning towards the same part of the building; and here the business and confusion of the day appear to cease; and as the dark shadows of evening creep on, by degrees the square is deserted. Nothing then is heard save the mournful note of

the nightingale and the evening song of the blackbird and thrush, and the rustling of the leaves as the breeze breathes softly on them. The moon diffuses her silvery light o'er earth and sky—the little stars twinkle in the heavens above. All—all is still. I chime quarter after quarter, and hour after hour; and as midnight approaches, the whole place is buried in repose. And I am then left to mark out the hours as they flit by, and to ponder over my solitary thoughts.

C. C.

### VACATION RAMBLES.

*(Continued from page 243.)*

MY DEAR OBSERVER,—In your last number I carried my sketch down to my arrival at the Victoria Hotel, at Killarney. In the present I purpose giving you a cursory account of my doings whilst sojournining in that fairy scene. It is a characteristic quality in all men—particularly in a native of the United Kingdom, and more particularly in a John Bull—to enjoy any sight, or any pleasure that may be in store for him, he must not start in pursuit of it whilst fasting or hungry. Premising thus much, it would be needless in me to say that the pleasures of the day began with a breakfast, which being concluded, our conveyance was announced, and we started in search of the picturesque to the tune of “Le Petit Tambour,” from the bugle of our guide. Our road lay through the town, and along the Kenmare road, through the little village of Cloghreen to Mucross, where, having inscribed our names in a book at the porter’s lodge, we entered the demesne of Mr. H. A. Herbert, M.P., of Mucross—one of the most enlightened men and kindest proprietors in that part of the country. After a short drive along the avenue, we diverged into a bye-road, and found ourselves at the “Abbey of Mucross.” This Abbey was erected about A.D. 1400, by Franciscan Monks, and is as wild a ruin as can be found anywhere. However the iron hand of time has been at work, although his scythe has been at rest (to which the overgrown ivy



and fern bore ample testimony), and a short while back it had nearly gone the way of all bricks and mortar, had not its owner been at the care and trouble of restoring—I should rather say preserving—the sacred edifice. The Abbey includes a Convent and a Church; and here, in a window sheltered only by a few boards, there lived and slept for twenty years a man called John Drake, whose real name and parentage was never known. He came one morning: he disappeared one morning. Legends say that he had contests with “The Father of Darkness;” but we have no authentic account as to whether he came off victorious like St. Dunstan or no. Occasionally he got a gratuity. Report went that he had to undergo a penance from some unknown crime. Many conjectural legends are told, but one alone is looked upon as the “true story,” and that has been so well told, and at such length in a former volume of your journal, that I can add nothing to it, and should be but taking up valuable space. Around the Abbey is a burial ground for Roman Catholics. Here they all like to have their bones laid: and such respect is paid to the remains, that even when the lapse of years had brought many of these bones to the surface, and thereby rendered the place both unhealthy and disagreeable, the people would on no account touch them. After thoroughly investigating the Abbey, our drive was resumed through Mr. Herbert’s grounds, passing close by the mansion (an old-fashioned building) to the end of the peninsula of Mucross. The road on both sides was bordered by luxuriant herbage, running wild as ever Nature could wish. The arbutus, whose berries, as is well expressed by a popular writer of the present day—

“Began to assume  
The blushing bloom  
Of ripeness.”

was to be here seen in a profusion that is never granted to other climes and other lands. Killarney is the fatherland of the Arbutus; and a beautiful tree it is as an ornament to one’s grounds, and useful when cut down for the manufacture of household furniture. And ferns, too, grew as thick and large as they well could. Who

is there that has any taste for the "wild flowers and plants" of nature, and does not love the fern. So slender, so graceful, so elegant, and, if I might use a mixed metaphor, so ladylike a plant. For myself I confess that I am totally ignorant of the scientific names, properties, and proportions of the commonest flower that grows. But, nevertheless, I love them all the same, I know not the scientific name of the daisy, but have loved it from a boy. To the lover of nature there is abundant field for enjoyment in Killarney and its vicinity. The oak, the ash, and their compeers have their fair share of favour in this wilderness—where no pruning hook had entered—where all the vegetation is unrestrained—where nature seems to have run wild with joy. Such was the scene through which we passed. At the end of this promontory we found a boat awaiting us, and embarking, we passed under Brickeen Bridge, and thence entered the Torc or Middle Lake, so called from an Irish word meaning "Wildboar." The Lakes of Killarney are three in number. The lower lake is by far the largest; its surface is studded with islands covered for the most part with verdure and foliage, but a few of them are bare rocks appearing above the surface. The Torc lake is next in size, superior in wildness to the lower, and inferior in the same respect to the upper. Inferior to the lower lake in softness of scenery, but superior in the same respect to the upper lake. We would class the three, lower, middle and upper, in the same relative position that the lakes of Geneva, Thun, and Lucerne bear to each other. The boat in which we had embarked was a stout four-oared safety, manned by four stout Kerry men, and steered by the guide. The day was fine, the air mild, the sun was in all his strength and glory, as with steady stroke our boat cut through the blue waters of the Torc Lake to the Torc Cottage, built at the foot of the Torc Mountain. Close to this is the Torc Cascade. This lies between Mangerton Mount and the Torc Mountain. It is supplied from a small lake on the top of Mangerton, called the Devil's Punch-bowl, the waters of which are so called since, save in the case of one person, there is no instance in the memory of living men, of the feat of swimming round the bowl having been

accomplished. That one person was Charles James Fox. Who would expect to find a leader of the Commons, the London *roué* and gambler, performing the feat? But to return. The stream or fall of the Cascade, about 60 feet in height, is generally small, but when swollen by rains becomes a torrent. A serpentine path leads from the cottage to the cascade, so that the sight bursts on the spectator at once.

Pleased with the sight we had seen, we again took water and pulled across to Dinis Island, and as our boat receded from the Cottage, so did the Torc Mountain rise higher and higher, and stand more prominently forward against the clear bright sky. On its summit, scantily furnished with herbage, the red deer browse, secure from hounds and men: whilst the wood, descending over the whole face of the mount down to its base, is the chosen retreat of game of all kinds. About thrice or four times a year the echoes of the Torc are aroused, and resound to the cries of hounds and men, in pursuit of the "antlered monarch of the herd" when whole villages turn out to aid in the chase. We were not long reaching Dinis Island: here is a pretty cottage *ornée*, the property of Mr. Herbert, fitted up for the convenience of travellers. There being nothing much worthy of notice in the Island, we proceeded to enter the Lower Lake. The scene became changed. The Lower Lake is about five-and-a-half miles long, by two-and-a-half wide, and in shape it is kite-like. The surface is covered with Islands: the principal of which are Innisfallen, and and Rabbit and Ross Islands. On entering the Lower Lake, we passed along the Bay of Glenna, famed for fishing, and landed at Glenna Cottage, the favourite shooting and fishing box of Lord Kenmare. The Cottage is a pretty little building, and tastefully fitted up. Here there is seclusion enough, (except in "touring time,") to suit the wishes or tastes of the severest anchorite.

From Glenna Cottage we traversed the lake, threading all the intricacies of the insular labyrinth, passing by O'Donoghue's Horse, and then his cellar, which is a cavity in an island, into which the boat is backed, and the visitors are requested to drink his double distilled—the recipe for which doubtless was handed

down from Adam, generation after generation. O'Donoghue, once Lord of the Lake, is now supposed to inhabit a fairy mansion below its waters, whence he often makes his appearance, and had been seen (?) of course by some of the crew. Those who are early enough to catch a glimpse of him as he takes his annual May-day ride on his snow-white charger, accompanied by youths and maidens clad in white, are thought sure of the enjoyment of the blessings of peace and long life. We now struck our course across the Lake; and on our way our attention was directed to three specks on the summit of Glenna Mount, which were no less than three of the red deer so common to those mountains. Had I not been able to see them move, I should have imagined that they were but three trees, or something of the kind, passed off on unwary travellers. But no! one raised his head and stood erect, looking over the craggy precipice begirt with wood, and brought to my mind Sir Walter Scott's line :

"The stag at eve had drunk his fill," etc.

I was glad I had seen some; for one likes to see all a place has to show. Our next point of debarcation was to view O'Sullivan's Cascade—the locality wild and pretty—but the cascade itself rather a failure. Here by this cascade there grows a great variety of mosses, of which the kinds, though plentiful enough anywhere, are here, if one might so say, superabundant.

From the cascade we took our way to Innisfallen, a very beautiful island. Small in extent it has a great variety of scene. Here too are the remains of an Abbey; it was esteemed a sanctuary, and in 1180 we read of its being plundered by Maolduin O'Donoghue; the chapel is the oldest part of it, and is said to be prior to the seventh century. There are two or three points of Innisfallen from which there are most beautiful views—across to the mountains on one side, and Ross Island on the other. It is of Innisfallen that Thomas Moore has sung—

Sweet Innisfallen, fare thee well,  
May calm and sunshine long be thine;  
How fair thou art, let others tell—  
To *feel* how fair shall long be mine.

Sweet Innisfallen long shall dwell  
In memory's dream—that sunny smile,  
Which o'er thee on that evening fell,  
When first I saw thy fairy isle.

It was with feelings of regret that we quitted Innisfallen and stood for Ross Bay, in the middle of which the crew rested on their oars, whilst Spillane, with his bugle, called forth the echos of Ross. This done, away shot the boat past O'Donoughue's prison, homeward, to the "Victoria." As we were gliding through the still water—Spillane, touching me on the shoulder, "Do you see that man pulling?" "Yes, what of him?" "His name is Lynch; he is a very superstitious man. One evening as I was steering a boat home, maybe as I am doing now, and chatting to the company, I mentioned to a gentleman of the party how superstitious Lynch was. Some minutes went by and as we going by some small islands there rose a wailing from one of these rocks. The evening was drawing in and the wail was like that of the banshee. Again it arose and died away, and a third time the same. Lynch began to stare and turn paler by degrees as the wail was repeated. His horror was complete when from the same place there sounded forth Jack Lynch! Jack Lynch!! Jack Lynch!!! He dropped his oars, and gave himself up for lost. He had heard the Banshee's voice of warning, he thought the day of his death was at hand. Nothing could persuade him to the contrary. His three fellows pulled the boat home. Jack Lynch sat and lamented his fate. The gentleman to whom I mentioned it was a ventriloquist; and Jack Lynch could not be persuaded that he had not heard the banshee's cry, until the gentleman repeated it to him." By the time Spillane had ended his tale our destination was close at hand. Charmed with what I had seen, I was impatient for the morrow, but, nevertheless, glad to rest from the labour of my "first day at Killarney."

Having learnt overnight from Stephen Spillane what was to be our next day's employment, I was ready betimes for the start. Our trip was to be to the Upper Lake, by the way of the Gap of Dunloe. To enable us to cross the Gap, ponies had

early been sent on. We started from the hotel with all the requisites for a day's enjoyment:—a fine day, with a clear sky and a bright sun, and a determination to be pleased. Our course lay for some way along the Miltown road. Leaving the road about three miles from it, we crossed the river Laune, and passed the village of Dunloe on our left. Up to this point there was nothing particularly engaging about the country; but from the village of Dunloe onwards the aspect of the scenery changed,—suddenly turning from flat to hilly, nay, even mountainous. Imagine a sudden change from cultivated fields to the wild heather and moor of Scotland, and you have a slight idea of the rapidity of the transition from the one kind of scenery to the other at Dunloe. Shortly after commencing our ascent, we left the carriage and found the ponies ready. The path is often narrow, sometimes dangerously so, and it needs a Killarney pony to do the trip. Some of these are very sly to boot: as, for instance, one of the party being somewhat a-head of the rest, the pony had a halt; finding itself at a strnd-still, it was in the act of quietly kneeling down, when the guide's stick brought it on its legs again, accompanied with the remonstrance, "An' faith, is it rolling ye'r going to be after." But to return to the Gap. The wild prospect lying before us prepared us for a treat in mountain scenery, and we eagerly pressed on. After proceeding about a mile the ponies were stopped, and Stephen Spillane, with his bugle, awakened the echo. Loudly and clearly did it respond to the clear shrill notes; but when he commenced "Kate Kearney," which he played with feeling, pausing now and again, to give the full effect to the echo, it struck me as being the clearest repetition it had ever been my lot to hear. The tune was of course the only tune that ought to be played at Killarney, for the Lakes and Kate Kearney are naturally linked together in all our associations as to that part of Ireland. By the way, I had almost forgotten to mention that previously to mounting the ponies, the carriage had stopped at a roadside or hillside cottage, and there had come out to meet it a rather fineish-looking woman, On inquiring, we found her to be a lineal

descendant of "Kate Kearney." And what romantic ideas will not the mind conjure up on the score of this information,—what fairy face,—what raven hair,—what bright eyes,—what elfin form,—what tripping feet, does not the thought call up:—all that the poet has sung, and that our ideas have embodied from that song;—these all she must be, who bears the name of Kate Kearney. At least she should be. All that expect to find her such, will be disappointed. A matronly looking woman of about five-and-forty years of age, with several children running about, whose faces betrayed them to be the children of their mother,—was the lineal descendant, in a word, we should say that "a buxom dame" would convey to the mind's eye the best idea of the modern Kate Kearney.

But to return to our sheep: (N.B. I am a thorough going John Bull, and hate any foreign fricassees interlarded by our natives)—the last faint notes of the echo having died away on the calm still air, we resumed our route. Picture to yourself a mountain road, now taking a sudden dip, then winding round the brow of a small hill, anon dipping again to take a steady rise, then as steadily and steeply rising again—with now a bubbling stream rushing along as if its mad ripples were engaged in a desperate race to the ocean; and a little further on a small lake, near whose side the Kerry cow and the mountain goat were browsing. To the right the dark Macgillicuddy Reeks rising with their peaks to the clouds, which, by the way, had now come on dark and thick, overshadowing the sun, and lending a solemn sombreness to the Pass; to the left the well-known Tomies and Purple Mountains guarding the way—and to crown all, huge masses of stone lying about, that made one wonder whence they came, how they came, and why they came, inasmuch as in many places they have the appearance of relics of a large city. These all formed a scene on which one could not but gaze with emotions of wonder and astonishment—and could not but behold the grandeur and awe-inspiring aspect of the scenery, without at the same time acknowledging and admiring the stern and rugged simplicity of the whole. On arriving at the top of the Pass, we

saw before us the Black Valley, stretching along the base of the opposing hills, through which the Loe meandered in graceful serpentine wanderings. We quietly descended into the valley, having our attention somewhat diverted from the scenery by the rapid descent that a young quaker, who had passed us on the road, was making. He was a very mild milk-and-water specimen of humanity, about six feet in height, very thin, and withal (when on his this thirteen-hands pony) very much like a pair of compasses a-straddle of a pencil. He turned corners with great precision, any prominent stones were brushed away by his feet. In this way he had managed to reach the level road. The pace was not good enough : he began to trot : when, sad to relate, without a moment's warning, he was embracing mother Earth, and pony in the meantime, was enjoying a nibble at the turf. On being questioned, he conjectured the animal thought he was at "meeting," and would fain kneel down, of which he not dreaming, had slid over his head.

The scenery surrounding the Black Valley is precisely of the same character as that which I have above described. The Black Valley is part of Lord Brandon's estate. At the head of the lake we found our boat waiting. Embarking, we rowed to an island and there made our luncheon. I think it was called Arbutus Island, but my memory fails me on that point.

As I have before said, to me the Upper Lake of Killarney bears a good deal of resemblance to the Lake of Lucerne. The scenery is varied—now soft, now wild. The only regret I experienced was, that there was not more of it. Out of the Upper Lake leads a long winding channel called the "Long Reach." Here again everything is associated with "The O'Donoghue." As the boat cuts her way, you are shewn a large rock called "O'Donoghue's Man of War," and again his "Cannon." Then we come upon a tall rock overhanging the stream, called "the Eagle's Nest." This is a very picturesque rock indeed, partly clothed with fine large trees, and partly bare, presenting a pleasing contrast. It takes its name from being the chosen spot of the king of birds. There is a splendid echo here also. At Kil-



larney echoes are as cheap as dirt. Then comes the weir bridge. "Trim ! trim !" said Spillane. We sat steady, the men rested on their oars, and we went down the weir in gallant style. We found ourselves in Torc Lake, opposite Dinis Island. We rowed between Dinis Island and Glenna Mountain, and made straight for home. I called on Spillane for a story. He spoke as follows :—

Well, you must know there is a superstition in these parts that there is an evil spirit called the "The Phoca," which is in the form of a horse, and, by inviting persons to ride on it, leads them a devil of a chase. There was once a neat lad, Tim Murphy, a rare lad for a spree—a divil-me-care sort of fellow. One Sathurday night Tim Murphy had been on a spree, and was rethurning home with divil a care for anything, not bating himself, when whom should he see but the Phoca. "Arrah, Phoca," says he, "ye are a mighty kind sort of creetur in ginerall; maybe you'll shew your kindness this once, and give me a ride home." "Ay and that will I, Tim," says the Phoca. Upon this, down kneels the Phoca, and up gets Tim Murphy, clinging to its mane just like a leech for all the world. "Are ye up," says the Phoca, "and all right," says he. "And that I am," says Tim Murphy. Divil a word more does the Phoca say, but away he goes across the fields, through the woods, through the bogs and brakes, over the hedges, by the lake side, over the river. "Now, darling be aisy," says Tim. "Only a little more," says the Phoca, and away he gallops again, like the Divil himself run mad, and at last lays Tim at his own door all covered with bruises and scratches, and all the trowsers torn off his legs, and not a coat to his back at all at all. "Good night to you, Tim," says the Phoca, "and a pleasant ride to you next time." "My curse be upon you !" says Tim, "sorry a ride will I be taking with the likes of you again." So that was Tim's first riding lesson with the Phoca.

Now, Tim you must know was a bit of a dealer in horses and ponies and the like, and if the times were bad did a little cattle-jobbing. He was not mighty particular at earning a penny at any thing. About a fortnight after his ride on the Sathurday night, Tim had been up to a spree, and was returning from the

likes of the first time,—mind you, Tim had been to the fair to sell some horses. At the same place, at the same time, whom should he meet but the Phoca. “Tim, darling,” says he, “wilt have a ride?” You are a bad Phoca, but as a friend I will sure. The Phoca kneels down, and up gets Tim. Away gallops the Phoca. Ah! Tim, darling, says he, what in the world are ye doing with your feet. With that Tim puts his legs closer round the Phoca. Tim, darling, be easy. Down lies the Phoca. Get up, ye lazy brute, says Tim, get up; and with that up gets the Phoca, and gallops straight to Tim’s own door. Down gets Tim. A pleasant ride to ye next time, says Tim. An’ is it you that’ll be insulting a poor creature, says the Phoca; be off with you Tim. And this was the Phoca’s first riding lesson with Tim.

The Saturday week Tim spies his old friend the Phoca. Good night to you, darling. Will you be giving me another ride this evening, says Tim. Have you them nasty sharp things by the heel of your boot, says the Phoca? And that was how Tim served him. Them spurs were mighty convanient.

By the time Spillane had concluded his story, we had arrived at the end of the Lake; and disembarking, slowly sauntered up to the Hotel; evening was fast drawing on; and we were not a little glad to rest from the day’s fatigues.

The morning broke like its two immediate predecessors, fine and clear. It was the Sabbath; and we were enabled to attend divine service at Aghadoe Church, a building which has been erected within the last few years by the munificence of the Dowager Lady Headley, and endowed by her for the use of members of the Established Church of England. It is a plain building with a tower, the interior being for the most part open seats. There are two pews, properly so called, nearest the altar, one on each side of the aisle. The afternoon was passed in visiting Ross Castle and Ross Island. The island round the castle has been very prettily laid out as a flower garden, by Lord Kenmare, and the rest is well and flourishingly cultivated. There was a legend at one time that Ross Castle would never be taken till ships were seen on the Lake. This was effected by Ludlow,

who succeeded Ireton in command of the Parliamentary army. He thought the best way was to attack the castle by water, and made a raft for that purpose. The garrison considered the prophecy fulfilled when they saw the raft afloat, and surrendered without striking a blow. The castle derives its interest from being the last to surrender to the Parliamentary forces.

Monday I passed at Killarney, retraversing some of the scenery nearest the hotel.

On Tuesday left Killarney. Whilst waiting for the coach to start, I saw pass a man with a child's coffin under his arm, followed by a large concourse of people. I enquired if they were taking the coffin home, preparatory to the burial. No! there was a burial about to take place. No pall to cover the coffin, no mourner to head the procession in mockery of grief. The parent himself was bearing to the grave the earthly remains of his lost loved little one. Here the commonest, poorest person has a pall to his or her coffin, and apparently some respect to the remains of the deceased. What a strange contrast did the two different cases present to my mind. It is some consolation to think that our future hopes do not depend upon plumes, palls, and the mock pageantry of our funeral processions.

About five hours' coach journey brought me to Mallow, where I took rail. On arriving at Thurles, there was some excitement, owing to a man having just previously arrived to catch the train in pursuit of two men (a nephew of his was one of them), who had robbed him the preceding night of 75*l.*,—his all. The victim was a small farmer; his hopes of meeting his rent were gone; his hopes of living another year through were gone. He had outlying crops, to guard which, at night, he had hired the services of his nephew and another neighbour, and they, when they ought to have been watching their employer's property, robbed him. His crops were as good as lost; he had no money to get them in; and he was pursuing the culprits apparently from a spirit of revenge more than from any other feeling. The neighbour he cared not for—he was a stranger; but his own nephew he was heaping the bitterest curses on.

This much I learnt from the guard. I had no opportunity of learning more of the poor fellow's adventures. Seven hours' journey had brought us to Dublin. Thence to Kingstown was but twenty-five minutes. I turned into bed as quickly as possible, on my arrival at the latter place. The next day at noon I was making Holyhead Harbour, from whence the train in nine hours brought me to the metropolis; and in two days more I was attending a course of lectures on the "Duties of Kings," at the East India Colloge. My task is at end. I had no idea of its length when I commenced. Had I imagined for a moment that my notes would have extended over two communications to your Magazine, they had never been penned at all. As it is, I send them, in the hope that some may be tempted to journey to those fairy scenes. Future Haileybury tourists will have the advantage of the Tubular Bridge to shorten the distance. Let them have no fear about time pressing. I was in Ireland altogether nine days, In fourteen hours from London you may reach Dublin; twelve hours more will bring you to Killarney, So that with ten days for Ireland—four for the journey, two for Dublin, and four for Killarney—the tourist may visit the most beautiful spot in the United Kingdom, and begin to take an interest in those who live under the same bond of loyalty and affection to our Sovereign—those who have similar feelings, emotions, hearts, and sympathies—those who are made of the same flesh, blood, and bone, as we who dwell on this side of St. George's Channel. Now let us visit Ireland more, learn more about her, take a greater interest in her, and Irish difficulties will cease. God grant they may. Farewell, kind readers,—

"Gentle breath of yours my sails  
Must fill, or else my project fails—  
Which was, to please."

A. L. R.

## MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

Within the towers of Fotheringay  
A royal captive wept ;  
A proof how England's haughty Queen  
Her sacred promise kept.  
Alas ! how sadly changed she stood ;  
For sorrow, grief, and care  
Had bowed the form that once had been  
The fairest of the fair !  
And as she thought of all her foes,  
Their malice and their art,  
A flood of recollections poured  
Out from her bursting heart.  
She thought of all her blighted hopes,  
The dream of love's fond day,  
And, as she mused, each loved one's face  
Rose up in sad array.  
She thought she stood in Francis' Court,  
Where passed her childhood's hours ;  
She felt not then the thorns of life,  
Her path was strewed with flowers.  
Yes, there she shone, a radiant star,  
Amid the festal scene ;  
There all the courtly throng adored  
The beauteous Scottish Queen.  
But soon within the ancient walls  
Of stately Holyrood,  
She saw the assassin's ruthless steel  
Deep dyed in Rizzio's blood.  
Again, upon Lochleven's Isle  
A captive's lot she shares ;  
Oppressed, alas ! by rebel chiefs,  
A prisoner's chain she wears ;  
Till, freed by gallant Douglas' aid,  
Once more her loyal band

She leads to wrest from Murray's sway  
Their own dear native land.  
Again, from high Dumbarton's hill  
She bends her straining eyes  
To where beneath a sulphurous cloud  
The battle shouts arise.  
Again, she sees through serried ranks  
Her charging squadrons ride :  
The best blood then in Scotland's realm  
The purple heather dyed.  
A flush is on her queenly brow,  
Bright sparklings in her eyes :  
She feels that she was born indeed  
To win so fair a prize.  
With heaving breast and glowing cheek,  
She treads her prison floor,  
As if she yet had Scotland's crown  
And happiness in store.  
But, hush awhile !—The massy door  
Grates harsh upon her ear :  
The rough deep voice of foes announce  
The hour of death is near.  
She quails not at its near approach,  
Nor dreads her awful doom,  
For her no terrors has the grave,  
She welcomes e'en the tomb !  
With meekness bows her wounded soul  
Beneath the chastening rod ;  
She heeds no longer earthly things,  
But kneels before her God.  
The axe hath fallen, she dies beneath  
The fated will of Heaven :  
Her soul is in her Maker's hands,  
Her spirit be forgiven !

SCOTUS.

## AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A GRINDER.

My embryo form became first developed when my master was about six years old, and I fancy that my struggles for maturity occasioned him considerable pain, from the continual peevish exclamations, and the objurgations of his female keeper, yclept nurse, which dimly reached me in my retirement. My lodger overhead was much the worse for wear; his roots having gone the way of all roots, and as he himself informed me, his decay arose from premature old age, induced by the sugar on which he was forced to perform. At last, his death was resolved upon. I well recollect the thrills of horror that passed through my habitation as an iron instrument firmly seized upon him, and by some mysterious operation (one, alas! with which I afterwards became acquainted), elicited a loud yell of mingled wrath and terror from my possessor. It was a great relief to me, however: he had frequently annoyed me, a young healthy grinder, by his complaints, which I, fool as I was, and confident in my strength, would not believe in; and I must confess that as I shot upwards with redoubled vigour, I thought not of his sufferings, but with a feeling akin to contempt for his infirmities thought what a glorious and useful substitute I should make.

Without opposition, I in a few months grew to my full size, and found my duties more arduous and complicated than I had imagined. My young master, now an Etonian, used to give me in one day, rolls, ham, toffy, gelatine lozenges, mutton, potatoes, tarts, fruit, eggs, and cheese, to reduce to their proper consistency, and the task, particularly with toffy and apples, was most arduous. Occasionally in summer I used to be driven nearly mad with ices, which chilled me through and through, and then my master's wrath used to turn on me, the unoffending and injured party, and I was frequently cursed for the consequence of his own faults. I used to converse occasionally with my neighbour the tongue, and found that his complaints were as deep, though not so loud, as my own. He told me as a fact, that he was frequently made

bilious by the heterogeneous mass of food he was forced to swallow, and lamenting his youthful, fine, red, healthy, colour, showed me the white and indented appearance to which he was reduced.

My constitution, being much stronger than that of my predecessor, enabled me to hold out against all this usage, until my master, at the age of fifteen (and consequently in *my* eight year) began to smoke. This was unbearable. I had quietly submitted to my disagreeable duties, as long as he confined himself to what was clean ; but, to have my beautiful enamel blackened, begrimed, and infected with the horrid smell of stale tobacco, was more than I could endure. I resolved to punish him, and accordingly began to ache, thinking that his sense would induce him to relieve me. Never was there a greater mistake. I actually heard a diabolical friend of his recommend as a cure the very cause of my malady. He affirmed that tobacco soothed me, and as he added insult to injury by actually presenting my master with a quantity of the remedy, I was obliged to submit in despair. My brethren all suffered ; and in six months I don't believe there was one of us who could boast of unblemished whiteness : I, for one, being a Grinder of a retiring disposition, in the back part of my master's jaw, was as black as his pipe.

This lasted for about three years, till my master having to repair to a certain nursery of East Indian Civilians, carried his habit to such an enormous extent, that my constitution gave way. Decay, premature decay, such as I had ridiculed in my first floor lodger, came upon me, and the healthiest of Grinders became but the wreck of his former self. The more I complained, the more I was obliged to work, till, in my rage, I caused my master such immoderate anguish, that, after I had cost him numberless half-crowns in the shape of *Ægrotats*, I was submitted to inspection, and had my vitals replaced by a large lump of gold. This restored me to comparative health, and had I been well treated before might have prolonged my life to the greatest span of a Grinder's existence. But I was thoroughly undermined ; old age came rapidly upon me ; I was peevishly called a nuisance and incum-



brance; and, finally, in the sixteenth year of my age, gave up the ghost, under the merciless forceps, a victim to the immoderate use of that most diabolical and deleterious plant—Tobacco.

BR——s.

## ODE ON THE DEATH OF WORDSWORTH,

THE LATE POET LAUREATE.

“Weep not!”

WEEP not for him that goeth  
 To his long and distant home,  
 Where the crystal river floweth,  
 Where the Angels ever roam;  
 But weep for him that sigheth,  
 As he gazes on the spot,  
 Where his friend abode, who dieth  
 'Neath his favor'd rustic cot.

Weep not for him that lieth  
 On his couch, bereft of pain,  
 For a Bard of Bards he dieth  
 As a saint to rise again;  
 But weep for him that grieveth  
 To see his face no more,  
 Who a weightier blow receiveth,  
 Than e'er he felt before.

Weep not for him that hieth,  
 To the land of calm repose,  
 Where the righteous never dieth,  
 And the warrior hath no foes;  
 But weep for him that owneth  
 A friendship with the dead,  
 Whose lonely heart bemoaneth  
 His gentle spirit fled.

## STORY WITHOUT A NAME.

*(Continued from page 262.)*

The next morning broke as favourably as any votary of the chase could have wished. A fine drizzling rain had been falling for about three hours or more, and every vestige of frost had vanished. The sky was clouded, but did not betoken much rain, although the wind was from the south-west. The meet was fixed at eleven, and, as Chilton was barely seven miles off, breakfast at nine o'clock would give us plenty of time to ride quietly over by that hour. Delville, who, although he had given up his day's sport out of kindness to his sisters and their friends, was determined that we should be in time for the throw-off, roused me from a most pleasing slumber long ere it was necessary, and, in consequence, I found myself down stairs before the rest of the family had assembled; but I was amply repaid in about ten minutes by the entrance of Agnes Vernon, attired in her riding-habit and hat. I own I was surprised to see her down so early, and expressed myself to that effect, as Miss Delville had told me the evening before, that, eager sportsmen as she had reason to believe Percival and myself were, she intended to get the start of us in the morning. Agnes, however, explained to me the reason, telling me that as Miss Delville had suffered severely from the tooth-ache all night, she had been requested to officiate for her at the breakfast table.

The urn was brought in and deposited on the table—the tea was made—and then—and then—what did we do? what was there to be done? She could not sit placidly at the table and look at the steam—so, of course, we both stood before the fire and talked. Ay, but what did we talk about? Well, your curiosity must be gratified, I suppose, kind reader; so here goes:—

“How very gloomy the sky looks, Mr. Monckton,” said Agnes.

“So it does, Miss Vernon,” I replied, “but, nevertheless, it is a beautiful hunting morning.”

“Well,” said she, “I am delighted to find some one contented

with the weather, for I hear it abused here from morning to-night. Old Mr. West, a tenant of Colonel Delville's, has always some fault to find with it. If the weather is fine, he is sure to tell you that the ground is as hard as a flint; and if it rains, he is as certain to be just going to sow or to make hay."

"Ah! but, Miss Vernon, you must not take the farmers as a criterion. They are proverbially a discontented race. I once congratulated a man in our neighbourhood, who had been deploring the excessive dryness of the weather, on the accomplishment of his wishes (a steady rain having fallen all day), and the only answer I got was, 'So, you think it's all right, do you, Sir? Well, so it may be; but then you must remember, Sir, that what may be good for the turnips may be mortal bad for the barley.'"

"I am afraid, however, Mr. Monckton," she replied, "that we meet many in the world besides farmers who are not sufficiently thankful for the gifts that are so judiciously lavished upon them. Do you not agree with me?"

We had got to moralizing already—what was to come next? However, I replied:

"Perfectly, Miss Vernon, I assure you; but you will, I am certain, also agree with me that man was never intended to be content with that only which comes within his grasp without any exertion on his part; and it is the laudable desire which Nature has implanted in the breast of each one, to strive to raise himself above the station in which the accidents of birth or circumstances have cast him, which occasions much of the discontent which you complain of. For instance, should I, a man just starting in life, and comparatively poor and friendless, be justified, were I to sit down in quiet contentment with something like nothing a year, paid quarterly, and watch with easy indifference the thousands toiling up the steep pyramid of Fame, while I made no effort to rise beyond the base?"

I had worked myself up to a pitch of enthusiasm, but somehow Pegasus always takes a flight in an argument, particularly if your opponent happens to be one of the gentler sex.

"No, Mr. Monckton," she replied, "you mistake me. I would

merely have no sinful repinings when our desires are thwarted and over-ruled by an All-wise Providence. Far be it from me," she continued, and her eyes sparkled, and the blood rushed to her cheek, as she spoke, "far be it from me to say aught to repress a laudable ambition, for I admire it as much as you possibly can do. I would ever have us look forward, and strive to gain that which is yet unattained, and would have that little word "*excelsior*" as the motto of every one through life."

"Ah! I see you have read those beautiful lines of Longfellow's, Miss Vernon," said I, gazing on her with an admiration I could not conceal, "and most cordially do I assent——"

A most audible "humph" here interrupted me, and we both turned round, when, whom should we see standing on the other side of the room but old Somers, evidently in no very placid mood. He held his spectacles in his hand, and looked very much like an ill-tempered codfish, as he stood pouting his lips, evidently wishing to speak, but unable to frame his mouth for utterance. At last he growled out :

"Well, young lady, and pray how long have you taken to giving these matutinal lectures. You should have let us had notice of your intentions, and then you would not have had quite so limited an audience," casting a most inimical glance at me as he uttered these last words.

Agnes, who, although rather taken aback at first, had by this time quite recovered her self-possession, immediately replied, "Well, Mr. Somers, don't quiz me, for you know I can't bear it; but tell me—do not you agree with me in what I was just saying to Mr. Monckton?"

"Agree with you! I don't know, I am sure. I didn't hear what you said. No, I don't agree with you. But then that doesn't signify, you know—*he* does," giving me another scowl; "he'll talk poetry and that sort of rubbish with you—and then, what do you care for any common sense which I might say!"

Poor Agnes blushed crimson, and, turning to the breakfast table, began to pour out the tea. How I hated the old sinner at that moment, and internally wished that his next bottle of port

might be most confoundedly corked, or fruity, or something equally likely to punish him for his interference. The rest of the party soon joined us, and, conspicuous amongst them all, Mr. Percival—Ye gods! shall I ever forget his “*get-up*?” Delville had “*togged*” him out, as he had promised, but as a matter of course, the articles of dress which his own wardrobe had furnished were as incongruous with the rest of his attire as they well could be: *e. g.*, a flashy waistcoat, a tie of the same rainbow-like hues, an enormous guard chain, etc. etc.

Breakfast was speedily despatched, and we proceeded to the front door where the horses and carriage were already assembled. A little fun ensued while getting the ladies into their saddles. Percival was of course most officious, and addressing Agnes Vernon, said, in what he imagined to be the most irresistible tone, “Pray allow me, Miss Vernon, to assist you to mount.”

“Certainly Mr. Percival,” she replied, “I shall be much obliged to you.”

Now, I had my doubts as to Mr. Percival’s abilities to perform what he had undertaken. I therefore watched his proceedings with anxiety—

“You must tell me when to spring, Mr. Percival,” said Agnes, as she placed her foot in his hand, “now? shall I spring now?”

“Ya-as, ya-as, now is *the* moment I should say,” he drawled out; and Agnes gave a spring, but as he did not raise his hand at the same time, it only had the effect of bringing her foot to the ground again, and with it Percival’s elegantly gloved hand.

“Aw—try again, Miss Vernon—pray try again” said he, in no way abashed, and evidently thinking that he could not have been in fault.

“Thank you, I would rather not,” said Agnes, drily—

“Will you allow me to assist you, Miss Vernon,” said I, advancing towards her; “I trust I shall have better success.”

“Thank you, Mr. Monckton,” she replied, again returning to the side of the horse, and adding in a lower tone, “it was no fault of mine that I did not succeed last time.”

“I am convinced of that,” I replied. —“Now for it,”—and

raising my hand gently at the right moment, she sprang easily into the saddle.

We started soon after and reached Chilton in good time; Delville and I exchanged significant glances as we noticed Percival's seat—all his experience of riding had evidently been obtained either in the riding school or Rotten Row, and long 'ere we reached Chilton, I was perfectly convinced that his Leicestershire adventures were a complete fiction. He rode with a long stirrup, toes up and heels down, which may look very pretty and elegant in the Park, but which certainly does *not* pay in a cross country.

A few minutes after eleven, old Drake took out his watch, gave a nod to his huntsman, and off we started. We first drew a little spinney where a fox had been seen the night before, but master pug having an intuitive sort of fore-knowledge as to what visitors were likely to call on him, had thought it prudent to shift his quarters, and tho' we found his couch almost warm, the 'warmint' himself was "*non inventus*." A discussion now ensued as to where we had best put in next.

"I think, Sir," said old Wingfield, touching his cap, "we had best draw the upper bit of gorse there; he's likely enough to have shifted over there, and if so be 'tis so, we should have a tidy burst over the grass if he ai'nt headed."

"Well, Wingfield, I think you're about right," said Mr. Drake, "so take them along you—Down Vanity, old girl; Hi to him, my lass," said he to an old hound who had placed her paws on his stirrup to be caressed. "Ah! Mr. Monckton," he continued, addressing me, "delighted to see you—the first time I think I have set eyes on you this season—your friend?" he asked in a lower tone, glancing at Percival.

"Yes, Mr. Drake," I replied, "and a Leicestershire man to boot; so I hope we shall be able to show him a little sport to-day."

"Well, I hope so too, but" continued he, turning to Percival, "you cannot expect the same riding as at Melton—You must show us the way to-day—Delville has mounted you, I see, and

he is generally well up himself, tho' I should think he must ride nearly double your weight."

"No—no, I'm afraid not," said Percival, with a sickly attempt at a smile; "I never feel exactly confident on anything but my own mare.—My mare, Sir 'R—rose,' as I call her—Bedad, Sir—but she is a beauty."—

"Ah! I dare say," said Drake, with a half smile—I could perceive the old boy was tickled by Percival's absurdity—"I tell you what, Sir," continued he, "I don't know what they do in Leicestershire, but if you'll take my advice, you'll take up your stirrups a couple of holes, and ride well home—that long stirrup won't do over our fences."

"Ride home, Sir," said Percival; "why what the doose do you mean—why do you imagine I came out? Do you wish to—to—to insult me, Sir?—in fact, Sir—I—I—ca'wnt understand you."

Poor old Drake had much difficulty to repress a roar of laughter; and what he would have said, I know not, for at that instant the deep note of an old hound was heard which was gradually taken up by the rest of the pack, and in a few minutes a fine dog-fox burst from the covert about fifty yards from where we were standing, and took gallantly across the open.

"Tally-ho! Ta-ally-ho!" shouted old Drake—"give them time, gentlemen, give them time," said he, as the hounds burst through the gorse after their adversary; and then ensued a scene of excitement, which those only who have witnessed the sport can imagine. Those who had dismounted to ease their horses, tightened their girths, and were in the saddle in a second, and away swept a splendidly mounted field over the elastic sward of the park, each stride apparently inspiring both horses and men with fresh vigour. It was a glorious scene, and in the maddening excitement of the moment I forgot, even to cast a glance at "the Leicestershire man," from whose behaviour in the field I had calculated on deriving considerable amusement.

We were now going at almost racing pace across the open park—I and a few of the "picked ones" were leading, but carefully avoid-

ing to press upon the hounds,—when, I heard a horse coming up at speed behind me,—and turning in my saddle, I saw my friend Percival looking the most abject picture of misery that I ever set eyes on, now seated on the crupper, and then thrown almost between the ears of the horse, over which he evidently had not the slightest command.

“Hold in, Sir,—confound you, Sir—hold in, will you,” sung out old Drake “you’ll be right in the middle of the hounds in a second;” but the appeal was useless. Had the Devil’s Punch Bowl yawned before him, he could not have pulled up.—Fortunately for him, at that instant Pug ran to ground in a drain, and as we all pulled up, Delville’s well-trained hunter, though almost maddened by the strange load upon him, slackened his pace, and by dint of a good deal of sawing, Percival was at length enabled to bring him to a stand-still, and as soon as he found that he was once more safe, he instantly recovered his swaggering impudence.

“Bedad, Sir,—in at the death rather,—I flatter myself. By Jove!—now, that is what I call riding;” and he looked round for approval; all he got, however, was a growl from old Wingfield, the huntsman. “It’s my opinion—and I don’t think I’m far wrong—that you’ll never be in at any death except your own, or perhaps a hound’s, if you come a hunting again.”

I lost Percival’s reply (which, by the way, I don’t suppose had much effect on the gruff old huntsman), for Drake beckoned me up to him, and said, “For Heaven’s sake, Monckton, get that madman away, or I won’t answer for the consequences. I have heard half the field vowing vengeance against him.”

“I don’t think it signifies much, Sir,” said Wingfield, coming up at the moment,” if we get the fox out of that ’ere drain, he’s pretty nigh sure to take over towards the Wooton country, which you know, Sir, is pretty close, and that ’ere muff in boots is just as sure to get grounded, or what’s more likely still, to get a purl, and then we shall be rid of him; and the sooner that happens the better, say I. Beg pardon, Sir,” added he, touching his cap to me, “forgot he wor a friend of yourn. There goes the



'warmint,' just as I said;" and again we set off in full view. As Wingfield had predicted, the fox led straight away to the Wootton country, but in an opposite direction to that which we had expected; and after a short run he got into Chinkwell-wood, which extended over a large space of country, and out of which it was deuced hard to get Master Reynard, when he had once ensconced himself. However, the hounds dashed in gallantly after him. A few skirthers remained outside, in spite of the exertions of the huntsman, and whips, who seemed to be here, there, and everywhere at the same moment. One happened to be near Percival—and on Drake's perceiving it, he sung out to him, "Just oblige me, Sir, by cutting that bitch in two."

"What! that dawg," he said. "Certainly, with infinite pleasure," and, unthonging his whip, he made a vigorous lash at the defaulter, accompanying it with a scream of "Go along, dawg;" but the "dawg" was too sharp for him, and the lash, missing its object, wound round his horse from tail to counter. Away he flew, and taking the bit between his teeth, charged right at the celebrated Chilton-brook. He took it in a gallant style, but, alas! not so his rider, who fell with a quiet plash into its muddy waters; and the last I saw of him was creeping out, drenched and miserable, on the other bank.

"Hark to Vanity!" cried Wingfield, as a well-known leading hound gave tongue. The note was taken up by the rest, and in a few minutes our old friend bolted again, and close upon him the eager hounds.

Kind readers, even were my pen able to describe the glorious run we had that day, my limits would forbid it; but most of you have probably, once at least in your lives, witnessed such an one (unless, indeed, you number a Percival amongst you). Suffice it to say, that we rode without a check for an hour and ten minutes; the country was close, it is true, but that merely added to the excitement, and served to clear the field from the tag-rag and bob-tail, of whom there is generally a pretty sprinkling everywhere. We rode in a complete ring, and lost the fox at last in Chinkwell-wood again. We were then compelled to whip off

on account of the darkness, but the fact of not having killed (to my mind, at least), did not at all diminish from the day's sport.

I had been told on the field that Percival's horse had been caught for him, and I therefore supposed that he had made the best of his way home ; but to my astonishment, after I had ridden along the road to Merton, about a couple of miles, I came up with the unfortunate wretch leading his horse, shivering with cold, and altogether looking about the most perfect specimen of misery I have ever had the luck to see. He was no longer the swaggering braggadocio of the morning. His cold bath had made him abject and humble.

"Why, Mr. Percival," said I, "I had expected to find you snugly ensconced at Merton House when I got home, enchanting the ladies with an exciting narrative of to-day's adventures."

"For heaven's sake ! don't quiz me," said he, speaking for the first time in a natural tone of voice, "I am nearly dead ; have you got a brandy flask with you ?"

I saw the poor devil was indeed in a most pitiable state ; but the spirits I gave him served in some measure to restore him ; and I at last persuaded him to mount my horse, which had had a little more taken out of him than his own, and we rode home together without hardly exchanging a word. He was evidently ashamed of himself ; and, as I saw that he had been sufficiently punished for his previous bombast, I forebore to press him. As we dismounted at the stables, however, he said, "I hope, Mr. Monckton, you won't mention anything of my adventures to the ladies."

"No, no, my good Sir," I replied ; "you may depend upon me ; and, if you will take my advice, you will get to bed as soon as possible. A cold bath in November may be very bracing, but I should not recommend it for rheumatism."

He took my advice, and, as I expected, directly I came down to dinner I was assailed with questions on all sides as to his conduct in the field. I kept my word, however, and was very close. Percival, however, seemed to doubt my discretion, for, on

coming down somewhat late the next morning, I was told by Mrs. Delville that he had taken his departure on the plea of urgent business in town.

I must say that we did not miss him much ; at least, I can answer for himself, for I managed to live on at Merton House for nearly a month afterwards, having almost forgotten that such a person existed. I made several ineffectual attempts to take my leave, but Colonel and Mrs. Delville always found some excuse to make me prolong my stay. There was always something to be done, and I freely confess that Agnes had made such a strong impression upon me, that, as long as she remained there, I felt that I could willingly continue a captive at Merton. We were thrown very much together, but were watched most closely by old Somers, whose Argus-like vigilance would have done credit to the most rigid duenna. At length, however, a circumstance occurred which determined me to take my leave at once.

The young ladies had proposed getting up some private theatricals, and one evening after dinner I left the gentlemen at their wine to assist at a consultation on the all-engrossing point over in the drawing-room.

When they joined us some time afterwards, it struck me that old Somers scowled on me more savagely than ever ; that Harry was unusually taciturn ; and, as for the Colonel, he seemed so embarrassed that he hardly knew which way to look. He presently entered into a deep conference with his lady, and I could not help feeling that I was in some way connected with the subject of their discourse. The gloom seemed infectious, and the life and spirits which a few minutes before had pervaded the whole party, was now succeeded by a most Quaker-like silence. In vain we tried music : the ladies declared that they had colds, and could not sing. Emily Delville shut up the piano in a pet, and vowed it was most shockingly out of tune. But the fact is, we were all out of tune ourselves, and we were none of us sorry when the evening broke up. I fancied that Agnes' hand trembled as she wished me good night. I pressed it slightly, and I felt that the pressure was returned. I was as nearly certain as I possibly could

be that I was not totally indifferent to Agnes; but I had never yet had the courage to come to any explicit understanding.

On going up stairs, I went straight to Harry's room, intent upon solving the mystery of the evening. I found him standing before his fire in a state of such profound meditation that a minute had nearly elapsed before he seemed aware of my presence.

"Ah! Monckton, I'm glad to see you," said he; "I was just thinking of coming to your room to have a little chat with you. You've got yourself into a scrape, my boy, as I thought you would. You understand what I mean?"

"Why, not exactly," I replied; "but I suppose it is something about Miss Vernon."

"Precisely so," said he; "you've just hit it; and now I'll tell you what it is. After you left us in the dining-room this evening, old Somers entered into a sort of half-whispered conversation with the governor. Confoundedly ill-mannered of him, you'll say. Well, so it was. But, however, I had nothing for it but to gaze intently at the opposite wall, and look as much unconcerned as possible. I could not, however, help catching both your name and Agnes' mentioned at intervals; besides, I felt sure they were talking about you; and at last Somers said, quite out loud, 'I am sure Vernon will never hear of such a thing; and if you don't put a stop to it yourself, I shall feel it my duty, as her father's friend, to write to him to-morrow, and inform him of the state of things here.'"

"Well," said I, "and what did the Colonel say?"

"Why, he seemed completely dumbfounded, and at last mildly suggested that Somers might be mistaken:" to which the other replied, 'Mistaken!—nonsense, man! I'm never mistaken; I saw through it all before either he or I had been forty-eight hours in the house; you don't understand these sort of things as I do.' Old Somers was about right there, for I believe a man might make love to one of my sisters right under the governor's nose, and he would never find out what they were at till he was asked to give her away!"

"Well, but Harry," said I, "what would you advise me to do?"

"Why, if old Somers persists in writing to Mr. Vernon, Agnes will get into a pretty scrape, and we shall have her father down here, fretting and fuming like a madman. So, sorry as I shall be to lose you, old fellow, I think your best plan will be to tear yourself away from the syren for a short time, till that old Argus is somewhat pacified. We must keep 'somebody' out of the mess, if possible."

"Of course—of course," I replied, "so I shall be off to-morrow; but you'll drop me a line now and then; won't you, Harry?"

"Oh! you may depend upon me, old fellow. I'll keep you 'au courant' no fear of that. The Vernons will be here again next summer, so if you like, you can run down for a short time, if that old boy with the nose is out of the way, and if he does come, why we must put arsenic in his port, that's all."

I wished Harry good night, and packed my portmanteau at once; as the coach passed the lodge-gate early in the morning. I also begged Delville to give my adieus to my kind friends, and to make some excuse for my sudden departure.

I had just finished a solitary breakfast the next morning, and was about to walk slowly down to meet the coach when the sound of the piano in the drawing-room arrested my footsteps, and on opening the door I perceived to my astonishment that Agnes was the performer. She coloured as I took her hand and said, "I had no idea, Mr. Monckton, that you were such an early riser."

"I was equally astonished to see you down stairs, Miss Vernon," I replied, "but I am heartily glad of it; for had you come down an hour later, I should not have been able to say good-bye to you."

"What! you are not going, Mr. Monckton," she exclaimed, "this morning, too—what can be the reason of such haste," and her colour went and came as she spoke.

"It would be impossible for me to *tell* you the reason now,

Miss Vernon; but perhaps you may *guess* it. If indeed my departure causes you the slightest shade of regret, what must it cost me to tear myself away from you. I dare not stay longer; and if I have just now said more than I ought, will you not forgive me, Agnes—dearest Agnes—say you forgive me.”

I read her mute response in her eyes, which were filled with tears. I dared not trust myself to remain any longer, and seizing her unresisting hand, I pressed it to my lips and rushed out of the house.—In another quarter of an hour I was whirling away on the top of the “Blenheim” towards London.

\* \* \* \* \*

“Kind reader, let me ask you to step over an interval of three years.—During that time I had frequently been a visitor at Merton, but somehow or other, I could never contrive to meet the Vernons there. Harry, according to promise, had given me news of them from time to time; but beyond this I had had no sort of communication with them. I was again a guest of Colonel Delville’s, and had been at Merton for about a fortnight, when one morning the post brought me a letter, directed in a strange hand. I tore it open, and to my amazement beheld, on glancing at the signature, “very sincerely your’s, G. H. Vernon.” I then eagerly devoured the contents, and rushing out into the garden where Harry was standing, put the letter into his hand, and bade him read it. I then leapt over a gate leading into the park, and squaring up to an old hunter turned out to grass, requested him to “come on.” After indulging in a few similar freaks, I began to feel somewhat relieved, and again returning to Harry, received his hearty congratulations. The Colonel and Mrs. Delville, and then the young ladies, also loaded me with their good wishes, etc. The substance of the letter was (as I dare say my readers have already guessed) a sanction of my love for Agnes, from her father, who said that although he had hitherto considered it his duty to discountenance the affair, still that owing to various circumstances, and particularly the fact of our mutual love having stood so severe a test as three years’ separation, without any communication, either personal or by letter, that he felt he could hold out

no longer ; and wound up by giving me an invitation to pay them a visit in Buckinghamshire.

Reader, my tale is nearly told. I will not trespass on your patience by giving you in detail the history of our meeting ; nor is there need to tell you of the happy time that elapsed between that meeting and the wedding. You can imagine all that sort of thing—bride's-maids and bride's-maids' dresses included. Ere two months had elapsed, Agnes was a newly-wedded wife.

I have got a word to say for old Somers, whom I have not hitherto painted in the most favorable colors. Directly Mr. Vernon had given his consent to our union, he came round like a weather-cock, and instead of being our evil genius, became our good angel. He possessed a great deal of interest, and enabled me to get on in my profession ; but in a year or two he told me that as he had always intended to leave the bulk of his property to Agnes, she might just as well have part of it now, and, with excessive liberality, he made over to us an estate which he possessed in Bucks., on the consideration that he should come and stay with us two or three months in the year, and that I should give up my chance of being some day on the wool-sack. With neither of these conditions was I disposed to quarrel, for I now plainly perceived that his previous conduct had been dictated by circumstances ; and as to my giving up the bar, though of late I had applied myself assiduously to master its technicalities, I was already heartily sick of its laborious drudgery, and a few months saw us comfortably established in our new home.

And now, kind readers, allow me, as Mr. Micawber says, to make "a few valedictory remarks." If my efforts to please you have failed, I crave your indulgence ; I have done my best, and you know that "Don Fernando can't do more than he can do:" so bidding you all a hearty farewell, I will conclude in the words of one of our own poets :—

"Blame where you must,—be candid where you can,  
And be each critic the good-natured man."

H. E. S.

## FAREWELL! FAREWELL!

Farewell to thee, my native land,  
 On whose green sward and rocky strand,  
 Alas, again perhaps I stand  
 "Forever, never."

Thou art the parent of my birth!  
 Thou art my Paradise on Earth!  
 Ah! When shall I forget thy worth?  
 "Forever, never."

When rolls between the foaming tide—  
 Then shall my love towards thee subside?  
 No! When the billows us divide—  
 "Forever, never."

In days of sorrow, days of fear,  
 When all around is dark and drear,  
 Shall cease thy memory to be dear  
 "Forever, never."

C. M.

## THE EXAMINATION.

Some reading at night, for some precious weeks,  
 Some rising at dawn, at the call of some beaks,  
 Some papers in Classics, some teazers in Law,  
 Some in Pol. Econ., Hist'ry, and one or two more,  
 Some trembling of hands and some paleness of faces,  
 Some little confusion in taking the places,  
 Some mending of old pens, some buying of new,  
 Some scratching and scribbling, some sandwiches too,  
 Some smiling Professors, and some very grim,  
 Some Students in "Extra," cramm'd up to the brim,  
 Some opening and shutting of Orient books,  
 Some joyous, and then some discomfited looks,  
 Some "Dī's," and some Parents of those men of luck;  
 Who've carried off medals, some of those who've gone pluck:  
 Some wizened old Indians all in a row,  
 Some long-winded speeches (they're terribly slow),  
 Some prizes at last for the young generation—  
 And that is the *sum* of our Examination.

NON SUM PIGER.



## REFLECTIONS OF A VETERAN.—No. V.

There are some of your readers, dear Mr. *Observer*, who pretend to entertain the most profound contempt, not to use a harsher term, for each and every of these letters which as your "Veteran" correspondent, I have had the honour of inditing. These worthies Sir, are fond of applying to them such epithets, as 'infernally coarse,' 'stupid,' 'personal' and so forth. The faction holding these opinions is, I am given to understand, neither large numerically nor particularly influential, being headed indeed by that decidedly aimable but painfully eccentric individual Beeswing.

Yes Sir, he is the *most* truculent of my denouncers; but on endeavouring the other day to obtain from him some definite and clear embodiment of his views on the subject, all he could say was "Well, at any rate, you must acknowledge that you do hit too hard; it's perfectly absurd to go laughing at men in the way you do." Oh that's it, is it? Now my dear Beeswing, said I, just put on a little common sense, and ask yourself if I have ever laughed at anything which ought not to be laughed at. Is it not fair game, I ask, for instance, to throw ridicule on the whole system of betting as it is carried on here. The gentlemen of the Haileybury 'Ring' will not of course allow this *now*; no, they will glance perhaps at their pages, as they run through the *Observer*, wish that the writer may be "something unpleasant" for his cursed meddling, and then proceed forthwith to make a desirable "hedge". But by and bye, say a dozen years hence, when all of them are far far away in the jungles, if they happen to have with them an odd volume of this periodical, or any token, in fine, to remind them of this place, then will they doubtless admit that "perhaps after all it *was* tomfoolery—all that betting." You, my dear Clincher, at the pace you now adopt, will then be a few thousands in debt, and I can already realize the picture I have in my eye; of your turning round to your eldest young hopeful, and solemnly warning him "Plantagenet, my boy, let me ever catch you gambling, and I'll cut you off with a shilling." Let us trust too that the awful admonition may not be lost on that young gentleman.

On the other hand, meanwhile, there is no lack of encourage-

ment for me to proceed, if Beeswing and his friends frown on my labours, others smile on them ; let alone an anonymous supporter, who signing himself with three stars ; weekly gives me the benefit of his counsels. And even were I to leave off these papers, do you suppose you would be free from such a periodical visitation as this ; no, I will engage to say that the moment I am silent, the mine now open will still be worked, and either by the "correspondence of an Aged Wanderer," or the "remarks of Johny Newcome," and what not, the college will be dissected as much as ever. Besides which Mr. *Observer*, I can't leave off writing in your paper ! can I ? when Tomkins' sister, Eliza, distinctly told me the last party I met her at (the Dowager Lady Ostrich's, Torrington-square), that she took an interest in the publication, and that she wished moreover, she could persuade that "provoking brother" of hers to write. Tomkins Sir, how dare you refuse ! write at once, I beg.

By the way, Sir, it is very generally given out, though as yet, he has not himself owned the soft impeachment, that Tomkins has engaged himself to a certain young lady (lovely and accomplished, of course). I heard the whole subject fully and ably discussed by a body of collegians at a late wine-party given by the ever hospitable Croker.

"Lucky fellow" sighed Treacle, "ah ! I only wish that—but its of no matter, don't notice me." What a susceptible young man that is, to be sure ; to my certain knowledge he has been engaged himself twice already, but now it seems the present fair one is inexorable, so that, poor fellow ! he gives himself no peace. In vain I tell him, from the pages of Thackeray, that the time will come, when he will fret no more about his old flame than he does for Queen Anne. Treacle *won't* view it in this light, but takes out his "Martin Tupper," the place opens of itself now—and dolefully bids me know, in the words of that poet, that "when the love of the heart is blighted, it buddeth not again," etc., etc. Slang, on the other hand, is disposed to think that all the luck is on the side of the young lady, "its a doosid good thing for her, I tell you," urges he ; "Tomkins is a devilish nice fellow, besides, we civilians are worth three hundred a year—

dead or alive, begad"—He forgets, you see, the slight items of her separation from all her family and an Indian climate. Beaumont meanwhile, avers that *he* shall take good care not to be *caught*; "no, what Sherrell remarked, as he was shaving me this morning, I consider very sensible: he said, 'and so they say Mr. Tomkins is a-going to be married, Sir,—well, if I was a gent., I wouldn't be tied up quite so hearly in life—no, I'd 'ave my lark fust, Ah! that I would,' so that all things considered, I mean to wait till my furlough." Ah! Beau, Beau, many a fine fellow has thought to do so too, and yet been content long before that to fall back with a special license on nothing more *nobby* than "Ellen, a native Christian." Pray then, be careful.

And now, Sir, let me ask you, as I hear all asking, "Oh! have done your essay; and how do you make it run?" One thing I would advise you *not* to do; don't communicate any pet sentences, etc., you employ therein to any of your friends. I know last year I had cherished up the extremely novel and striking metaphor of an eagle and a dovecot. Lovelace, to whom I read the entire manuscript, objected to it as inapplicable; however, he subsequently changed his mind, and with a kindness and promptitude that does him great credit, at once decided to give it the *entrée* to his own Essay likewise.

How amusing it is at this period of the term to watch young Carenought, who never works at all, borrowing poor Swetenham's "swell" notes. By reason of his having snubbed and slighted Swetenham all the term through, a good deal of "soft sawder" is necessary; so he begins by "expecting to see the honored name of Swetenham among the first four at least." S. shakes his head despondingly, and says, "You forget, there's Growler and Hardall." Of these Carenought at once speaks disparagingly, says *he* knows what stuff they're made of, for they were all three at Swishtail's together, and he'll be bound Swetenham will tackle them both;" with this, the borrowed note-books being safely under his arm, this young diplomatist takes leave of his "friend," and I of my readers.

## FAREWELL HINTS BY AN EDITOR.

DEAR READER,—It is with mingled feelings of pride and pleasure that we now address you. But wherefore the editorial “we?” You know who it is that is now addressing you, as well as he does himself; let us, therefore cast off the first person plural and assume the singular. I have ventured to say that my feelings at present are those of pride and pleasure. I regret that it is necessary for other and more painful feelings to exist at the same time—but more of this by and bye.

In the first place, dear Reader, I cannot but congratulate you on the success which has attended the *Observer* during the past year. It has doffed the dark robes of torpid obscurity, and put on the glittering garments of energetic vivacity. Since I have had the honour of being entrusted with its fortunes, it has proved itself not only a worthy sample of the powers of our College, but has stood forth a by no means unworthy member of the periodical community. Let me assure you that the Editors do not take any particular merit to themselves for this success; but, feeling humbly grateful for the kind support which they have received from their fellow-students, they beg, in this the last number of the sixth volume, to tender you their most heartfelt thanks for the manner in which you have seconded their efforts, their congratulations on the success which has attended their endeavours, and their sincerest wishes for the future prosperity of so noble a work.

Can it be otherwise than with pride and pleasure that I deliver into your charge the important office which I have so long had the honour to fill?—pride, at being one of those who first strenuously endeavoured to arouse within the College some better feelings, some more earnest desire to maintain the renown of this valuable work; pleasure, at having witnessed the signal success of our endeavours, and at having delivered over my charge with inward feelings of having faithfully discharged the duties required of me.

But at such a moment it is an unpleasant task to be obliged to turn the mind away from such pleasing recollections, and to be called upon to discharge a duty, painful, yet imperative. Alas!

the course of the *Observer* has not been entirely free from those fleeting clouds which cast a transient shadow over the otherwise bright landscape of its career. We—and no one more than myself—regret that such occasions should occur, when it becomes the duty of the Editor to expose compositions fraudulently passed off as original.

Remember, dear Reader, that the great pride of our periodical is, that it should contain nothing but what is perfectly *original*. It were easy to make elegant extracts in prose and verse, and transcribe them into the pages of a periodical. But when, amidst the many studies which here engross the mind, and occupy the time of us all, there can be found leisure moments which are spent in *composing* short dissertations on various subjects to adorn the pages of a periodical, then it is that we may justly claim great merit for being able to produce a work so worthy of the name which has been bestowed upon it. Great, however, must be the audacity, mean must be the spirit, which can allow anything copied to be published in these pages. A man who takes advantage of his superior reading to impose upon the Editors, (who, be it remembered, are of your own age and standing, and consequently have no more opportunities afforded them for being learned in English publications, and must, therefore, in a great measure trust to the honour of all contributors to send original contributions,) such a man is unworthy of the name of a member of this College, and decidedly unworthy to figure among the contributors to these pages. Unfortunately, however, during the last year such a thing has been done, and as “murder will out,” it is now my painful duty to publish his shame. I must refer my readers to the Appendix for a detailed account of the gross imposture which has been passed upon us by the authors of the “County Ball” and “The Letter of the Editors,” printed in the fourth number of this volume. Be assured, dear Reader, that it is not by copied but by original contributions that you will best maintain the name of the *Observer*, and be also assured that the Editors will never shrink, however painful may be the duty, from exposing any deception which they may discover.

But enough ; we will leave this painful subject, and return to those more pleasant to us both. I have already noticed the success of the *Observer* during the last two terms, and have tendered you, on the part of the Editors, our warmest thanks for your kind support ; it only remains for me, therefore, to give you a few hints, which I trust may be useful in keeping the *Observer* in that exalted station which it has now reached.

First, then, dear reader, I would advise you to place implicit confidence in your Editors. Be careful in your selection of them : and when selected, trust them. Confidence begets confidence ; be not afraid, therefore, that your confidence will be mis-placed. If you look back on the old numbers of the *Observer*, you will find many tales left unfinished : you will there see the necessity for the strictest care being taken on the part of all future Editors to prevent so unfortunate an occurrence, and you will not then be astonished at their requiring every possible guarantee for the conclusion of a story ; and what guarantee can be better than the name of the author ? The Editors will not betray the person thus trusting them, for if they do, they are not worthy of their office.

The next thing I would recommend is, always to have a kindly feeling towards the *Observer*. Although your stay in College is but short, yet it is the duty of every one, as far as in him lies, to uphold the institutions of the place, but more particularly the *Observer*. Look at the motto printed at the head of each number, taken as it is from the works of one of the most highly-gifted men England has ever produced, and you will there learn the good effects of composition.

In conclusion, I would call to your mind the oft-repeated solicitations of our publisher, to write on *one* side of the sheet only ; and, once again, with the sincerest thanks for the favour you have shown the Editors, and more particularly myself, I resign the office I have with pleasure filled, with every possible hope for the well-being of this periodical, and with the wish that it may flourish long and prosperously, when not only I, but you also, dear reader, are far away—Farewell !

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## APPENDIX.

Having in our "Farewell hints, by an Editor" alluded to the deception practised by our Correspondents in the case of the "County Ball," and the "Letter to the Editor," printed respectively at p. 137, and 143 of our periodical, we have thought it better to publish those portions of the originals to which we more particularly allude. First then, we shall give a few extracts from the "County Ball" as published in the *Etonian*, printing the borrowed lines in italics, and mentioning any alterations that may have been made. Our Correspondent transposes the two first paragraphs, and compresses them into much fewer lines, the idea, however is similar in both publications. In the *Etonian* we find the following :—

This is a night of pleasure ! Care,  
 I shake thee from me ! do not dare  
 To stir from out thy musky cell  
 Where, in their dark recesses, dwell  
 Thy kindred gnomes, who love to nip  
 The Rose on Beauty's cheek and lip  
 Until beneath their venom'd breath  
 Life wears the pallid hue of Death—  
*Avaunt ! I shake thee from me, Care*  
*The gay, the youthful and the fair*  
*From "Lodge" and "Court" and "House" and "Hall"*  
*Are hurrying to the County Ball.*

This has been slightly altered as the lines of the *Observer* from

Avaunt ! grim care ! black melancholy—  
 to

Of that great Juggernaut, called pleasure  
 are original, and reflect great credit on the composer, who we  
 regret should not have trusted a little more to his own powers.

But a little further, we have almost word for word the lines printed in *Italics*—

And now high festival to hold  
 From far and near—the young—the old,  
 The grave, the gallant, gay and fair  
 (For courtesy owns none other there)  
 The —— shire people, one and all,  
 From park and house and court and hall  
 Are thronging to the County Ball,  
 We proceed to extract from the *Etonian* :—  
 The moon has risen ! Still and pale  
 Thou movest in thy silver veil,  
 Queen of the night ; the filmy shroud  
 Of many a mild transparent cloud  
 Hides yet adorns thee—meet disguise  
 To shield thy blush from mortal eyes,  
 Full many a maid hath loved to gaze  
 Upon thy melancholy rays ;  
 And many a fond despairing youth  
 Hath breathed to thee his tale of truth,  
 And many a luckless rhyming wight  
 Hath looked upon thy tender light  
*And spilt his precious ink upon it*  
*In Ode or Elegy or Sonnet.*

\* \* \* \* \*

*I fly from thee, I fly from these*  
*To bow to earthly goddesses*  
 Whose forms in mortal beauty shine  
 As fair, but not so cold, as thine—

Most of these beautiful lines our Correspondent has omitted, though the lines

That I should spill my ink upon it.

In something very like a sonnet.

bear too close a resemblance to those in the *Etonian* to allow us to suppose that the idea was original.

The next two paragraphs consisting of thirty-eight lines in



the *Observer* seem to be original. But we regret to find so similar a character as that of the "sleek Sir John," in the "bright Sir Paul."

Skilled to deceive our ears and eyes  
 By civil looks and civil lies—  
 Skilled from the search of men to hide  
 His narrow bosom's inward pride,  
 And charm the blockhead he beguiles  
 By uniformity and smiles,  
 The County Member, bright Sir Paul,  
 Is Primo Buffo at the Ball.

\* \* \* \* \*

Look as he faces round, he greets  
 With nod and simper all he meets :  
 Ah! ha! your Lordship is it you?  
 Still slave to beauty and *beaux yeux*?  
 Well: well! and how's the gout, my Lord?  
*My dear Sir Charles, upon my word*  
*L'air de Paris since last I knew you*  
*Has been Medea's cauldron to you:*  
 William, my boy! how fast you grow!  
 Yours is a light fantastic toe,  
 Winged with the wings of Mercury!  
*I was a scholar once you see!*  
 And how's the mare you used to ride?  
 And who's the Hebe by your side?  
 Doctor, I thought I heard you sneeze!  
 How is my dear Hippocrates?

But we are sure we have given enough to prove the loan of Sir John from the *Etonian*. Of the two next characters, Julio and Captain Bruff, the former has a prototype in Frivolio, the latter is a masterpiece of imitation from Captain Piercy, two suitors of "Laura," in the *Etonian*, vol. i. p. 56. We shall content ourselves with transcribing the description of the latter:

The first his fluttering heart to lose  
 Was Captain Piercy of the Blues:

He squeezed her hand, he gazed, and swore  
 He never was in love before ;  
 He entertained his charmer's ear  
 With tales of wonder and of fear ;  
 Talked much and long of siege and fight,  
 Marches by day, alarms by night ;  
 For many an anecdote had he  
 Of combat and of gallantry,  
*Of long blockades and sharp attacks,*  
*Of bullets and of bivouacks,*  
*Of towns o'ercome and ladies too,*  
*Of billets, and of billet-doux.*

With regard to the " Letter of the Editors," p. 143-4, no further comment is necessary than to call our readers' attention to the following extract from " Peregrine's Scrap-Book," p. 169, vol. ii. of the *Etonian* :—

Returned to town. Composed by the way two sonnets, and half an epigram.

April 11. Sat down at eleven o'clock, furiously resolved to write till three.

Half after eleven. Mended my pen.

Twelve o'clock. Spilt my ink ; wiped it up.

Half after twelve. Slept.

One o'clock. Waked.

Half after one. Looked at the weather, and thought of going out. . . . Drew three heads on my paper.

Two o'clock. Wrote twelve lines.

Half after two. Read them over.

Three o'clock. Burnt them.

END OF VOL. VI

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